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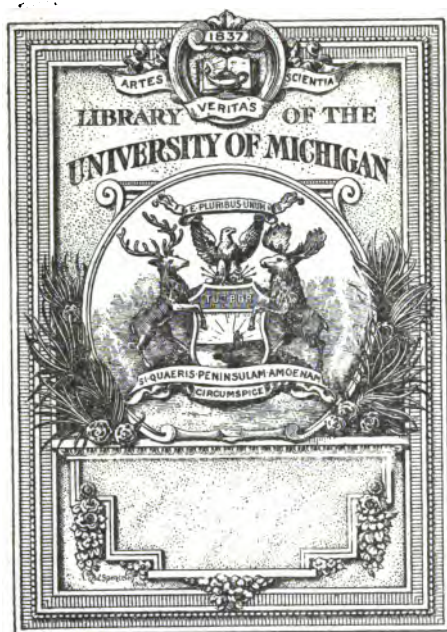
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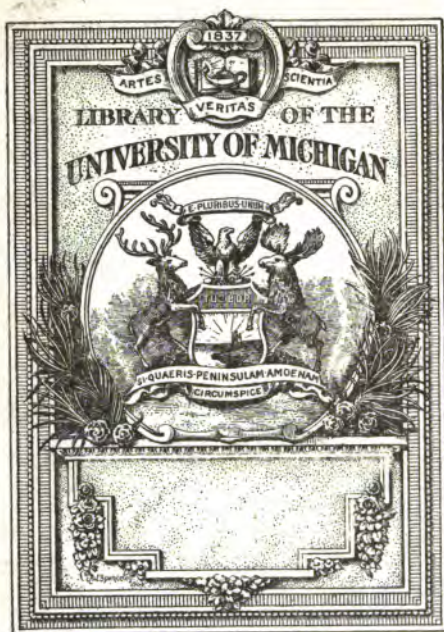
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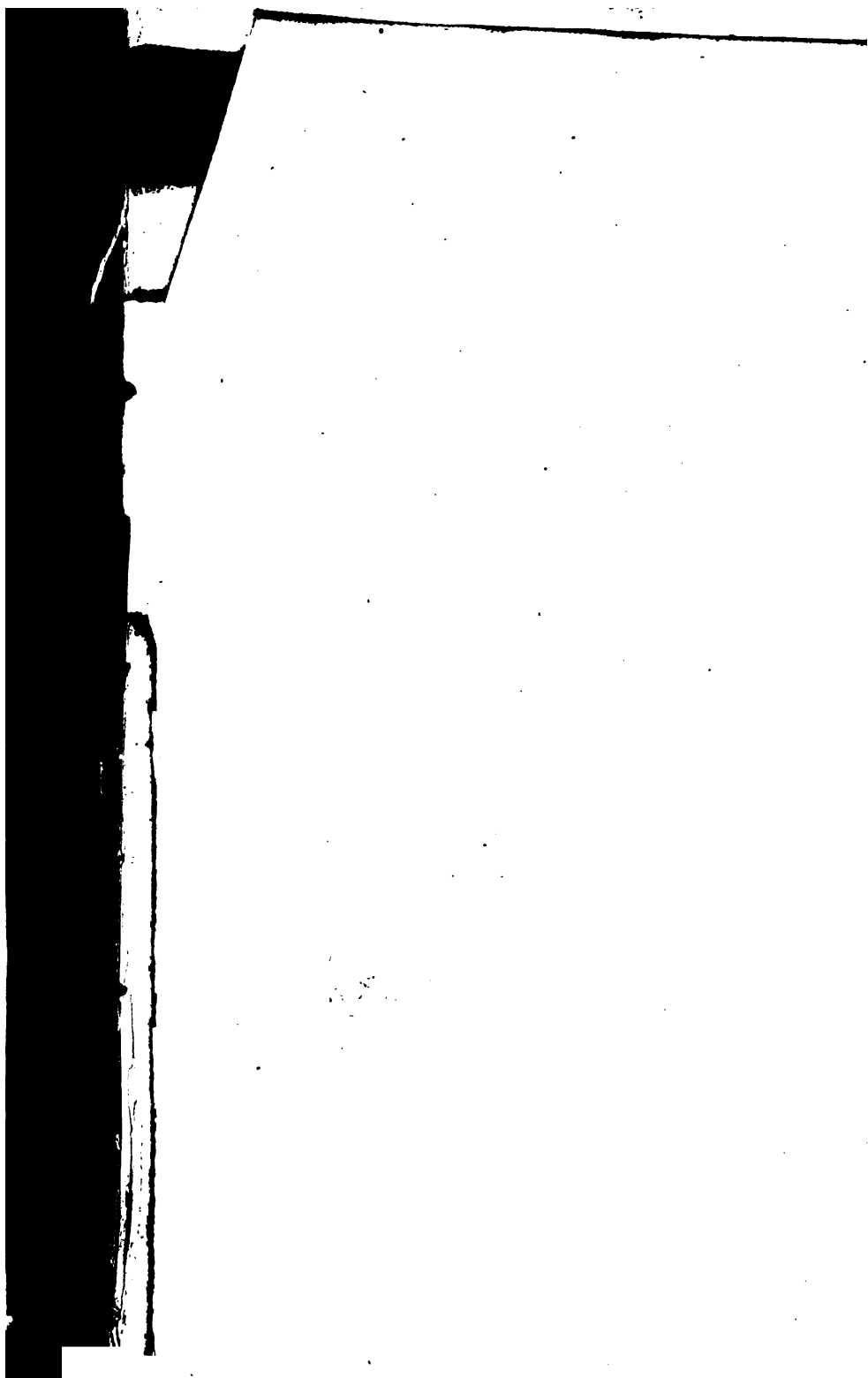
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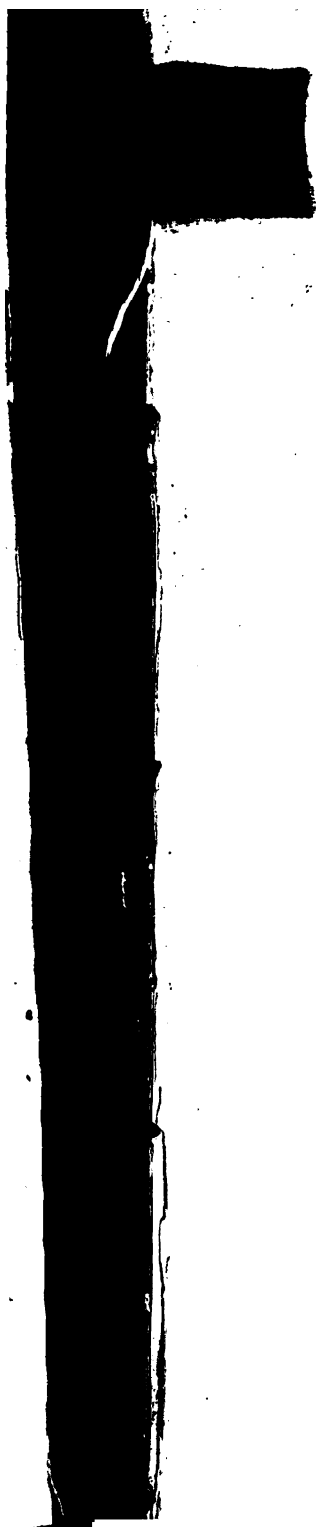
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KNIGHT'S

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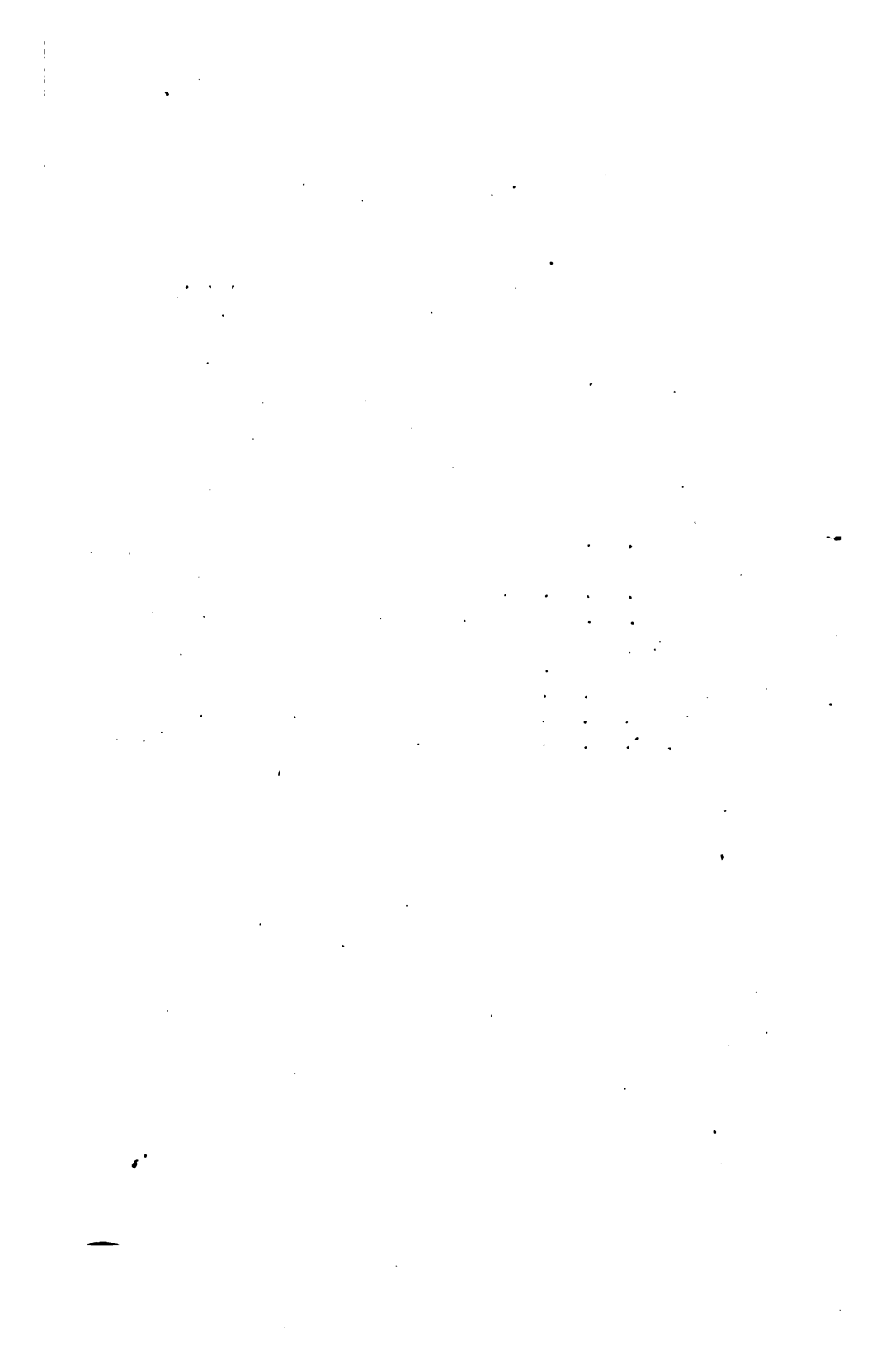
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KNIGHT'S QUARTERLY MAGAZINE.

THE EDITOR.

No. II.

MY DEAR PUBLIC.

I have ever been desirous that our intercourse should be of the most unreserved character ;—that I should not win you with words of “sweet breath composed,” but with plain and direct dealing ;—that there should be no artifice or mystery in any of our transactions ;—that you should see me with all my livery of vices and imperfections ;—and that you and I should occasionally come down from our patronising and editorial stilts, to gossip for an hour, like honest and pains-taking people as we are.

It was upon this principle that, in the first information which I afforded you upon the subject of this Magazine, I told you, without hesitation, of all those upon whom I relied for support. I have continued to affix the Christian and surname of every contributor to his production ;—each man is responsible for his opinions ;—and his town and country address, are they not found in the Court Guide ? Of those names, few were known to fame ; and the editor of the Old Times is therefore pleased to say that our talent is *green*. Be it so. There are thirteen gifted individuals in London who are regularly engaged for the staple articles of the Monthly Magazines, and I admit that none of those gentlemen are amongst our forces. Mr. Christopher North is therefore pleased to call us “a clan of *young* scholars.” Be it so. You and I have no objection to youth and freshness.

You have probably been led to imagine that a great deal of laborious fore-thought is necessary in the conduct of a periodical work, of the magnitude and character of the Quarterly Magazine. You are exceedingly mistaken. You probably think that, within three days of the commencement of a quarter, a solemn conclave is held of all the contributors ; and that, after hours of the most anxious deliberation, each man undertakes his task, and performs it within a week of the time spe-

cified. You are grievously in error. All such opinions belong to the empire of humbug. Chance, my dear friend, chance—which decides the management of a case in Chancery, or a debate in the Commons, or a treaty at a Congress—is the great instrument by which an editor works. Those who would make you believe otherwise are slaves and blockheads, and ought never to aspire to any literary authority, beyond the compilation of the Newgate Calendar, or the Old Monthly Magazine.

When I talk about chance you must not run away with a notion that the "anonymous" gentlemen, who drop their misbegotten imps at the publisher's door, like Rousseau (the sentimental scoundrel) deposited his five children at the Foundling, have any thing to do with my suffrages for your favours. I utterly abhor all the tribe. I set out with a determination to be exceedingly patient and just in my dealings with these unfortunate people. For four months of the last summer did I do nothing but work my way, like a mole, through the dirt and darkness of their lucubrations. They all write good clerk-like hands—cunning dogs;—they all appeal to one's taste and liberality, and unquestionable judgment—oily rogues;—they all profess the most anxious desire to meet one's suggestions for the improvement of their commodities—most gentle knaves. Hang them all! My heart is ossified by their unvarying stupidity. I have read seventy-eight regular prose articles, serious, ludicrous, narrative, sentimental, historical, critical—and I would not give "the Black Chamber," and that was bad enough, for all of them. I have paid the heavier penalty of deciphering one hundred and twenty-two copies of occasional verses, and I solemnly pronounce they were not worth two lines of the "Seven Sleepers," and that was execrable. I hereby give private notice (excuse me, my dear Public, for the digression), that if the aforesaid are not fetched away before the 1st of April, they will be charitably presented to the Museum, or any other publication that may be desirous of accelerating its natural destiny. From this hour I will never read another anonymous contribution. Why do they bore me? Have they no conscience? Does not the death of the Album weigh heavy on their hearts? Have they not the European to support? They are the property of the Old Periodical Press:

"Behold her hundred sons, and each a dunce."

The chance, of which I have been speaking, my dear friend, is that which is caused by the uncertainty, the fickleness, the creative power, and the procrastination of talent. We have twenty-five regularly enrolled contributors, myself included; and we shall be glad to add any gentleman who can produce roper certificates of learning, ability, and right principles.

But these, our beloved associates, are all subject to the "skiey influences"—to caprice—to a fondness for pleasure—to the call of higher duties. Shall I pretend to controul them? Apollo forbid! We have force enough to meet any emergency; and the temporary defection of one knot of friends gives those who are upon duty a deeper sense of their high responsibility. We relieve guard;—we keep 'watch and ward,' or we revel, in harmonious alternation. We can dispense any time with a first-rate contributor, as Reynolds would leave out a particular colour in a picture, to show he could do without it.

It is by this philosophical abandonment to circumstances that I am enabled to produce novelty by the simplest means. Articles

"like variegated tulips show;

'Tis to their changes half their charms we owe."—

Thus, our last number was as buoyant as a balloon;—our present is as stately as a ship. Vyvyan and Medley were the carpet champions of No. II.;—Merton and Murray are the mailed knights of No. III. I love Vyvyan, and so do you my dear Public;—he wrote forty pages, for the leaves were green and the birds were singing, when we last appeared before you—he has not written a line for us excepting two enigmas, now the mists are heavy. N'importe. Let him speak for himself:—

Dear Frederic,

Glasgow, Dec. 1, 1823.

Christopher North is a bam from his wig to his slipper. I never had the luck to be married, or to eat powldoodies at Ambrose's: though I assuredly mean to taste both blessings the first opportunity.

I am too busy, which means I am too idle, to do a line for Maga. Tell Knight that I am going to Barbary or to Bedlam,—or that I am walking for a wager or training for a fight,—or that I am turned parson or pig-driver,—or, in short, what you please, my sweet Frederic, for you lie *à merveille*.

Adieu. Look well to your health, dear Frederic. It is time for you to look grave and read Greek. Love to Julia, and compliments to her ladyship, and health to the Club, and a merry Christmas. Remember what I told you about the cup, and do not forget the pippins and caraway seeds.—*Au revoir*.

VYVYAN JOYEUSE.

To Frederic Vernon, Esq.

Pursuing the same principle of candour, I am bound, my dear Public, to make you acquainted with the aberrations of other of our luminaries—mad comets that come we know not when, and go we know not whither:—

"with fear of change

Perplexing"—

not me, I assure you.

And next of Davenant. He was deeply pledged for a critique on "Monti;"—for a serious poem of at least 500 lines;—for a dissertation on—I forget what, for I have lost his letter. Dear Friend, he gives us "Lines to Anna," &c. that were too late for Number II., having been misdirected to Mr. John Williams, Shoemaker, Trumpington-street, Cambridge. We must be thankful for what he gives.

Peter Ellis had at least two sheets reserved for him. Somehow or other they have been filled without his assistance. His explanation is characteristic:—

Dear Fred.

I write to say that I have not time for a word.

Your's truly, P. E.

The caprices of genius are certainly extremely amusing.—Medley undertook to work out a conceit pregnant with fun and humour;—it would have sprung a mine of laughter. With the highest reverence for the power of your great favourite the Man of Opium, he thought that you would relish a good-natured parody, to be called "The Confessions of an English Beef-eater." Heavens! how we chuckled together over his pictures of the vegetable innocence of his boyhood, for his father was of the Pythagorean school;—how we sympathized with his Eton temptations, in that diurnal warfare of frutton against his potatoe-cleaving appetite;—how we shuddered at his fate at Cambridge, when Montgomery seduced him into a mouthful of the abomination of beef, and he dreamt that night of whole droves of fat oxen;—how we exulted when finally he lapsed into an almost Abyssinian hunger after the forbidden food, from the sirloin of the country-gentleman to the bif-stik of the Restaurateur;—how we wept, when he grew of an enormous fatness, lost a fellowship at Trinity, and read nothing but Doctor Kitchiner for five years and a half. My dear Public, you would have enjoyed these details,—and you shall yet enjoy them. But Medley has been occupied;—he has become the pupil of a special pleader, and is attending the rehearsal of a new farce at Drury-lane. In the mean time he endeavours to console us with the following laughter-provoking article of a Scotch Friend, who, he says, "is studying Hindostanee under the auspices of his learned countryman Doctor Gilchrist, and whose contribution consists of one of his daily exercises:—"—

AGE.

As the pomegranate hangeth not upon the tree while it is covered with blossoms, so neither is wisdom found in him whose locks are black and shining, and whose eye sparkles with youth.

The voice of the aged man is weak and his ear is closed with deaf-

ness, but he knoweth the truth; and happy is the young man when he hearkeneth unto his words.

Like a swift horse governed by a skilful rider is the vigour of youth, guided by the wisdom of age.

The life of man is as a high mountain. Behold! the traveller is weary and faint when he reacheth the summit thereof, but he seeth afar off, he remembereth the hills and the valleys, and his eye followeth the rivers as they run to and fro at his feet.

As a cloud when it swims before the sun darkeneth the yellow corn and the green sea and the white sails of ships which anon shine out again under the full ray, even thus is the soul of youth chequered with fears and hopes; but age is like the calm twilight which is shed equally over all the earth.

Behold the lofty cedar when it stretches forth its arms, and the branches of it are covered with leaves; it is swayed by the winds, and the tempests have dominion over it; but when its arms are withered by age, and its leaves lie scattered abroad, then doth the trunk thereof stand firm, and brave the angry storms.

Thus it is with man: when his cheeks glow with health, and his veins are filled with blood, then doth passion rule over him, and waywardness is in all his doings; but age cometh, and his resolutions are steadfast.

Yet length of days bringeth no knowledge to the fool, neither is he weary of his folly.

He is as one journeying in the night, who seeth not the face of the country through which he passeth.

The sower maketh not bread of the seed; he putteth it into the earth, and at the harvest it is returned to him an hundred fold: but the fool wasteth his youth in vanity, and when age cometh he is ashamed of his emptiness.

As the snow of the mountains lieth for ever under the sun and yet is not melted, so is the heart of the fool dead to the lessons of experience.

Who is he whom the young man derideth and the old man pitieth? even he who uttereth the words of folly when his face is covered with wrinkles, and who mimicketh the frolics of youth with the crazy limbs of age.

But when the wise man attaineth to the fulness of years, then is he at the pinnacle of his glory. He stretcheth forth his hand, and the people are mute; he speaketh, and they put faith in his words. Though darkness sitteth on his eye-lids, and his hands tremble with weakness, yet repineth he not, for many await his bidding, and strive with one another to run before his desires.

His death is like the setting of the sun which leaveth the earth in darkness, and they who remain shine only as the stars.

This fragment is for the special edification of my friend Doctor Heavyhit; and if you read it, my dear Public, you are to blame.

Shafto, who was a candidate for our club in May last, and who has ever since been preparing materials for his initiatory paper, is a connoisseur in every department of art. But his

forte is architecture. He engaged to write an article on the modern Gothic edifices of England, which he would have done quite tastefully, that is, if he did it at all. He ought to have done it, for it would have afforded him an opportunity of serving our publisher, by praising most deservedly the splendid book on Fonthill, which John Rutter, the oily Quaker of Shaftesbury, who (proh pudor) has fallen in love with virtù and heraldry, has got up for your gratification, my Public. It is certainly one of the handsomest books in this department of literature, but Shafto has not written a line, of course. He also undertook, but that shall be done by somebody, to write a paper on *Forensic Architecture*. Have you seen the New Courts that are constructing at Westminster for your accommodation, my dear Public? Mr. Soane has a very philosophical notion of the *open* administration of justice;—the Public with him is an abstract idea;—you are all-pervading and omni-present;—your necessities are of the Mab-fashion; your

“chariot is an empty hazel-nut
Made by the joiner squirrel, or old grub;”

Your place, in a court of justice, is on

“Lawyers’ fingers, who straight dream on fees;”

You are

“In shape no bigger than an agate-stone
On the fore-finger of an alderman,
Drawn with a team of little *attornies**;”

Mr. Soane has made no provision for your *material* nature, except you are subpoenaed, and then you can only get into the witness-box. Mr. Soane may be a great metaphysician, but his notion of your comforts, my dear Public, and the notions of Mr. Elliston, are widely different.

Of all the men in the world that I judged I could best count upon, was Martin Danvers Heaviside. From his nature and habits I relied upon his sheet as confidently as I should calculate upon the payment of a government debenture. Plague take the unwieldy dog. He fancied that I once laughed at his iron style, and to be revenged, he executes an *Essay on Public Education* in this fashion, accompanying his crudity with three portentous words, “Hammer it out.”

“Henry VIII. thought Lilly had put question of Gram. at rest—ordered, that no other but Lilly should be received in schools—Country has adopted Henry’s opinions, not only with respect to Lilly, but generally as to whole system of education established at that time.—Our Public Institutions for education conducted essentially on plans then in use.—This is odd—a priori.—No other art

* Of this reading I shall speak anon.

or science in state it was then—Corporal punishment in schools established temp. Hen. VIII.—Manners of age sour and frowning.—See Henry's Britain for description of manners of parents to their children—Brute force the only instrument of government—Prerogative of Kings and Fathers equally stern—Always a connexion between domestic and political government—Ascham—(vide life) represents Lady Jane Grey talking of "pinches, nips, and bobs" given to her by her father and mother—When young ladies were pinched, natural that boys should be flogged—Whipping of female offenders abolished by act of parliament—Birch as much in vogue as ever at Eton and Westminster—Strange how anxious we are to save all sentient beings, from felons to oxen, from the lash, except our own children. Quære. Do the floggers propose to correct vice or to inculcate fortitude?—The two ends opposite. Is the whole world better under severe punishment?—Do we find the West Indian Negro working as hard under the lash, as the English Labourer in his freedom?—Can National Schools lay down the birch in safety, and does it continue necessary to the prosperity of the higher Institutions?—Are horses and dogs better trained by harshness or kindness?—Is the son of an English gentleman the only animal who must be broke by brute force?—Latin and Greek, it is assumed, are revolting studies, and Johnson says a boy must be flogged into them. Are they so?—Then perish Latin and Greek. "Let the dead languages die, and be d—d to boot," as Cobbett says."

Fie, Mr. Heaviside.—My dear Public, I thus let you into the secret of Mr. Heaviside's mode of composition, to be revenged for his insufferable idleness. He might have made a capital article of these memoranda—but he is sulky.

N. B.—Since I wrote this, I have received, in company with a conciliatory turkey, by the Bury St. Edmund's Coach, an article written by Mr. Heaviside, entitled "Recollections of Abraham Gentian, Esq." He is spending Christmas with his country friends, and, "flown with insolence and wine," has taken it into his head that he has a capacity for the funny. Poor man! You will set him right, my Public, But I shall not reject him. We must encourage these aspirants, and give you a sheet sometimes, where

"New-born Nonsense first is taught to cry."

Lastly, my dear Public, what may I say for Peregrine Courtenay? My honoured friend writes thus:—

You can do without a *Castle Vernon* for this Number. Put her ladyship into a fever, or a steam-packet, or any thing else.

I shall do no such thing. Do without the article, I must: but I shall not scandalize our patroness. She is neither in "a fever" or "a steam packet." She is in her own fair castle, and there doth she

State in wonted manner keep.

We have had three or four delightful meetings, where the eloquence of Tristram, and the humour of Murray, and the bon-homme of Montgomery, almost compensated for the loss of Vyvyan's laugh and Villars' sneer. But Peregrine has deserted his post, and I shall not presume to usurp his function.

And now, my dear Public, that I have been charitably informing you of the sins of some of my friends, I must take the same freedom with myself, and detail to you a few of my own infirmities. I am a very hasty and indifferent writer, and occasionally a very heedless Editor. There were some woeful blunders in our last Number. The sin that is most heavy upon my conscience is that with which Montgomery has to charge me. There was an exquisite sonnet of his in the very last leaf of our Volume, marred, absolutely ruined, by my carelessness. His MS. addresses a lady thus:—

“*Thou hast the vision and the soul divine.*”—

The lying types have it,

“*Then least the vision and the soul divine.*”

What shall I say for this?—I fell asleep at midnight, on the 29th of September, over our last leaf; and Mr. Clowes' steam-press would not wait for my waking.

I have to apologize to Haselfoot, too; and I may as well have done with it, by allowing him to utter his complaints to you, my dear Public:—

My good Frederic.

Can I forgive you for the *punctual* wounds you have inflicted on my sense in the last Number? In a set of stanzas near the end, you have, by the insertion of a semicolon, destroyed the sense of the three last lines in the composition. Read:

Half sound, half silence, to the listening ear

There comes a tingling marmur, &c.

In a sonnet which accompanies it, the same intrusion occurs after “day.” And what, in the name of Turnebues and George Burges, could have induced you, in the comparison of a sleepy young lady to a rose hanging its head in a shower, to substitute for the last, the unmeaning word “bower?” Papæ! as Gifford says in his notes on Massinger.

My dear Haselfoot, you must not be angry about the semicolons—I will make a *point* in future of looking sharply after these matters. My compliments to the sleepy young lady;—tell her I sympathized with her.

From these confessions, my good Public, you must not think that I am a supremely careless fellow. I will tell you of some errors that, but for my extraordinary vigilance, would have put us to far greater shame. Do you remember in the first canto of Tryamour, where Montgomery, quoting Keats, says “see his beautiful ode to a Grecian urn?” The witty

printers read him thus—"see his beautiful ode to a Grecian nose." In Murray's most interesting treatise on the Heathen Philosophy you will find mention, in a passage referring to *Æsculapius*, of the "visible presence of the God in the form of a *Snake*"—the good compositor thought a God should appear in a more captivating shape, and therefore produced him "in the form of a *Drake*." I have spared you a hearty laugh (forgive me, my public) at a "*flagrant rose*"—at "*oil-factory nerves*"—and at "the *aromatic* principles of the English Constitution." I have spared Gerard, too, the misery of saying to Miss Christine T——t, "you've got your immorality"—instead of "your immortality"—or to Mrs. L——, "don't call my rhymes immortal"—instead of "immoral." The printers will suit him to a *t* when he wants to express the very reverse of what he means. My good friends of the press sent me in this very article a new reading of Shakspeare, which ought to be introduced into the next edition of Malone; and which I have suffered to remain, as it has made me witty in spite of myself:—

"In shape no bigger than an agate-stone
On the fore finger of an alderman,
Drawn with a team of little *attornies*."

You will judge, my Public, that in the correction of the errors mentioned, and many unnamed, I have used some vigilance.

And now, my dear Public, that the new year is approaching—that you are enjoying yourself in every variety of pudding and pastime—that the new Novel is speeding as fast as the winds will permit, to make the tea-table more attractive—that Rossini is coming to warm you, and Captain Parry to cool you—I trust you will sympathize with me. I am spending the merriest Christmas that proofs and devils will permit me to enjoy—I am anticipating the delight you will feel in one of the best Magazines that was ever put to press—I am chuckling over the comparative ease with which I shall, after to-morrow, apply myself to the happy duty of editing a New Edition of Vol. I.—I am looking laughingly under my eyes at our publisher, who is regretting that we did not print an additional five thousand of No. III. to meet the innumerable demands from all parts of the civilized —(Enter *Publisher's Boy*.)

Boy. "St. Ronan's Well, Sir!"

Ed. "God bless the steam-packet."

Good night, my dear Public.—

Your's ever affectionately,

(In the absence of Mr. Frederic Vernon)

PATERSON AYMER.

29th December, 1823.

Sub-Editor.

CONFESSIONS OF A DUELLIST.

I THINK Johnson is of opinion, that a man ought not to be stigmatized as a liar whose offence does not extend beyond a single falsehood. Perhaps, therefore, I am bearing too hard on myself in taking the name of duellist, for I never fought but once, and I am now (I was going to say thank God,) too old to be called again into the field.

I do not intend to write a sermon against the practice of fighting duels, nor a flippant essay in its praise. I am only going to tell my own story, which may, for aught I know, furnish grounds by which the advocates on either side will justify their own opinions. This, at least, is the usual consequence of offering facts to the attention of theorists.

I believe myself, as who does not, a man of peaceable demeanour. I set out in life with the determination never to give an insult however provoked—never to resent the conduct of others, unless offence was undeniably intended—and never to submit to an insult when the fact was clearly ascertained. By the aid of my two first rules, I passed over the period of youth without once finding it necessary to resort to my third. My tastes and pursuits, it is true, did not lead me much into society where I was in any great danger of quarrelling, and to this circumstance I owe perhaps as much as to my good rules. Be this as it may, I never received a challenge in my life, and I was married and a father before I had found it necessary to send one. At length, however, my hour came. A man of higher rank than myself thought proper to use language towards me which I had not provoked, and to which I could not submit without irretrievable degradation. I waited until the next day to give my opponent time for his passions to cool, and I then sent a friend to him to require an explanation. He refused to make the slightest atonement, but instantly referred my second to his own, and a meeting was appointed for the following morning.

I was walking, when my friend returned, in the Temple-gardens. It was a beautiful day in June; the spring, I recollect, had been late and cold, and we had but just begun to taste the enjoyments of summer—they were heightened by all the zest of novelty. Every object around me, animate and inanimate, spoke of peace and happiness. The verdure, even in the heart of London, had lost nothing of its freshness. The river was bright and sparkling, and the wherries shot down the tide, bearing their joyous cargoes gaily along.

The garden was crowded with groups of the young and

happy—the butterflies of the earth rejoicing in their summer garments, and looking as though winter was banished for ever from the outer and the inner world.

I had appointed this place as a rendezvous for my friend, and I could not leave it; but I cursed my folly in exposing myself to so much needless pain, for nothing could be less in unison than my thoughts with the genius of the place. I was in the prime of life—I had health and competence—I was not tortured with ambition, but neither was I subject to *ennui*. My avocations were agreeable to my taste, and not laborious; and my home was blest with an affectionate wife and two dear little ones. These are not the things which make it pleasant to be shot at.

My friend was the best creature in the world, and I knew by his gait, long before I could read his face, that he was the bearer of ill news. He put his arm within mine, and we walked together in silence for some time, and our communication, when it took place, was one of Spartan brevity. Where and when do we meet? I asked. To which he replied: In Greenwich-park, at six to-morrow morning. Very well! Have a post-chaise at your chambers by five, and I will join you. We then shook hands and parted. I went to the Grecian, ordered a private room, and sat down to write. Never will the bitterness of that evening pass away from my mind. I could not bear the thoughts of dying without leaving some memorial, which might justify myself in the eyes of my wife and of my dear children, when they became old enough to judge of my conduct.

But to sit and to argue deliberately the propriety of my throwing them into the most cruel distress,—the necessity for my abandoning them for ever,—how expedient it was that my fond wife, whom I had left in the morning with no deeper cloud over her happiness than the fear of not seeing me again until night, should to-morrow be a widow and her offspring fatherless! This was very terrible; yet all this I accomplished. Slowly, and even calmly, I traced those characters which, if ever they were read, were to inflict the most exquisite pain on a being for whose happiness no exertion would have been spared, and no sacrifice would have been felt. Man has sometimes been defined the laughing animal, sometimes the cooking animal, and sometimes, alas! the reasoning animal: if I were asked for a definition, I should call him the inconsistent animal. But this is digression. It was late before I had written every paper which, as an honest man, I thought it my duty to leave behind me. But the exertion was of great use to me; I had gained a mastery over my feelings, of which I did not think myself capable. I gradually

hardened my heart, until I could fix my eyes on the prospect before me without recoiling. It may appear strange, but the only approach to fluctuation in my mind was when I suffered myself to calculate upon the chances of escape: so true it is that uncertainty is the severest of human ills. But new trials awaited me: when I reached home, my wife, always anxious to give me pleasure, ran to meet me with a letter which she had received from my mother, who, at an advanced age, had resolved on the toil of a long journey to see my children; she was to arrive on the morrow. I am astonished how I succeeded in concealing from my wife the thrill of agony with which I read the letter, which but a few hours earlier would have been the most acceptable present I could have received. To account for my leaving home so early in the morning, I fabricated a lie about an engagement to breakfast with a friend who lived some miles from town. While I was forging another to account for my wishing to sleep in a room by myself, she told me she intended to pass the night with a little niece of mine who was staying with us, and who had gone to bed rather indisposed. This was a great relief to me, for I was not so accustomed to falsehood as to be able to lie *extempore*. I hurried away from her, glad to have passed in safety through such a fiery ordeal. I had, perhaps, seen my wife for the last time; and yet I had so concealed my feelings that she supposed me as happy as herself. There is, I firmly believe, no situation in which the human mind is unsusceptible of pleasure, and I felt proud of my self-command. With a gloomy satisfaction I paraded all the horrors of my situation before my mind's eye, surprised at the apathy with which I bore the dreadful procession.

Will it be believed? I soon fell asleep; if, indeed, that is to be called sleep in which the mind never seems to lose its tension. I lay in a state of semi-consciousness, which, while it did not preserve me from dreams, gave them an oppressive feeling of reality. In general, my sleep is sound and undisturbed; the moment of losing my recollection at night is simultaneous with my awaking in the morning; but then I felt the slow progress of time, as it were, from minute to minute, and the few hours which elapsed before the dawn were to me a night of ages. Just at day-break, when the objects in my room, which had been changing their form and their position during the darkness, had resumed their usual appearance, I was roused from my stupor by the voice of my little boy, who lay in my dressing-room. He was singing at the very top of his clear shrill voice. Involuntarily and by habit I went to fetch him, and had folded him in my arms before I called to mind my resolution to avoid the sight of him and his

sister. I had refrained from my nightly visit to their couches, and I hoped to have escaped from the house without hearing their little tongues. I could not take him back; he clung round my neck so fast that I was obliged to carry him to my own bed. This was a fatal error; in an instant all my philosophy evaporated,—but I shall not attempt to describe the tortures of that dreadful hour. I have neither the power nor the will for such a task. There is also frequently a mixture of the ludicrous with real suffering, which renders it unfit for description. It was so in my case: my child had been accustomed to hear me imitate the noises of various animals for his amusement, and when in the excess of my agony I groaned aloud, he clapped his hands, and expressed his delight at what he supposed the lowing of the cow. I pass over the subsequent part of the affair,—I recovered my spirits the moment I had effected my escape from home. Every thing else was cheap compared with what I had endured. I shall only say that when our pistols were elevated for the second fire, I saw, or thought I saw, down my adversary's barrel to the very wadding. I, however, escaped; and Mr. —, thank God! was but slightly wounded.

He was an honourable man: and having now no difficulty in making an apology, he was soon convinced he had been to blame, and retracted his offensive expressions.

I suppose I offended against etiquette, for instead of staying to breakfast with Mr. — and some friends, I could not resist the impulse of returning instantly to my own house. On my way home I framed another lie to account for my reappearance, which I rather supposed passed muster more from my character and my wife's want of suspicion, than from any intrinsic excellence in its fabrication. To say I was not very happy to go back unscathed to the bosom of my family would be miserable affectation, but my happiness lost half its zest by being unsocial: it was the only pleasure I ever tasted which I could not share with them; I always found it difficult to keep a secret, but never was there one half so oppressive as this. By great care and good fortune, however, I succeeded in keeping my wife ignorant of the danger she had escaped. On her death-bed she told me I had never cost her a single hour of pain. My conscience smote me, but I was silent; I persuaded myself I was not bound to disturb those awful moments with such a discovery. My children followed their mother, and I was left alone. Many years afterwards, I met at the house of a friend two interesting women; they might be seventeen or eighteen, about the age of my girl, had she lived. This was a relationship which I have never been able to withstand. I began instantly to cultivate a place in their regard,

and seemed to be successful, until a triangle-faced old lady—one of those incarnations of prudence and ill-nature who come to a party lest the guests should unawares forget themselves and be happy—crossed the room with a look full of meaning, and seated herself beside my two favourites; then, gaining by some female signal their attention from me, gave them each a whisper, and retired. They changed colour, and after a few cold monosyllables which the course of the conversation wrung out of them, they one by one left me to myself. The hag! she had told them I was the person who had shot at their father. He was gone, and I suppose they felt it an insult to his memory to hold friendly converse with the man who had aimed at his life.

†

THE HOUR OF LOVE.

'Tis sweet to walk 'mid twilight grey,
 And watch the awak'ning charms of day;
 And see her eyes, as they uncloze,
 Drop dewy tears upon the rose;
 And hear the early voice of Love,
 From ev'ry copse, and bow'r, and grove.
 But more I love the tender power
 Of falling Evening's welcome hour;
 When her light veil of mist is spread,
 And day's last crimson line is fled;
 While the first star's uncertain light
 Just trembles on the brow of night.
 Ev'n the soft breezes die away,
 And yon sweet moon's delicious ray
 Falls on my soul from heav'n above,
 Like glance from that dear eye I love.—
 This is *his* hour—I watch, and start,
 Ev'n at the beatings of my heart.
 In ev'ry breath his voice I hear,
 With ev'ry sound his step is near.
 Oh haste thee—'tis a desert spot
 In life, my love, where thou art not;
 And dewy morn, and noon-day sun,
 And ev'ning's milder charms are one.
 Nought but thy form these eyes can see—
 For Helen nothing lives—but thee.

H. W.

SCENES FROM "ATHENIAN REVELS,"

A DRAMA.

I.

SCENE—*A Street in Athens.**Enter CALLIDEMUS and SPEUSIPPUS.*

CALLIDEMUS.

So, you young reprobate! You must be a man of wit, forsooth, and a man of quality! You must spend as if you were as rich as Nicias, and prate as if you were as wise as Pericles! You must dangle after sophists and pretty women! And I must pay for all! I must sup on thyme and onions, while you are swallowing thrushes and hares! I must drink water, that you may play the cottabus* with Chian wine! I must wander about as ragged as Pauson†, that you may be as fine as Alcibiades! I must lie on the bare boards, with a stone‡ for my pillow, and a rotten mat for my coverlid, by the light of a wretched winking lamp, while you are marching in state, with as many torches as one sees at the feast of Ceres, to thunder with your hatchet§ at the doors of half the Ionian ladies in Peiræus||.

SPEUSIPPUS.

Why, thou unreasonable old man! Thou most shameless of fathers!—

CALLIDEMUS.

Ungrateful wretch: Dare you talk so? Are you not afraid of the thunders of Jupiter?

SPEUSIPPUS.

Jupiter thunder! nonsense! Anaxagoras says, that thunder is only an explosion produced by—

CALLIDEMUS.

He does! Would that it had fallen on his head for his pains!

* This game consisted in projecting wine out of cups; it was a diversion extremely fashionable at Athenian entertainments.

† Pauson was an Athenian painter, whose name was synonymous with beggary. See Aristophanes *Plutus*, 602. From his poverty, I am inclined to suppose that he painted historical pictures.

‡ See Aristophanes *Plutus*, 542.

§ See Theocritus *Idyll*, II. 128.

|| This was the most disreputable part of Athens. See Aristophanes *Pax*, 165.

SPEUSIPPUS.

Nay: talk rationally.

CALLIDEMUS.

Rationally! You audacious young sophist! I will talk rationally. Do you know that I am your father? What quibble can you make upon that?

SPEUSIPPUS.

Do I know that you are my father? Let us take the question to pieces, as Melesigenes would say. First then, we must inquire what is knowledge? Secondly, what is a father? Now, knowledge, as Socrates said the other day to Theætetus *,—

CALLIDEMUS.

Socrates! what! the ragged flat-nosed old dotard, who walks about all day barefoot, and filches cloaks, and dissects gnats, and shoes † fleas with wax?

SPEUSIPPUS.

All fiction! All trumped up by Aristophanes!

CALLIDEMUS.

By Pallas, if he is in the habit of putting shoes on his fleas, he is kinder to them than to himself. But listen to me, boy; if you go on in this way, you will be ruined. There is an argument for you. Go to your Socrates and your Melesigenes, and tell them to refute that. Ruined! Do you hear?

SPEUSIPPUS.

Ruined!

CALLIDEMUS.

Ay, by Jupiter! Is such a show as you make to be supported on nothing? During all the last war, I made not an obol from my farm; the Peloponnesian locusts came almost as regularly as the Pleiades;—corn burnt;—olives stripped;—fruit trees cut down;—wells stopped up;—and, just when peace came, and I hoped that all would turn out well, you must begin to spend as if you had all the mines of Thasus at command.

SPEUSIPPUS.

Now, by Neptune, who delights in horses——

CALLIDEMUS.

If Neptune delights in horses, he does not resemble me. You must ride at the Panathenæa on a horse fit for the great

* See Plato's Theætetus.

† See Aristophanes Nubes, 150.

king: four acres of my best vines went for that folly. You must retrench, or you will have nothing to eat. Does not Anaxagoras mention, among his other discoveries, that when a man has nothing to eat he dies?

SPEUSIPPUS.

You are deceived. My friends——

CALLIDEMUS.

Oh, yes! your friends will notice you, doubtless, when you are squeezing through the crowd, on a winter's day, to warm yourself at the fire of the baths;—or when you are fighting with beggars and beggars' dogs for the scraps of a sacrifice;—or when you are glad to earn three wretched obols * by listening all day to lying speeches and crying children.

SPEUSIPPUS.

There are other means of support.

CALLIDEMUS.

What! I suppose you will wander from house to house, like that wretched buffoon Philippus †, and beg every body who has asked a supper-party to be so kind as to feed you and laugh at you; or you will turn sycophant; you will get a bunch of grapes, or a pair of shoes, now and then, by frightening some rich coward with a mock-prosecution. Well! that is a task for which your studies under the sophists may have fitted you.

SPEUSIPPUS.

You are wide of the mark.

CALLIDEMUS.

Then what, in the name of Juno, is your scheme? Do you intend to join Orestes ‡, and rob on the highway? Take care; beware of the eleven §; beware of the hemlock. It may be very pleasant to live at other people's expense; but not very pleasant, I should think, to hear the pestle give its last bang against the mortar, when the cold dose is ready. Pah!——

SPEUSIPPUS.

Hemlock! Orestes! folly!—I aim at nobler objects. What say you to politics,—the general assembly?

CALLIDEMUS.

You an orator!—oh no! no! Cleon was worth twenty such

* The stipend of an Athenian juryman.

† Xenophon, *Convivium*.

‡ A celebrated highwayman of Attica. See Aristophanes *Aves*, 711, and in several other passages.

§ The police officers of Athens.

fools as you. You have succeeded, I grant, to his impudence, for which, if there be justice in Tartarus, he is now soaking up to the eyes in his own tan-pickle. But the Paphlagonian had parts.

SPEUSIPPUS.

And you mean to imply——

CALLIDEMUS.

Not I. You are a Pericles in embryo, doubtless. Well, and when are you to make your first speech? oh Pallas!

SPEUSIPPUS.

I thought of speaking, the other day, on the Sicilian expedition; but Nicias * got up before me.

CALLIDEMUS.

Nicias, poor honest man, might just as well have sate still; his speaking did but little good. The loss of your oration is, doubtless, an irreparable public calamity.

SPEUSIPPUS.

Why, not so; I intend to introduce it at the next assembly; it will suit any subject.

CALLIDEMUS.

That is to say, it will suit none. But pray, if it be not too presumptuous a request, indulge me with a specimen.

SPEUSIPPUS.

Well; suppose the agora crowded;—an important subject under discussion;—an ambassador from Argos, or from the great king;—the tributes from the islands;—an impeachment;—in short, any thing you please. The crier makes proclamation.—“Any citizen above fifty years old may speak—any citizen not disqualified may speak.” Then I rise:—a great murmur of curiosity while I am mounting the stand.

CALLIDEMUS.

Of curiosity! yes, and of something else too. You will infallibly be dragged down by main force, like poor Glaucon † last year.

SPEUSIPPUS.

Never fear. I shall begin in this style:

“When I consider, Athenians, the importance of our city;—when I consider the extent of its power, the wisdom of its laws, the elegance of its decorations;—when I consider by what names and by what exploits its annals are adorned;—when I think on Harmodius and Aristogiton, on Themistocles

* See Thucydides, VI. 8.

† See Xenophon Memorabilia, III.

and Miltiades, on Cimon and Pericles ;—when I contemplate our pre-eminence in arts and letters ;—when I observe so many flourishing states and islands compelled to own the dominion, and purchase the protection, of the City of the Violet Crown *—”

CALLIDEMUS.

I shall choke with rage. Oh, all ye gods and goddesses, what sacrilege, what perjury have I ever committed, that I should be singled out from among all the citizens of Athens to be the father of this fool ?

SPEUSIPPUS.

What now ? By Bacchus, old man, I would not advise you to give way to such fits of passion in the streets. If Aristophanes were to see you, you would infallibly be in a comedy next spring.

CALLIDEMUS.

You have more reason to fear Aristophanes than any fool living. Oh, that he could but hear you trying to imitate the slang of Straton† and the lisp of Alcibiades‡ ! You would be an inexhaustible subject. You would console him for the loss of Cleon.

SPEUSIPPUS.

No, no. I may perhaps figure at the dramatic representations before long ; but in a very different way.

CALLIDEMUS.

What do you mean ?

SPEUSIPPUS.

What say you to a tragedy ?

CALLIDEMUS.

A tragedy of yours ?

SPEUSIPPUS.

Even so.

CALLIDEMUS.

Oh Hercules ! Oh Bacchus ! This is too much. Here is an universal genius ; sophist,—orator,—poet. To what a three-headed monster have I given birth ! a perfect Cerberus of intellect ! And pray what may your piece be about ? Or will your tragedy, like your speech, serve equally for any subject ?

SPEUSIPPUS.

I thought of several plots ;—Œdipus,—Eteocles and Poly-
nices,—the war of Troy,—the murder of Agamemnon.

* A favourite epithet of Athens. See Aristophanes *Acharn.* 637.

† See Aristophanes *Equites*, 1375. ‡ See Aristophanes *Vespæ*, 44.

CALLIDEMUS.

And what have you chosen ?

SPEUSIPPUS.

You know there is a law which permits any modern poet to retouch a play of Æschylus, and bring it forward as his own composition. And as there is an absurd prejudice, among the vulgar, in favour of his extravagant pieces, I have selected one of them, and altered it.

CALLIDEMUS.

Which of them ?

SPEUSIPPUS.

Oh ! that mass of barbarous absurdities, the Prometheus. But I have framed it anew upon the model of Euripides. By Bacchus, I shall make Sophocles and Agathon look about them. You would not know the play again.

CALLIDEMUS.

By Jupiter, I believe not.

SPEUSIPPUS.

I have omitted the whole of the absurd dialogue between Vulcan and Strength, at the beginning.

CALLIDEMUS.

That may be, on the whole, an improvement. The play will open then with that grand soliloquy of Prometheus, when he is chained to the rock.

" Oh ! ye eternal heavens ! Ye rushing winds !
Ye fountains of great streams ! Ye ocean waves,
That in ten thousand sparkling dimples wreath
Your azure smiles ! All-generating earth !
All-seeing sun ! On you, on you, I call*."

Well, I allow that will be striking ; I did not think you capable of that idea. Why do you laugh ?

SPEUSIPPUS.

Do you seriously suppose that one who has studied the plays of that great man, Euripides, would ever begin a tragedy in such a ranting style ?

CALLIDEMUS.

What, does not your play open with the speech of Prometheus ?

SPEUSIPPUS.

No doubt.

* See Æschylus Prometheus, 89.

CALLIDEMUS.

Then what, in the name of Bacchus, do you make him say?

SPEUSIPPUS.

You shall hear; and if it be not in the very style of Euripides, call me a fool,

CALLIDEMUS.

That is a liberty which I shall venture to take, whether it be or no. But go on,

SPEUSIPPUS.

Prometheus begins thus:

"Cœlus begat Saturn and Briareus,
Cottus and Creicis and Iapetus,
Gyges and Hyperion, Phœbe, Tethys,
Thea and Rhea and Mnemosyne.
Then Saturn wedded Rhea, and begat
Pluto and Neptune, Jupiter and Juno."

CALLIDEMUS.

Very beautiful, and very natural; and, as you say, very like Euripides.

SPEUSIPPUS.

You are sneering. Really, father, you do not understand these things. You had not those advantages in your youth—

CALLIDEMUS.

Which I have been fool enough to let you have. No; in my early days, lying had not been dignified into a science, nor politics degraded into a trade. I wrestled, and read Homer's battles, instead of dressing my hair, and reciting lectures in verse out of Euripides. But I have some notion of what a play should be; I have seen Phrynichus, and lived with Æschylus. I saw the representation of the Persians.

SPEUSIPPUS.

A wretched play; it may amuse the fools who row the triremes; but it is utterly unworthy to be read by any man of taste.

CALLIDEMUS.

If you had seen it acted;—the whole theatre frantic with joy, stamping, shouting, laughing, crying. There was Cynægeirus, the brother of Æschylus, who lost both his arms at Marathon, beating the stumps against his sides with rapture. When the crowd remarked him.—But where are you going?

SPEUSIPPUS.

To sup with Alcibiades; he sails with the expedition for Sicily in a few days; this is his farewell entertainment.

CALLIDEMUS.

So much the better ; I should say, so much the worse. That cursed Sicilian expedition ! And you were one of the young fools* who stood clapping and shouting while he was gulling the rabble, and who drowned poor Nicias's voice with your uproar ; look to it ; a day of reckoning will come. As to Alcibiades himself—

SPEUSIPPUS.

What can you say against him ? His enemies themselves acknowledge his merit.

CALLIDEMUS.

They acknowledge that he is clever, and handsome, and that he was crowned at the Olympic games. And what other merits do his friends claim for him ? A precious assembly you will meet at his house, no doubt.

SPEUSIPPUS.

The first men in Athens, probably.

CALLIDEMUS.

Whom do you mean by the first men in Athens ?

SPEUSIPPUS.

Callicles †.

CALLIDEMUS.

A sacrilegious, impious, unfeeling ruffian !

SPEUSIPPUS.

Hippomachus.

CALLIDEMUS.

A fool, who can talk of nothing but his travels through Persia and Egypt. Go, go. The gods forbid that I should detain you from such choice society. *[Exeunt severally.]*

II.

SCENE—*A Hall in the House of* ALCIBIADES.

ALCIBIADES, SPEUSIPPUS, CALLICLES, HIPPOMACHUS, CHARICLEA, and others, seated round a Table, feasting.

ALCIBIADES.

Bring larger cups. This shall be our gayest revel. It is probably the last—for some of us at least.

SPEUSIPPUS.

At all events, it will be long before you taste such wine again, Alcibiades.

* See Thucydides VI. 13.

† Callicles plays a conspicuous part in the Gorgias of Plato,

CALLICLES.

Nay, there is excellent wine in Sicily. When I was there with Eurymedon's squadron, I had many a long carouse. You never saw finer grapes than those of Ætna.

HIPPOMACHUS.

The Greeks do not understand the art of making wine. Your Persian is the man. So rich, so fragrant, so sparkling. I will tell you what the Satrap of Caria said to me about that when I supped with him.

ALCIBIADES.

Nay, sweet Hippomachus; not a word to-night about satraps, or the great king, or the walls of Babylon, or the Pyramids, or the mummies. Chariclea, why do you look so sad?

CHARICLEA.

Can I be cheerful when you are going to leave me, Alcibiades?

ALCIBIADES.

My life, my sweet soul, it is but for a short time. In a year we conquer Sicily. In another, we humble Carthage*. I will bring back such robes, such necklaces, elephants' teeth by thousands, ay, and the elephants themselves, if you wish to see them. Nay, smile, my Chariclea, or I shall talk nonsense to no purpose.

HIPPOMACHUS.

The largest elephant that I ever saw was in the grounds of Teribazus, near Susa. I wish that I had measured him.

ALCIBIADES.

I wish that he had trod upon you. Come, come, Chariclea, we shall soon return, and then——

CHARICLEA.

Yes; then, indeed.

ALCIBIADES.

Yes, then——

Then for revels; then for dances,
Tender whispers, melting glances.
Peasants, pluck your richest fruits:
Minstrels, sound your sweetest flutes:
Come in laughing crowds to greet us.
Dark-eyed daughters of Miletus;
Bring the myrtles, bring the dice,
Floods of Chian, hills of spice.

SPEUSIPPUS.

Whose lines are those, Alcibiades?

* See Thucydides, VI. 90.

ALCIBIADES.

My own. Think you, because I do not shut myself up to meditate, and drink water, and eat herbs, that I cannot write verses? By Apollo, if I did not spend my days in politics, and my nights in revelry, I should have made Sophocles tremble. But now I never go beyond a little song like this, and never invoke any Muse but Chariclea. But come, Speusippus, sing. You are a professed poet. Let us have some of your verses.

SPEUSIPPUS.

My verses! How can you talk so? I a professed poet!

ALCIBIADES.

Oh, content you, sweet Speusippus. We all know your designs upon the tragic honours. Come, sing. A chorus of your new play.

SPEUSIPPUS.

Nay, nay—

HIPPOMACHUS.

When a guest who is asked to sing at a Persian banquet, refuses——

SPEUSIPPUS.

In the name of Bacchus—

ALCIBIADES.

I am absolute. Sing.

SPEUSIPPUS.

Well, then, I will sing you a chorus, which, I think, is a tolerable imitation of Euripides.

CHARICLEA.

Of Euripides?—Not a word!

ALCIBIADES.

Why so, sweet Chariclea?

CHARICLEA.

Would you have me betray my sex? Would you have me forget his Phædras and Sthenobæas? No: if I ever suffer any lines of that woman-hater, or his imitators, to be sung in my presence, may I* sell herbs like his mother, and wear rags like his Telephus†.

ALCIBIADES.

Then, sweet Chariclea, since you have silenced Speusippus, you shall sing yourself.

* The mother of Euripides was a herb-woman. This was a favourite topic of Aristophanes.

† The hero of one of the lost plays of Euripides, who appears to have been brought upon the stage in the garb of a beggar. See Aristophanes *Acharn.* 430, and in other places.

CHARICLEA.

What shall I sing?

ALCIBIADES.

Nay, choose for yourself.

CHARICLEA.

Then I will sing an old Ionian hymn, which is chanted every spring at the feast of Venus, near Miletus. I used to sing it in my own country when I was a child; and—Ah, Alcibiades!

ALCIBIADES.

Dear Chariclea, you shall sing something else. This distresses you.

CHARICLEA.

No: hand me the lyre:—no matter. You will hear the song to disadvantage. But if it were sung as I have heard it sung;—if this were a beautiful morning in spring, and if we were standing on a woody promontory, with the sea, and the white sails, and the blue Cyclades beneath us,—and the portico of a temple peeping through the trees on a huge peak above our heads,—and thousands of people, with myrtles in their hands, thronging up the winding path, their gay dresses and garlands disappearing and emerging by turns as they passed round the angles of the rock,—then perhaps—

ALCIBIADES.

Now, by Venus herself, sweet lady, where you are we shall lack neither sun, nor flowers, nor spring, nor temple, nor goddess.

CHARICLEA. (*Sings.*)

Let this sunny hour be given,
Venus, unto love and mirth:
Smiles like thine are in the heaven;
Bloom like thine is on the earth;
And the tinkling of the fountains,
And the murmurs of the sea,
And the echoes from the mountains,
Speak of youth, and hope, and thee.

By whate'er of soft expression
Thou hast taught to lovers' eyes,
Faint denial, slow confession,
Glowing cheeks and stifled sighs;
By the pleasure and the pain,
By the follies and the wiles,
Pouting fondness, sweet disdain,
Happy tears, and mournful smiles;

Scenes from "Athenian Revels."

Come with music floating o'er thee,
 Come with violets springing round:
 Let the Graces dance before thee,
 All their golden zones unbound;
 Now in sport their faces hiding,
 Now, with slender fingers fair,
 From their laughing eyes dividing
 The long curls of rose-crowned hair.

ALCIBIADES.

Sweetly sung; but mournfully, Chariclea; for which I would chide you, but that I am sad myself. More wine there. I wish to all the gods that I had fairly sailed from Athens.

CHARICLEA.

And from me, Alcibiades?

ALCIBIADES.

Yes, from you, dear lady. The days which immediately precede separation are the most melancholy of our lives.

CHARICLEA.

Except those which immediately follow it.

ALCIBIADES.

No; when I cease to see you, other objects may compel my attention; but can I be near you without thinking how lovely you are, and how soon I must leave you?

HIPPOMACHUS.

Ay; travelling soon puts such thoughts out of men's heads.

CALLICLES.

A battle is the best remedy for them.

CHARICLEA.

A battle, I should think, might supply their place with others as unpleasant.

CALLICLES.

No. The preparations are rather disagreeable to a novice. But as soon as the fighting begins, by Jupiter, it is a noble time;—men trampling,—shields clashing,—spears breaking,—and the pœan roaring louder than all.

CHARICLEA.

But what if you are killed?

CALLICLES.

What indeed? You must ask Speusippus that question. He is a philosopher.

ALCIBIADES.

Yes, and the greatest of philosophers, if he can answer it,

SPKUSIPPUS.

Pythagoras is of opinion—

HIPPOMACHUS.

Pythagoras stole that and all his other opinions from Asia and Egypt. The transmigration of the soul and the vegetable diet are derived from India. I met a Brachman in Sogdiana—

CALLICLES.

All nonsense!

CHARICLEA.

What think you, Alcibiades?

ALCIBIADES.

I think that, if the doctrine be true, your spirit will be transfused into one of the doves who carry* ambrosia to the gods or verses to the mistresses of poets. Do you remember Anacreon's lines? How should you like such an office?

CHARICLEA.

If I were to be your dove, Alcibiades, and you would treat me as Anacreon treated his, and let me nestle in your breast and drink from your cup, I would submit even to carry your love-letters to other ladies.

CALLICLES.

What, in the name of Jupiter, is the use of all these speculations about death? Socrates once† lectured me upon it the best part of a day. I have hated the sight of him ever since. Such things may suit an old sophist when he is fasting; but in the midst of wine and music—

HIPPOMACHUS.

I differ from you. The enlightened Egyptians bring skeletons into their banquets, in order to remind their guests to make the most of their life while they have it.

CALLICLES.

I want neither skeleton nor sophist to teach me that lesson. More wine, I pray you, and less wisdom. If you must believe something which you never can know, why not be contented with the long stories about the other world which are told us when we are initiated at the‡ Eleusinian mysteries.

* Homer's *Odyssey*, xii. 63.

† See the close of Plato's *Gorgias*.

‡ The scene which follows is founded upon history. Thucydides tells us in his sixth book, that about this time Alcibiades was suspected of having assisted at a mock celebration of these famous mysteries. It was the opinion of the vulgar among the Athenians that extraordinary privileges were granted in the other world to all who had been initiated.

CHARICLEA.

And what are those stories?

ALCIBIADES.

Are not you initiated, Chariclea?

CHARICLEA.

No; my mother was a Lydian, a barbarian; and therefore—

ALCIBIADES.

I understand. Now the curse of Venus on the fools who made so hateful a law. Speusippus, does not your friend Euripides* say—

“The land where thou art prosperous is thy country.”

Surely we ought to say to every lady

“The land where thou art pretty is thy country.”

Besides, to exclude foreign beauties from the chorus of the initiated in the Elysian fields is less cruel to them than to ourselves. Chariclea, you shall be initiated.

CHARICLEA.

When?

ALCIBIADES.

Now.

CHARICLEA.

Where?

ALCIBIADES.

Here.

CHARICLEA.

Delightful!

SPEUSIPPUS.

But there must be an interval of a year between the purification and the initiation.

ALCIBIADES.

We will suppose all that.

SPEUSIPPUS.

And nine days of rigid mortification of the senses.

ALCIBIADES.

We will suppose that too. I am sure it was supposed, with as little reason, when I was initiated.

* The right of Euripides to this line is somewhat disputable.—See Aristophanes *Plutus*, 1152.

SPEUSIPPUS.

But you are sworn to secrecy.

ALCIBIADES.

You a sophist, and talk of oaths! You a pupil of Euripides, and forget his maxims!

"My lips have sworn it, but my mind is free."*

SPEUSIPPUS.

But Alcibiades ———

ALCIBIADES.

What! Are you afraid of Ceres and Proserpine?

SPEUSIPPUS.

No—but—but—I—that is I—but it is best to be safe—I mean— Suppose there should be something in it.

ALCIBIADES.

Now, by Mercury, I shall die with laughing. Oh Speusippus, Speusippus! Go back to your old father. Dig vineyards, and judge causes, and be a respectable citizen. But never, while you live, again dream of being a philosopher.

SPEUSIPPUS.

Nay, I was only——

ALCIBIADES.

A pupil of Gorgias and Melesigenes afraid of Tartarus! In what region of the infernal world do you expect your domicile to be fixed? Shall you roll a stone like Sisyphus? Hard exercise, Speusippus!

SPEUSIPPUS.

In the name of all the gods——

ALCIBIADES.

Or shall you sit starved and thirsty in the midst of fruit and wine, like Tantalus? Poor fellow! I think I see your face as you are springing up to the branches and missing your aim. Oh Bacchus! Oh Mercury!

SPEUSIPPUS.

Alcibiades!

ALCIBIADES.

Or perhaps you will be food for a vulture, like the huge fellow who was rude to Latona.

* See Euripides Hippolytus, 608. For the jesuitical morality of this line Euripides is bitterly attacked by the comic poet.

SPEUSIPPUS.

Alcibiades!

ALCIBIADES.

Never fear. Minos will not be so cruel. Your eloquence will triumph over all accusations. The furies will sculk away like disappointed sycophants. Only address the judges of hell in the speech which you were prevented from speaking last assembly. "When I consider"—is not that the beginning of it? Come, man, do not be angry. Why do you pace up and down with such long steps? You are not in Tartarus yet. You seem to think that you are already stalking like poor Achilles,

"With stride

"Majestic through the plain of Asphodel." *

SPEUSIPPUS.

How can you talk so, when you know that I believe all that foolery as little as you do?

ALCIBIADES.

Then march. You shall be the crier †. Callicles, you shall carry the torch. Why do you stare?

CALLICLES.

I do not much like the frolic.

ALCIBIADES.

Nay, surely you are not taken with a fit of piety. If all be true that is told of you, you have as little reason to think the gods vindictive as any man breathing. If you be not belied, a certain golden goblet which I have seen at your house was once in the temple of Juno at Corcyra. And men say that there was a priestess at Tarentum——

CALLICLES.

A fig for the gods! I was thinking about the Archons. You will have an accusation laid against you to-morrow. It is not very pleasant to be tried before the king ‡.

ALCIBIADES.

Never fear, there is not a sycophant in Attica who would dare to breathe a word against me, for the golden § plane-tree of the great king.

* See Homer's *Odyssey*, xi. 538.

† The crier and torch-bearer were important functionaries at the celebration of the Eleusinian mysteries.

‡ The name of king was given in the Athenian democracy to the magistrate who exercised those spiritual functions which in the monarchical times had belonged to the sovereign. His court took cognizance of offences against the religion of the state.

§ See Herodotus, viii. 28.

HIPPOMACHUS.

That plane-tree——

ALCIBIADES.

Never mind the plane-tree. Come, Callicles, you were not so timid when you plundered the merchantman off Cape Malea. Take up the torch and move. Hippomachus, tell one of the slaves to bring a sow *.

CALLICLES.

And what part are you to play?

ALCIBIADES.

I shall be Hierophant. Herald, to your office. Torch-bearer, advance with the lights. Come forward, fair novice. We will celebrate the rite within. *(Exeunt).*

T. M.

SONGS OF THE HUGUENOTS.

I. MONCONTOUR.

Oh! weep for Moncontour. Oh! weep for the hour
When the children of darkness and evil had power;
When the horsemen of Valois triumphantly trod
On the bosoms that bled for their rights and their God.

Oh! weep for Moncontour. Oh! weep for the slain
Who for faith and for freedom lay slaughtered in vain.
Oh! weep for the living, who linger to bear
The renegade's shame, or the exile's despair.

One look, one last look, to the cots and the towers,
To the rows of our vines, and the beds of our flowers,
To the church where the bones of our fathers decayed,
Where we fondly had deemed that our own should be laid.

Alas! we must leave thee, dear desolate home,
To the spearmen of Uri, the shavelings of Rome,
To the serpent of Florence, the vulture of Spain,
To the pride of Anjou, and the guile of Lorraine.

* A sow was sacrificed to Ceres at the admission to the greater mysteries.

Farewell to thy fountains, farewell to thy shades,
 To the song of thy youths, and the dance of thy maids,
 To the breath of thy gardens, the hum of thy bees,
 And the long waving line of the blue Pyrenees.

Farewell, and for ever. The priest and the slave
 May rule in the halls of the free and the brave ;—
 Our hearths we abandon ;—our lands we resign ;—
 Bu , Father, we kneel to no altar but thine.

T. M.

II. IVRY.

Now glory to the Lord of Hosts, from whom all glories are !
 And glory to our Sovereign Liege, King Henry of Navarre !
 Now let there be the merry sound of music and of dance,
 Through thy corn-fields green, and sunny vines, Oh pleasant land
 of France !

And thou, Rochelle, our own Rochelle, proud city of the waters,
 Again let rapture light the eyes of all thy mourning daughters.
 As thou wert constant in our ills, be joyous in our joy,
 For cold, and stiff, and still are they who wrought thy walls annoy.
 Hurrah ! Hurrah ! a single field hath turned the chance of war,
 Hurrah ! Hurrah ! for Ivry, and Henry of Navarre.

Oh ! how our hearts were beating, when, at the dawn of day,
 We saw the army of the League drawn out in long array ;
 With all its priest-led citizens, and all its rebel peers,
 And Appenzel's stout infantry, and Egmont's Flemish spears.
 There rode the brood of false Lorraine, the curses of our land ;
 And dark Mayenne was in the midst, a truncheon in his hand :
 And, as we looked on them, we thought of Seine's empurpled flood,
 And good Coligni's hoary hair all dabbled with his blood ;
 And we cried unto the living God, who rules the fate of war,
 To fight for his own holy name, and Henry of Navarre.

The King is come to marshal us, in all his armour drest,
 And he has bound a snow-white plume upon his gallant crest.
 He looked upon his people, and a tear was in his eye ;
 He looked upon the traitors, and his glance was stern and high.

Right graciously he smiled on us, as rolled from wing to wing,
Down all our line, a deafening shout, " God save our Lord the King."
" An if my standard-bearer fall, as fall full well he may,
" For never saw I promise yet of such a bloody fray,
" Press where ye see my white plume shine, amidst the ranks of war,
" And be your oriflamme to-day the helmet of Navarre."

Hurrah ! the foes are moving. Hark to the mingled din,
Of life, and steed, and trump, and drum, and roaring culverin.
The fiery Duke is pricking fast across Saint André's plain,
With all the hireling chivalry of Guelders and Almayne.
Now by the lips of those ye love, fair gentlemen of France,
Charge for the golden lilies,—upon them with the lance.
A thousand spurs are striking deep, a thousand spears in rest,
A thousand knights are pressing close behind the snow-white crest ;
And in they burst, and on they rushed, while, like a guiding star,
Amidst the thickest carnage blazed the helmet of Navarre.

Now, God be praised, the day is ours. Mayenne hath turned his rein.
D'Aumale hath cried for quarter. The Flemish count is slain.
Their ranks are breaking like thin clouds before a Biscay gale ;
The field is heaped with bleeding steeds, and flags, and cloven mail.
And then we thought on vengeance, and, all along our van,
" Remember Saint Bartholomew," was passed from man to man.
But out spake gentle Henry, " No Frenchman is my foe :
" Down, down, with every foreigner, but let your brethren go."
Oh ! was there ever such a knight, in friendship or in war,
As our Sovereign Lord, King Henry, the soldier of Navarre !

Ho ! maidens of Vienna ; Ho ! matrons of Lucerne ;
Weep, weep, and rend your hair for those who never shall return.
Ho ! Philip, send, for charity, thy Mexican pistoles,
That Antwerp monks may sing a mass for thy poor spearmen's souls.
Ho ! gallant nobles of the League, look that your arms be bright ;
Ho ! burghers of Saint Genevieve, keep watch and ward to-night.
For our God hath crushed the tyrant, our God hath raised the slave,
And mocked the counsel of the wise, and the valour of the brave.
Then glory to his holy name, from whom all glories are ;
And glory to our Sovereign Lord, King Henry of Navarre.

T. M.

REMARKS ON THE ENGLISH CHARACTER.

ADDRESSED BY A FOREIGNER TO HIS FRIEND IN ITALY.

LETTER II.

MY DEAR GIULIO,

Since you have been pleased with my last communication concerning England and English peculiarities, I now resume the pen to furnish you with a few additional sketches illustrative of the same subject. In my present disposition of mind, this task is not, I assure you, one of the easiest. You have heard of the appalling features of this climate in the month of November; and you may easily imagine what effect the sight of never-ending rows of dark brick houses, monotonous in their appearance, under a grey canopy of mixed fog and coal-fire smoke, must have upon my spirits, naturally inclined to depression. But yet, *courage!* Our old acquaintance Ovid used to write from a much more dismal place, to his friends at Rome, those affecting elegies of which you and I were so fond at school. I recollect the first day I entered the class, in which afterwards I became acquainted with you, our venerable master Abate T. was reciting, in his solemn tone of voice, those lines of the *Tristia* :

Si tamen interea quid in his ego perditus oris,
 Quod te credibile est quaerere, quaeris, agam ?
 Spe trahor exigua

These simple, and yet touching words of the unfortunate bard of Sulmona, have often recurred to me in the course of my peregrinations; they might serve now as an appropriate motto to this letter.

You ask me, what is the condition of a foreigner in this country? In two words; *that of remaining always a foreigner.* I know of no European country in which there is for an alien less chance of amalgamating himself with the people among whom he resides. There is a sort of distinguishing mark upon foreigners in this country which descends even to the second generation. "He is the son of an alien; he is of foreign extraction;"—you often hear these sentences significantly pronounced from the mouth of a genuine Briton. The customs, education, prejudices, and language of this people are to a foreigner so many almost insurmountable barriers. In this sense the old line, *Et penitus toto divisos orbe Britannos*, still applies to them. The language alone would be sufficient to draw the distinction. A man may pass for a Frenchman, for an Italian, or for a German; although born

out of those countries, he may acquire their respective languages so as to deceive the natives ; but a foreigner brought up out of England, and who can pass for an Englishman here, must be a *rara avis* ; I have never heard of such a prodigy. The phraseology, the tone of voice, the action and expression in speaking, and, above all, the pronunciation, that "insular accent," as Mme. de Staël calls it, can never be perfectly imitated by a continental man ; the ears of an Englishman are extremely quick at catching the discordant sounds.

Well educated Englishmen, especially those who have travelled, shew much politeness and indulgence in their intercourse with foreigners ; they listen patiently to their broken English, supply them with words, smile good humouredly at their mistakes and encourage them ; but taking the nation at large, there is certainly much less condescension in this respect than in France or Italy. I except from the latter country, the city of Naples, where people are remarkable for their want of urbanity to foreigners ; and you know that all other Italians are foreigners in Naples. In this particular, the lower classes of English stand prominent for their coarseness.

The aliens in the three kingdoms, I believe, do not amount to thirty thousand,—a comparatively small number. Naturalization is extremely difficult to be obtained ; no length of residence will give you a right to it. Foreigners who reside in England are chiefly men engaged in trade ; there is also a considerable number of teachers, musicians, and artists ; besides the inferior crew of mechanics, domestics, and adventurers. Some of the last-mentioned class, possessed of assurance, strong nerves, and an unblushing countenance, having no character to lose, and no scruples of delicacy to surmount, succeed at times marvellously well. The calamitous dissensions of the Continent have, at different periods, caused a vast number of men of respectability from various countries, to seek an asylum here for a time ; the laws are hospitable in this respect ; the unfortunate of all parties may quietly and safely remain on this holy ground ; the formalities required by the police are few and little troublesome ;—very different in this from what we are accustomed to on the Continent. Many of these political refugees, particularly those from southern regions, pine under the influence of the climate, the difference of habits, the want of society ; they suffer from privations which are more keenly felt here than under a milder atmosphere ; or they are tormented by *ennui*, and this is not a residence favourable to people depressed in spirits, constrained in their circumstances, and at the same time refined in their ideas. Happiness is too dear in this country, if I may use the expression.

Germans, Dutch, and Swiss are best suited to England. Frenchmen are continually finding fault with it, and yet manage to live and thrive in it. Of all foreigners I think Italians and Spaniards are those who find it most difficult to accustom themselves to England and English habits.

In a country so wealthy as England is, and its wealth the result of industry, it is but natural that people should attach great importance to property and money. Money is a cloak that covers a multitude, I will not say of sins, but imperfections. Yet the English, generally speaking, are far from being inclined to avarice; their disposition tends rather to the opposite fault. They do not love money for its own sake, but as the means of procuring comforts and respectability. This is reasonable to a certain degree, but, like all other human qualities, it is apt to exceed due bounds. Respect for wealth has often, I believe, too much influence upon the judgment of Englishmen; this habit has been left in great measure undisturbed by civil commotions, whilst with us, you know, my Giulio, the case is widely different; there has been so much distress amongst all classes, so much rising and falling of fortunes, that poverty has lost considerably of the disgrace attached to it. Revolutions, like earthquakes, bring men upon a level, and break down all human distinctions. When we see palaces as well as cottages falling every where around us, we have not time to think of keeping our distance, but we rush all in a crowd and endeavour to reach some safer ground where we may rest, although by the side of the tattered beggars or the loathsome sick. This is, however, but a scanty advantage, and too dearly purchased even by those who outlive the storm.

The English attach great importance to that untranslatable word comfort, which a foreigner, especially a southern man, cannot well understand; because, owing to the difference of climate and habits, he never felt the same wants. To be on a cold winter day in this country, without fire or carpet on the floor, deprived of the means of procuring substantial food, or warming beverage, must be truly miserable. In Italy it would not be half so bad. With a few *soldi* the poor Italian gets bread, cheese, and wine, and feels contented; he sleeps on straw, and warms himself in the sunshine. He sees with a listless smile the proud carriage rolling by, and feels perhaps more genial warmth in his veins than the care-worn possessor of the gorgeous equipage. But in England poverty brings real distress, and if not relieved, sickness and death. Therefore the Englishman is more particularly on his guard against the approaches of this terrible enemy, and not only guards himself against it, but is willing to preserve his fellow-cra-

tures from the fiend he dreads. Hence the numerous charities, subscriptions, poor-rates, which, however they may be at times misapplied, still reflect high credit on the English character. Owing to all these precautions, it may be said that the people of this island, taken together, know less of real distress than any other nation. Compare the different classes with the corresponding ones on the Continent; and you find that they all have more comforts in England; it is true, as I said, that they require more. Hence they seldom form a correct idea of the wishes and wants of the lower classes on the Continent.

Ideas of wealth and comfort may be said to have an undue influence over the mind, only when they overbalance other and greater advantages, such as peace, domestic happiness, intellectual pleasures, friendship, love. A certain *quantum* is required to live honourably in proportion to one's station in life, and this quantum is certainly much higher in this country than in any other; but beyond this, all other wishes and wants are merely the result of fancy or of false comparisons. Now, for the chimerical advantages of some additional hundreds a year, of a supernumerary servant, of a larger house, of a carriage, many and many are apt to sacrifice the happiness of their lives. There is the evil, Giulio, and this evil appears to me to be more generally spread in this country than elsewhere. It is perceivable in the discussion of that most important and much misunderstood point, the propriety of marriages, which is often argued as if marriage in itself were an indifferent object, and not a desideratum; as if its financial accessories only were worthy of consideration. I am far from being an advocate for imprudent matches, but I don't see that fictitious ideas of comfort and luxury should stand in the way of conjugal and parental enjoyments. Celibacy is not a natural nor often a moral state; it is the source of innumerable evils to individuals as well as to society at large. A little less squeamish delicacy or affectation and a little more sincerity and common sense would be very desirable in the discussion of this topic.

Man is every where a compound of contrasts. His head and his heart, his mind and his senses, are often at variance with each other, and he himself as an individual is often at variance with the mass of his fellow-creatures. This gives birth to an infinite number of incoherences, many of which, however, are only apparent, being consequences of the same principles variously modified by circumstances. Thus the English, with all their astonishing activity in matters of business, and the eagerness and perseverance with which they pursue any object good or bad in which they are engaged, yet

preserve in their social intercourse and in their demeanour an appearance of coldness which a stranger is apt to mistake for the result of a phlegmatic temperament. They appear on the stage of promiscuous society clad in an almost impenetrable mail of caution and reserve which gives them at times a considerable advantage over more hasty and susceptible people, by rendering them impassible to the shafts of the latter, while it affords them time to study the weak points of their antagonists, and watch a favourable opportunity to strike a decisive blow. This is particularly observable in any discussion in which a Frenchman and an Englishman, both of equal acquirements, happen to be engaged. The former has certainly the advantage in point of wit, quickness, fluency of words, and *ruses de guerre*; but all these have little effect upon his adversary, who listens coolly and with a provoking smile on his lips, keeps close to his argument, whether sound or not (the English are generally pretty acute logicians though at times sophists) until the other has wasted his strength and perhaps lost his temper, and then the advantage remains with the Englishman. It is like the battle between Argante and Tancredi, as described by our Torquato. I speak of the result *de facto*, for with regard to the judgment of the by-standers it depends chiefly upon the nationality of the audience. In a French company an Englishman, though victor, would probably not be acknowledged as such; he would be perhaps borne down by the general impatience of his hearers, and he could hardly expect what he calls fair play, a condition to which most Englishmen are scrupulously attached.

One meets here with many of those people whom we used in Italy to call *cattedratici* (*ex cathedra*), I believe the natives here call them *prozers*, men who know a few subjects well, and are apt to be very diffuse upon them; although it must be confessed they do it in general logically enough, but with a tedious minuteness. They will not allow you to grasp the subject at once, to foresee an unavoidable consequence and to take it for granted, to suppose certain unimportant accessories, no—you must have not only the truth, but the *whole truth*, without omitting a jot. I am unfortunately subject to be absent on such occasions, although I feel it is very wrong, for there is always information to be derived from a prolix dissertation, were it even on the best way of rearing cabbages and turnips, of brewing some particular sort of beer, or upon some obsolete custom of a remote country.

I have often heard foreigners remark as a striking peculiarity of this country, that hardly any one in the street is seen to smile, much less to laugh. The latter appears to be, at least in public, a sin against *bon ton*, a word which, as I have I

believe observed to you before, holds a powerful sway over these free people. To be, or rather, I should say, to appear calm and impassible, and superior to the frailties, whether mental or physical, of human nature, is the great rule of the land. I could exemplify this by some ludicrous instances, but I shall content myself with repeating an expressive sentence of one of my continental friends, who says that *en Angleterre on est corps glorieux*. Now this rule holds good with regard to that muscular convulsion called laughter, to which people are very prone on the Continent. The non-risibility of the English, however, is confined to public places, for among intimate acquaintances I have seen them laugh heartily and loudly too. But they certainly smile much less and in a less expressive manner (sarcasm apart) than the French or Italians. There is a rigid immoveableness, a sort of eternal *statu quo* in the muscles of their faces which scares away gaiety. The worst of it is that it proves contagious; I certainly laugh much less here than I used to do on the other side of the channel. Often when in company with other foreigners at some of the *restaurateurs*, I have felt myself suddenly checked in the midst of a *cachinnous* fit, by looking up, and seeing a grave individual sitting opposite to me, his organs of vision in direct line with mine, looking straight forward without blinking, as if in reproach of my unseasonable mirth. It was like the sight of the head of Medusa. You know I have but a scanty flow of spirits in general, but on that very account a hearty laugh now and then, with or without cause, is greatly beneficial. *Cela fait du bien à la rate*, as the French say, and it is after all a very innocent relaxation.

There are many peculiar forms of etiquette in the social intercourse of the English to which they are tenaciously attached, and which it requires a long and constant attention in a foreigner to learn. There is a sort of state in every thing that is done, whether at the dinner-table, or in the drawing-room, from the knocking at the door to the making your retiring bow. Every thing is regulated by customs almost as immutable as those of the Chinese. These forms accompany the natives abroad; the English are always surrounded by an atmosphere of their own; this is perceivable at the theatres, coffee-houses, public walks, and even at church. I must say, that most of these forms, strange as they appear at first to a foreigner, prove, upon closer examination, to be founded on reason, and become at last by habit, familiar and even agreeable. They have the effect however to make society appear uniform; for, as every class in this country is constantly striving to imitate its betters, you meet with people who have no pretensions to superior education, or to elegance

of manners and polish of the mind, but who, being wealthy, are encircled by a degree of splendour, which we are not accustomed to meet on the Continent, except among the highest ranks ; and whose appearance, therefore, is apt to deceive a stranger. These persons thus surrounded by a little court of dependants, their eyes constantly resting upon objects of luxury and grandeur, imbibe also a false idea of their own situation ; when mixing with strangers they hardly know how to take their proper footing, how to draw the distinction between dependants and acquaintances ; they are apt to be either too supercilious or too familiar ; and this perhaps without any real pride, but merely from a necessary effect of their mode of living. There are of course here, the same as in every other country, minds who rise with their fortunes, and they may be said to grace wealth more than wealth graces them ; but this happy ductility, which must be the combined effect of a natural delicacy of tact and an intelligent mind nurtured by experience, is not to be acquired by, and therefore not to be expected in, every one. In a country so rich and commercial as this, individuals thus risen, are very numerous, and form a very considerable and important part of society. Most of them are highly respectable in their principles, and make an excellent use of their wealth ; they give the best education to their children, who, brought up in a different manner from their parents, become thus by right, as well as by fact, members of the upper classes ; in other words, patricians, in the essential sense of the name.

The real English gentleman, that is to say, the man born to a landed property and having received a liberal education, is, generally speaking, a noble being. This class constitute the pride and the strength of the country. They feel their independence and their importance, and their ideas are therefore, generally speaking, elevated and generous. Even their faults partake of their lofty nature. This is, and must always be, the result of birth and education. I do not allude here to noble birth particularly, but to what may be termed gentle lineage. The class I am speaking of is not numerous with us ; most of our proprietors being either new men or noblemen of the old cast, the two extremes between which, the gentlemen of England form a happy medium, and a very useful link. Many of these country gentlemen have princely fortunes and magnificent residences, without any titles to their names ; some of them have even refused titles, preferring the dignity of their ancient family name, which has passed to them unspotted through many generations.

The two aristocracies of birth and wealth, the landed and the commercial classes, furnish members for the third aristo-

eracy, which I shall call the aristocracy of talent. The younger sons apply themselves to the learned or liberal professions, the church, the law, medicine, the army and navy, literature, the fine arts. These professions are also so many vehicles by which plebeians may step in amongst the upper classes. The only obstacle is the expense of their education, but this is facilitated by numerous charitable establishments, in which they receive the first rudiments; and where, if they show real talent above their native situation, they often meet with patrons who assist them to ascend the ladder of study and advancement. It is thus, that by a concourse of happy combinations, the aristocracy of this country is not exclusive, but leaves numerous doors open to talent, merit, and, of course, to favourable chances also. Many of the most distinguished characters, and of the most exalted too, have risen by these means. I admire the structure, Giulio;—I see a beautiful harmony in the parts;—I know there are and must be weak points and flaws here and there;—but I see nothing else equal to the *tout ensemble*, either in ancient or modern history; nor, I must confess, am I sanguine enough to expect I could ever see any thing better on *the same scale*. Perhaps this is owing to the want of elasticity of my mind, as some of our theoretical acquaintances would call it; let it be so;—my notions of the powers of man rise only to a certain height, considerable with regard to himself, but insignificant if scanned by the abstract idea of perfection; beyond which I see nothing but an unfathomable space which stands between him and the source of all good.

And now, my beloved friend, I shall close my remarks upon England,—that England which you have often heard me extol and defend against the misconstructions of ignorance and the sneers of envy and malignity. I can also truly say, that while in this country I have, whenever opportunity has occurred, done the same duty by our Italy. My efforts may appear vain; it is a difficult task to have to fight against diametrically opposite prejudices; yet I have reason to believe that in both cases I have made a certain impression upon the mind of some of my hearers, and thus far I have contributed my mite towards the work of promoting conciliation and good will amongst men whatever be the place of their birth. In these hasty sketches which I have just traced, you will observe that most of the faults I have censured, do not effect the character of this people, which is avowedly sound and noble; they belong more to the outward than to the inward man. Some of them are closely linked with that strong stamp of nationality which I should be sorry to see effaced, as I look upon it as essential to the welfare of this empire. I have

spoken frankly, and let it be recollected I have spoken to a foreigner, and as a foreigner, labouring himself under some of the disadvantages under which the English labour when they judge of other countries.

I admire England as the proudest monument ever erected by the united power and wisdom of social men ; I believe this country has done more good to the cause of humanity than any other country under the sun. Most of the improvements that have taken place within a century past in the condition of mankind have been derived from the example of England. This I state fearlessly in reply to the declamations of violent men of various parties and countries, men whose old antipathies are now revived under new names. In my opinion, the English as a nation have amply paid their share towards the general welfare of society. They might have done still more, some will say, but what right had other nations to expect this ; what have other nations done for England ? This is the question, Giulio, which has often occurred to me when I have met on the Continent with some of our *rancorous philanthropists* who are eternally finding fault with this country for every thing that she did not or could not do, and are wilfully blind to all she has done. Is England to assume the armour and helmet of the knight of La Mancha, and devote all her efforts to the impracticable and thankless task of redressing the wrongs of the whole world, meantime neglecting her own interests, which, by every principle of reason it is her paramount duty to attend to ? Let us be just and not require of others more than we would ourselves do for them. Those Continental men, who blinded by an ungenerous envy can wish for the downfall of England, do not know what they wish for. The fumes of malignant passions prevent them from foreseeing the fatal consequences of the fulfilment of their insane wish,—consequences which would be ruinous to the whole human race for centuries to come.—consequences at which the bitterest enemy of England, if he be sincerely attached to the welfare of any country, would tremble. I am not a believer in the prevalent doctrine of a retrograde movement ; but if there be any chance of Europe returning to a state of barbarism, I think that the overthrow of the English empire must be the necessary forerunner of such a disastrous catastrophe.

There are men of a different mind who think that England has done too much, and that her influence is therefore dangerous to other states ; these men are equally unreasonable as the others, although perhaps more sincere in the narrowness of their views. Considered with regard to the moral influence she has *necessarily* exerted over the rest of the world,

Britain might be compared to one of her own magnificent phares rising proudly above her rocky coast in the midst of the surge, and the foam of the ocean, and imparting its life-saving light to all navigators whether friendly or hostile; warning them of the dangers they must avoid, and the course they ought to steer. Dark mists may at times obscure the beacon, but the light never dies; its ray at last pierces through the surrounding gloom, and shines again amidst the storms of the air, and over the raging waves of the deep.

If we take the English individually, their deeds of charity and generosity towards the unfortunate of every land, within the last thirty years stand unrivalled in the history of the world. There has not been an appeal made from any one spot between the Kremlin and the rock of Lisbon, and from the Shannon to the Euphrates, by the victims of war or famine, pestilence or earthquakes, in short, by the distressed of every sort, that was not readily and cheerfully answered to in England. Thousands of exiles from various parties, and at different periods have found here a safe asylum; many have met with consolation and support. Ministers of rival churches, princes of hostile dynasties, nobles and plebeians, soldiers and civilians of almost every land under the canopy of heaven have taken refuge here, and have been treated with the sympathy due to misfortune. Many of them have since returned to their native homes, under more prosperous auspices; the turn of others will come, for such is the march of human affairs; may none of them ever forget, when the storm is past, the harbour to which they once resorted for shelter, and where that shelter was granted.

As for you, my dear Giulio, who have fortunately kept clear of political strife, and to whom your moderation is a safe guard for the future, these remarks will tend to make you satisfied with the country that gave you birth, and which with all its faults, has still many redeeming qualities. Remember that an exile if he be a man of susceptibility can hardly experience happiness, although he may become resigned and even reconciled to his fate. The advantages, the excellencies even of the country he lives in, are not a sufficient compensation for his separation from the objects to which his eyes were early accustomed; for of all associations of ideas those connected with our youthful impressions and remembrances are the strongest. There are many thoughts, many sensations, especially those related to imagination and humour, which can be common only to natives of the same country, and can never be felt or understood by foreigners; without the communion of these society loses half its charms.

I cannot agree with Bolingbroke's sentiments on exile, in

those passages where he makes light of its attendant misery : clothed as they are in the splendour of eloquence, and adorned with fine imagery, they appear to me to conceal the cold-heartedness of a sceptic. I doubt even whether he was sincere when he wrote his reflections, or whether he, like many others, did not endeavour to deceive himself. When he attempts to despise the attachment most men instinctively feel for their native country, and which he looks upon as inconsistent with reason, I could answer him in the words of a French living poet :

Où, la raison se tait, mais l'instinct vous répond.

How much more amiable and natural are the sentiments which our Metastasio puts in the mouth of the exiled Themistocles, when the monarch of Persia asks him what is there in that Athens, that he is so tenaciously attached to ?

Tutto, Signor ; le ceneri degli avi,
Le sacre leggi, i tutelari Numi,
La favella, i costumi,
Il sudor che mi costa,
Lo splendor che ne trassi,
L'aria, i tronchi, il terren, le mura, i sassi.

No philosophy, my dear Giulio, can convince a man who feels thus. Sentiments of a similar nature often intrude upon the tedious hours of your wandering friend, when he hovers in fancy over the ground he first trod upon : *Non è questo il terren ch' i toccai pria ?* Salute it in my name, my Giulio, as the sun rises from behind the dark Apennines. How beautiful, how glorious it rises ; smiling over the land which seems to smile up in return, as a loving maid to her youthful and ardent lover ! *Vale !*

THE LADY ALICE LISLE.

PART I.

THE last faint flush of daylight had faded away, and the framework of the casement which had been darkly opposed to the sombre sky, gradually blended with the blackness of night. A domestic entered with a torch, and lighting a lamp, which hung in the farther end of the spacious apartment, was about to light several others, when his Lady said to him, with a sad but gentle voice, " Leave me, at present, Richard, and light no more." The servant obeyed, after heaping a pile of

pine-wood on the ample fire-place. The Lady, who sat alone, and mournful, soon relapsed into a mood of deeper abstraction. The pale light of the single lamp, faintly shadowed out her white and silken drapery, from the prevailing gloom: but as the fire, which had before almost died away, burst out into flames and brightness, its reddening glow played over her cheek, which had been pale for many months: the lady shivered, as she felt, for the first time, the slight warmth; but still her mind's anxiety so absorbed every outward sense and feeling, that she thought not on the coldness of the night. An hour had passed away before the meditations of the lady were again disturbed, and the same domestic announced her husband's approach. She raised her eyes, as the gentleman entered the apartment, and started when she beheld him. He was followed by others of his servants, but, at his look, they forthwith departed. The lady had risen partly from her chair to welcome her husband, but feelings, which she could not repress, stopped her: she shrunk back, as if unable to look upon him; yet she tried to conceal the shuddering that crept through her every vein, and, leaning her arm on the carved frame-work of her chair, she covered her eyes with her hand. "Art thou not well, Alice?" said the gentleman, and his wife thought that his voice faltered. He came nearer to her, and stooped down to embrace her, but although she rose up towards him, she half withdrew from the arm that encircled her form. Her hand was clasped in his, but it returned not his pressure; and though his lips were pressed to her cheek, that cheek was cold and wet with falling tears. Whether the gentleman felt the reception he met with or no, he seemed to understand it, and to understand it so well, that he thought fit not to notice it. He sat down with a frown on his face, and the timid restraint of the lady increased. Alice, at length, lifted up her head, and looked out through her fingers on her husband's countenance, which she had never feared to gaze upon till then. "Ah," she thought within herself, "shall I not find some feature altered there? shall I not seek in vain for the looks that I love best, for all the former fine expression of his face?" She looked up, and beheld only an expression of impatient anger. Alice strove with herself, and withdrew her hand from her face, she looked, or tried to look kindly in her husband's face. At once, his anger passed away, and he spoke in the voice she had so often heard with delight. Alice rose up. "It is in vain," she said, "I cannot dissemble, tell me that the report is false, tell me at once—It must be false, or you could not look, or you could not speak thus—It is false," she repeated, as she drew nearer to him, "Assure me, comfort me, my own husband." "What is false?" he said,

and he gazed boldly, and almost calmly on her. "Yes, yes, I knew they told me wrongly," she continued, and she grasped his hand closely, and looked up to him as she spoke, raising, gradually raising her face, all bathed in tears, towards his; "My husband could never be the murderer!!" The lady hesitated, for attentively, though quite unconsciously, she had watched her husband's eye; she could not say another word, for, at once the conviction came over her mind, and settled there, that her husband had signed the death-warrant of his King. John Lisle had scarcely recovered from the feeling with which he had met his wife; it was a feeling nearly allied to the embarrassment of guilt; he strove to master it; but vainly did his heart endeavour to enfold itself in reasonings and excuses, for a pang pierced through them all, like the remorse of guilt, and the deep and conscious crimson of shame came over his face.

Alice was too disturbed to speak, and Lisle took advantage of her agitation; he told her, haughtily, not to trouble herself with concerns which were too deep for her to understand; he looked almost disdainfully on her, and turned away, as she cast on him an earnest and imploring look. Seizing a lamp from the table, he was about to leave the room—Then it was that his wife at once exerted herself, and sprung forward; she clasped his arm with both her hands, and spake in a resolute yet gentle voice: "Husband," she exclaimed, "stop, and hear me speak. You know that I have seldom interfered about these subjects before; I have trusted to your sense of duty, to your love to God and your country. I have prayed that our God would restrain and direct you; I have not spoken, because although I could not agree with you, I respected your intentions. Ah, even now," she continued, in a quick and tremulous voice, "I must beware, lest I exasperate you, by urging in my weak and womanish manner what you will disdain to hear."—"And what I will *not* hear, madam," said he; "must I command you to be silent."—"Oh, my poor husband!" replied the lady, "first command into silence your own heart, and that I know you have not done at present, so let your wife speak with it: nay, I must not, cannot be repulsed. One question I must put to you; answer me one single question! Is the King condemned?"—"I make no answer to your question, madam."—"May God forgive you, you have told me enough," she added, as she stood before him, and raised her eyes almost unwillingly to his countenance. She paused awhile as she surveyed him, and then pointed with her trembling finger to his brow. "It is written there too plainly. You cannot deny your guilt," she said, solemnly. "Would to God you could deny it. No, no,

husband; I must be heard," she continued, as he pushed away her up-raised hand, and would have passed from her. "You are led on; you are a dupe, Lisle, a dupe to cold-hearted and designing men." The colour mounted to his forehead, and he bit his lip with rage, as his wife spoke those last words. "Cease this trifling, I command you," he cried. "Dare you to question the will of a nation. Go to your chamber, and be silent: a woman should know her place."—"I will tell you what is trifling," she replied: "it is trifling with the judgments of God, with the happiness of their souls, for men, (not a nation, oh no! not the nation, on my life;) for men, calling themselves Christians, to sit down with a show of justice and godliness, and sign the death-warrant of their lord and King. For God's sake, stop at once, for your own sake; not because I implore you; no, all on your own account. Tell me not, that a woman has no right to speak. There's not a wife throughout all England but should feel this cause her own: the truest, kindest husband is condemned to death. There's not a child but should lift up its helpless hands, and ask mercy for such a father. Have we not been taught in the Bible to fear God; and shall we despise the commandment which follows next after, 'Honour the king?' This is no political duty, it is a private duty to every heart. Oh, my dear husband, there hath been a time when you were wont to give me all your confidence. I know it is long ago; to me it hath seemed very long. Methinks, at that time, our hearts were but as one in love and confidence; and when I leaned upon you thus, and gazed upon you, as I cannot, ah, you will not let me now! Then I have felt a calm and most assured happiness; because I knew, and I was not mistaken then, I am sure that I was not mistaken, that not a look of mine could be unheeded by you. Put down the lamp, and listen to me for a little while. Give me back but a brief shadow of those days. Oh! your hand trembles as I clasp it; do not turn away your face. Forgive me, for I cannot help weeping—my heart is full—and let me lean upon you as I do now. Oh, thank you, thank you for that look; I remember that dear look. You came to me, and looked upon me as you did, as you do now, when our first-born child lay wailing in your arms. I then thought that I could never be more grateful for your love; yet it seemeth now far dearer to me. Think not, dearest, of my poor reasoning. I am a weak woman, and cannot speak on state politics; but I love you. Your honour, I should say your soul, is dearer to me than life. I could not bear to think that the stain of innocent blood should be upon your soul. We find no law in God's book which alloweth man to shed inno-

cent blood. My husband, were you forsaken and in misery, I might not speak thus plainly. My voice should be the last to whisper shame upon you. I would bear the shame of guilt, (though guiltless myself,) and then rejoice to bear it for you: insult and wretchedness I would welcome with you. I am sure you will believe me. But now you are in power, there are none to upbraid you to your face, therefore I will be a real friend, and warn you now, while there is time. Risk every thing, even to our lives, to save the King. He may be condemned; but you have much at your command. This crime must not be the torment of your future life; your sleep must not be visited by a murderer's dreams. Do not hesitate to save (I will not say the King) the man, the husband, and the father, like yourself. Think how I should bless the friend who rescued you from death. Think how your country will bless you. Think how your God will approve the deed. Husband, I have for this cause a fearless spirit. Let me go forth with you as a servant to assist in such an enterprise. I do not talk idly; I have nerved myself to do what may be done by skill or boldness, or in any righteous way to save and serve the King." She was yet speaking, when a knocking was heard at the outer door of the house, and Lisle then recollected an engagement he had made with one of the republican party. Alice withdrew from the apartment, and earnestly besought her husband to adjoin with her but for a few minutes to her own closet. There, with many earnest entreaties, she pleaded with him, that he would seek without delay some means for the King's escape. A servant entered, and told his master, that the gentleman who awaited his appearance seemed in haste; whereupon Lisle grew impatient, and would have gone down instantly. "I would not take upon me," said his lady, "to prevent your waiting on that person; but something seemeth now to tell me, that if you do not now determine to befriend the royal cause, you never will. While your heart is softened, while I am with you, promise, not to me, but to the Lord, that you will not leave your King to die that shameful death, if your arm, if your best exertions, can save him." She knelt down at his feet, and took his hands with tender force, and with meek but solemn earnestness, she called upon God to turn her husband's heart; and, rising up, she threw herself upon his bosom, and wept with artless grief. Lisle lifted up her head, and kissed her; but as Alice raised her eyes to his face, she saw no expression to encourage her hopes. She thought to say nothing more, but as he moved away she grasped his hand, and made but one request, which he then granted: He promised not to leave the house without seeing her again. When Lisle was gone down, his wife sat long in the abstrac-

tion of deep and bitter thoughtfulness. The loud shutting of a door, sounding distinctly in the silence of the night, aroused her with a start. She opened her casement quickly, and thought that she could perceive two persons come forth from the porch, and walk towards the water-side. In a few minutes she heard the dashing of oars on the river, and she knew by a twinkling light which moved along on the water towards Westminster, that a boat was rowing thither. She left her closet, and sought her husband; but she stood as one struck dumb, when they told her that he had departed with his companion. "And hath your master left no word for me?" she said, after a long silence. "He commanded me to tell my lady, that he should return by eleven of the clock," replied the domestic. Alice retired again for a short time to her closet, to recover, in some measure, the composure of her mind, and then she went to her children's apartment. With them and their nurses she descended to the hall, and assembled all her household to family prayers. She could not bear that one person should be absent on that evening; and when she knelt down among them, and prayed aloud for her husband, for their country, and for their King, every heart felt, and every heart prayed for her.

Midnight arrived, and found Alice yet watching for her husband's return; but he came not, and she grew wretched. The morning found her still sleepless. The day and the night again passed away, and then Alice, distracted with doubt, sent to some of her husband's nearest friends; but no information was brought her from them. The King's escape was not mentioned, and she felt convinced that he was still in the power of his enemies.—Alice had in vain attempted to rest during the night, and long before it was light on the morning of the 30th of January, she rose up from her bed. The pale gleams of dawn were beginning to streak the sky; Alice had been long traversing her chamber with hurried steps; she stopped before the casement; and having opened it widely, leaned there, feeling the chill winter air refreshing to her hot and fevered head. The window overlooked the Thames at Lambeth, and many thoughts passed over her mind as she gazed around her. She was half tempted to hope that the King might be then escaping, assisted by her husband. Again she thought that Lisle might have been discovered in the dangerous attempt; and that a prison might have kept him so long away from her. Fears for his life, and a feeling of self-accusation, then made her tremble: but every such hope and fear soon passed away as too visionary, and one dreadful thought settled itself like certainty on her mind: that she should next meet in her husband the murderer of his King. Her heart beat high with the

agony of her feelings, and she found no relief till she sought it on her knees. As she rose from her prayers, the clock of Lambeth church struck eight. She heard the sound of oars on the water, and again she sought the open casement. Two boats passed down towards Westminster; she involuntarily watched them, and perceived, that after stopping at the opposite shore, near the Abbey, they returned empty. Other boats passed and returned also without passengers. Alice looked intently after the persons who had landed, but they soon disappeared. Nothing but the buildings opposite met her view; and she felt how much of deep, nay, terrible interest might be going on where those tall buildings lifted up their dark and silent walls towards the sky, and baffled her anxious gaze. She wished, with a fearful curiosity, that the streets could be laid open at her look, that every barrier might for a moment fall away which concealed from her sight the objects of her distracting doubt.

Hour after hour passed on, and Alice still returned again and again to the casement. Many more boats had landed their passengers at Westminster. Alice asked no questions of her servants, but dressing herself very plainly, and tying a hood of grey silk half over her face, she left the house by a private door. She walked quickly to the ferry, and there crossed the river to Westminster. The first street that she entered she found crowded with persons all hurrying onward, as if all seeking one object. Alice turned from the crowd into some narrower streets, but still followed on in the same direction. As she passed the end of a long straight alley that crossed her way, she saw that a mob was collected on the left. Hardly waiting to think, she turned, and almost ran towards the crowd. She was then struck by the awful and death-like stillness of every thing around; her own light footsteps alone sounded in her ears, as she passed along to the end of the alley. She pressed herself among the mob, and threw back the hood which hung over her eyes, but no one noticed her. Every eye was fixed, as if spell-bound, on the scene which burst upon her view. On a platform covered over with black, stood three men in masques; a bishop in his robes stood also there. Other persons were standing there, but Alice noticed them not. Her glance was dazzled for a moment by a large axe which gleamed clear and bright in the faint sunshine, and which lay upon the block full in view of the populace; but one object alone rivetted her eyes, and every power of her mind,—a countenance which she instantly recognised, which, from that moment, she could never forget. She had often seen it before, but she then felt as if she were observing it for the first time, as if she had never known it

till then. Pale and wasted it was, but calm withal, and calm with unearthly peacefulness. Grief had long wasted every feature, but while the marks of her reign were still remaining, grief herself had passed away for ever, and hope sat with heavenly smiles in her place. Charles the First, for whose could that countenance be but his, turned to the bishop, and appeared to speak with him; Alice thought that she could hear the sound of his voice in the profound stillness. She stretched forward her head, and followed with her looks, and almost with her gestures, every movement of the King. He took off his cloak, and delivered his collar with the George to the bishop. Again he seemed to speak, and then kneeled down; but ere he laid his head upon the block he lifted up his clasped hands, and raising his face as if in earnest prayer towards heaven, a look of adoring rapture lighted up his whole countenance. Then all calmly, he laid down his head, and gave himself the signal for his death.—The axe fell, and when it had fallen, a shriek, a yell of horror scarcely human, burst like one voice from the whole crowd.—Spouting, and streaming with gore, as if its former expression had been at once forcibly driven from it, the severed head of Charles the First was held up to the view.—Alice saw no more; she had drawn one long exhausting gasp of breath, which seemed to drag up with it her bursting heart; she fell senseless to the ground.

L. W.

IRRUPTION OF VESUVIUS, 1819.

FROM the period of my arrival in Naples, the irruptions of Vesuvius had been regularly increasing in violence, and I had been advised to make my visit without delay. The party was quickly formed; and we left the city about nine in the evening; my companions were a Mr. M——, a young Frenchman about twenty, who had joined me between Florence and Rome; his uncle, a resident of Naples; and my sister. We reached the foot of the mountain in an hour and a half, at the town of *Torre del Greco*, where we found the guides, which Mr. M—— had previously engaged, waiting our arrival. They were ten in number, with six mules. We had given notice that we were not flinchers, and therefore two extra mules were provided to carry provisions, with cordage and apparatus necessary to the nature of the excursion, and to enable us the better to meet any casualty.

The moment any *Inglèse* appear in these villages, every member of the population is upon the *qui-vive*, all offering their services, with assurances they are the individuals best calculated for the object in view—having yet perhaps to inquire what the nature of that object may be. But they do not alone offer their services—they thrust themselves upon you, snatch up, and even take out of your hands your luggage, or any trifle they can seize on, so as to hope themselves engaged of your party. Their anxiety in this respect is not surprising—this is their sole means of subsistence. The curiosities and phenomena in their locality constitute their crop, if I may so call it, and they gather it in as often as they can force it into maturity. But this alacrity very quickly subsides; they soon yield to the influence of habit and climate, and rarely exhibit the amount of perseverance which the traveller requires. It is the reward which they seek; and they endeavour to obtain it with the smallest amount of exertion and risk.

The necessary arrangements made, the guides lighted their torches, and we proceeded for the mountain. How unlike any thing in England is such a departure! The cries of link-boys and coachmen at the close of our theatres alone furnish some idea of this scene. The garrulity of the Neapolitans is proverbial; they speak all at the same time, each one endeavouring to be heard in preference to his rival. Two or three stragglers joined; and thus we formed a party of about twenty.

Here grow the vines from which is produced the celebrated wine *Lachrymæ Christi*. The natural warmth of the soil can be compared to the less constant artificial warmth of the stove; and the powerful influence of the sun, during so large a portion of the year, assists probably in giving that peculiarity of taste and that excellence so flattering to the palate of the connoisseur. The road is winding, and as rude as our private farm roads in England which have been neglected. We soon found, however, that we ought to have been more content; for the way now became rugged, and narrowed to a path of two to four feet, with loose stones of various sizes, demanding a constant attention. It is indeed surprising to see the care with which the mules proceed; affording such a strong sense of security that the rider unconsciously disregards the perils of the road. From the earliest ascent the ground appears undulating; or rather the rise seems formed, by massive folds, checked and frozen, or cooled, more correctly speaking, in its progress downwards. As you proceed, vegetation, which below abounded with the utmost imaginable luxuriance, becomes restricted, and no longer obscures the real form and appear-

ance of the path, and surrounding soil or rock. After proceeding about two hours, the angle of the rise gradually increasing in our progress, we reached the *Atrio dei Cavalli*, a sort of landing-place so called, because the traveller can proceed no further mounted, and must here leave his mules until his return. The almost perpendicular form of the part of the mountain we now had to surmount has procured for it the name of the Cone.

The mountain had been convulsed during the last three or four days with increasing violence; and at each throe the lava had boiled over the summit of the cone with more or less abundance. I had perceived this from my residence; and as we neared the mountain the grandeur of each succeeding shock became more awful—for it was no longer the distant view, such as the imagination had been accustomed to contemplate. Illusion was now succeeded by a feeling of excitability, such as I had never experienced. I saw the approaching peril—in another moment dangers everywhere surrounded me, yet was I eager to advance. I can now conceive something of the ardour felt amid the horrors of a dreadful conflict; a sensation wholly novel thrilled through my veins; it was not a sense of fear. I urged the party to hasten their preparations. I felt every moment more eager to proceed, and the danger never suggested itself as an obstacle.

But the labour in reserve had often damped the ardour of previous travellers, and our guides informed us it would be necessary before we proceeded, that we should take refreshment. It was midnight;—refresh ourselves at the foot of the cone of Vesuvius, during constantly increasing irruptions—lava overflowing its mouth and running like a river down its sides—the thunder roaring beneath the trembling crust on which we stood—refresh ourselves! impossible! But not so with the guides: aware of the labour in reserve, they quietly seated themselves upon pieces of calcined rock to their supper, with the most perfect indifference and undiminished appetite; telling me with great *nonchalance* I need not be impatient,—the irruptions were rapidly increasing in violence,—and I should soon have enough to gratify my utmost wishes.

My mouth was really parched with a sense of the surrounding scene, combined with the anxious anticipation of the future. I therefore willingly partook of the wine, but I could not eat. While this tedious meal proceeded, I made some necessary inquiry. At length all again was bustle, and the guides began to harness themselves. The apparatus they fit to their shoulders is very like that used to assist our porters in the use of their barrows; or like the braces adopted to keep back the shoulders of our boarding-school ladies; but

extending behind ten or twelve feet in length, and ending in a noose: so that when the guides by the help of a long staff proceed in pairs from crag to crag, the traveller, holding the noose of each, follows with the utmost facility, in situations apparently inaccessible. Two of the ablest gave their harness to my sister, and I was indeed highly delighted with the harmonious exertions of this extraordinary trio. I refused assistance. It appeared to me that I should not make myself thus dependent without necessity; and I proceeded with all possible diligence in their track.

Every account of this volcano, its appearance and phenomena, that I have hitherto seen, seems to me defective, as mine also will seem to every other traveller;—probably, from the circumstance that the situation of the mountain is ever changing; and from the amount of matter and innumerable stones thrown out, and the quantity of lava flowing during a considerable irruption, the surface cannot remain with the same appearance during two succeeding days. The cone appears to consist of a mass of fragments of blasted rock of all dimensions, from the size of an ordinary pebble to that of the body of a coach; and one piece was shown to us which had lately been thrown up as large as a first-rate house. They were nearly all of one colour—a dark brown approaching to black; for they had all been fused in the same furnace, and all bore more or less the marks of fire. Some were like masses of marble, so smooth that with difficulty we kept our footing, upon a slight inclination; others were of the common pumice stone, and these were mixed with quantities of melted minerals. Between and beneath these appeared occasionally considerable tracts, furrowed with rivers of lava emitted on many previous irruptions, exhibiting a surface resembling our ploughed land, but as hard as granite. Climbing up without a staff, I very early found it necessary to use hands as well as feet and knees. Never shall I forget my surprise, when, on slipping from a loose fragment, I seized on another to arrest my sudden fall into the regions I had lately with so much difficulty left behind, and found its surface to consist of innumerable points, too minute to be readily perceived, but very sensible to the touch, as I often had occasion to experience during this, to me, ever memorable ascent. These fragments appeared detached pieces of lava. The north side of the mountain had, besides a fair share of rocks and stones, an immense assemblage of ashes and cinders, which, from their lightness, had been blown by the south wind to this quarter.

We had been proceeding about an hour during ordinary shocks, when the thunders below simultaneously arrested the

whole of the guides, who called out to us to be upon the watch. The rolling increased—the mountain heaved, and—how faint will be description! Imagine the explosion of ten thousand pieces of ordnance—imagine ten thousand rockets darting at one instant into another region; add their hissing to the detonating explosion, and you approach the tremendous effect produced.

A million red hot fragments flew into air, like so many bombs from one terrible mortar—a volume of flame succeeded, which seemed to light up the earth—the heavens—all nature! And before the senses could embrace the sublimity of the scene, the crash of falling clouds of rocks and stones reminded us we had better rouse from our stupifying astonishment, and look to our personal safety. Immediately succeeding the discharge of missiles, appeared another wonderful source of stupendous grandeur—the caldron boiled over, and the lava, a magnificent river of liquid fire, rushed from the crater in majestic flood. As soon as relieved from the immediate danger of the late volley, our guides had assembled, and while I was in the fever of contemplation, they announced that the next succeeding explosion would be yet more severe, and we must retire. I laughed at them so soon as I could get sufficient command over my anger; but laughter would not do. I then threatened a refusal to pay;—they had too much reliance upon an appeal to their police, I presume, to allow that to operate. At last, I said, “retire, if you please—we proceed to our destination.” They stared—consulted a little—jabbered something about *Inglése*, and, at length, advanced. We proceeded onward about twenty minutes, observing slight intervening shocks, when we had once more occasion to halt. The flame had nearly subsided shortly after the last explosion, and had been succeeded by an immense body of black dense smoke. This too had become lightened; but, in sympathy with subterranean thunders, which again seemed to approach from considerable distance, the volume of smoke thickened, seemed to fill the crater, and rise into the higher heavens. Either the guides had not been mistaken in foretelling increased violence; or greater self-possession allowed me to feel more intensely this new shock. It seemed to me the full meridian of magnificent nature!—terrible in its tones—terrible in its aspect—terrible in its power!

The stones rattled around us as they fell, yet we again escaped. But the guides now spoke in a tone of resolution, and insisted upon our immediate return. Two of them, without consultation, had decamped, and one was already at a considerable distance. Some knowledge of human nature had taught me, however, the advantage of finding a weak place;

I told them to go; they had done more than I had expected from Neapolitans; I and my friends would proceed, and my sister, I said, would show them what courage could perform, and would throw shame upon their sex. They altogether clamoured vociferously at our madness—we answered this “dialect of many tongues” with a contemptuous smile, and a movement in advance, and observed them first look after their descending companions, and next call to them to return:—but these had learned that “Charity begins at home.”

With a tolerable share of shrugs and low-muttered curses, we again proceeded for nearly half an hour; scarcely a word being uttered by those who had previously been so troublesome with their vociferous gossip. There was a marked difference in the reduced size of the stones, and various fragments as we approached the crater—either they had been propelled more violently in proportion to their bulk, or the larger samples had descended lower, from their superior gravity.

The evening had been one of the most beautiful of beautiful Italy. The moon's full orb had shone resplendently; and as we were near to midsummer, it might have been said there had hardly been any night. We now stood upon the summit of Vesuvius. The mountain is nearly 4000 feet high, and appears in the distance to have a sister mountain close adjoining. Upon nearer observation, however, it should rather seem that this adjoining mountain, *Monte Somma*, was, originally, a part of Vesuvius, and separated by the falling in of a large portion of the crater, probably, at the great irruption in 79, when Pompeii was overwhelmed and destroyed: for the cone, on this side, appears exceedingly precipitous, while, on the other side, its slope is much more regular down to the sea. The base of the mountain is studded, on this side, with habitations:—here are the towns of *Torre del Annonciata*, *Torre del Greco*, and *Portici*, with their palaces and garden grounds. Within land, we observed *Somma*, *Massa*, *Ottacano*, and others of less note; so that looking, with a bird's-eye view, over these parts, subject to all the most dreadful convulsions of nature, having fire and destruction occasionally revelling above and below them, with the further consciousness that beneath their own foundations lie the ruins of cities, once more populous and flourishing than their own—I could not help asking of what man was composed, that he should thus be induced to bid defiance to nature in her direst rage.

The crimson rays of morning were now lengthening along the heavens, and every moment gave us a yet more perfect view of the surrounding scenery. Here we had the delighting view of the *Campania Felice*—Naples and its promontories—its enchanting bay—its lovely islands, bounded by an immense

sea, from which the attention was again quickly recalled, as with magnetic power, to the contemplation of those delicious regions which spread before us like a paradise, with the majestic Appenines as a semicircular boundary. This enchanting spot is surely, said I, the *chef-d'œuvre* of nature. Here is all the imagination can delight in. The heart, it is true, might sigh for a more moral population!

But to return to the mountain. For some time, the heat, through our shoes, had become troublesome; we could now scarcely, for an instant, bear our feet upon the ground, it was so insufferably hot. Nor was this very surprising:—we were still some distance from the crater; and yet the incrustation upon which we stood was so thin, that several fissures we had already passed, and by which we were now surrounded, emitted heat and smoke enough to make it evident there was no great solidity of material beneath us. The sulphureous effluvia of these regions is excessively offensive; and I was just thinking how we should bear a closer approach to the crater, when our guides, palsied with fear, announced a new irruption.

Again, how terrible! all that is depicted of the thunderbolts and artillery of the great demon, of his boiling lakes of fire and brimstone, of his gulfs unquenchable; these, and a thousand horrors, assailed the mind at once, and forced on the stoutest observer feelings he could not before have known:—while our imaginations revelled—ay, rioted, amid beauty, grandeur, and sublimity!

I now perceived that we were safely within the range of the larger stones, and that they almost all fell beyond us; but we were not in this irruption, therefore in less danger. A discharge of stones was now projected in nearly a horizontal line over our heads, from some new passage which the increased violence of this irruption had forced; and I must confess that the whizzing of these *mitrailles* very unceremoniously obtruded upon me some unwelcome doubts of safety. The lava flowed most copiously;—what effort of imagination could equal the magnificence of this sight! we seemed to inhale fire and fever from the very atmosphere we respired. The thrilling blood swelled my veins, and seemed convulsively endeavouring to burst through this weak mortal frame, and mix with the surrounding grandeur. In vain the mind made its usual efforts to contemplate and embrace the full sublimity of the scene. The attention was scarcely fixed upon any object, when it was snatched away to witness new phenomena.

Standing on this momentous brink, what an insignificant atom I presented, as compared to this rage of elements, and the tremendous perils everywhere surrounding me. I looked round to observe how my friends enjoyed their situation. They were—never shall I forget my terror and surprise—they were

scattered far beneath me! But my alarm for my sister immediately subsided, when I perceived she was carefully supported by the same sturdy guardians under whose care I had placed her. This last discharge had destroyed any remnant of courage the guides possessed. The two leaders had seized each an arm, and hurried away with my sister; leaving me to my fate, for they had no hope of prevailing with me—and, indeed, no opportunity—in the *din* of these irruptions, no effort of human voice is distinguishable. Of all the party, the young Frenchman alone remained to bear me company.

The lava flowed down to the south of us: the guides, in retreating, had taken a northerly course. To proceed, we were, perhaps, running the risk of losing sight of them:—no matter; we confirmed our resolve to reach, at every risk, as nearly as possible, the source of this burning river, and again we “advanced together in our chivalry.” What an astonishing fluid! composed principally of melted minerals; it is of the consistency of pitch, and seems to flow over itself, thickening as it descends. Even near the source, where it is more fluid, it presents an edge of several inches above the common level. I pressed my foot upon it to ascertain its density; and with the aid of a stone, detached a morsel from the stream. Sir W. Hamilton’s extraordinary escape occurred to me. Having remained near the crater of Vesuvius, during an irruption, rather longer than was prudent, he found the stream of lava had spread itself so as to cut off his retreat. It was still copiously flowing—he had no alternative—he looked out for the part which, having most cooled, had become more dense, and, as lightly and as quickly as possible, he stepped across it,—leaving the deep impression of every step!

With much reluctance, at length, we were obliged to turn from this extraordinary theatre of peril and of wonders, and proceeded to join our party. We found, as it is proverbially said, that cowardice is generally in most danger—for the guides had flown in full terror from the spot where I had remained in safety, and, in their escape, had to pass through the thicker range of the shot, by which two of them were slightly wounded.

The descent was on the leeward side, among the cinders. The rapidity of our progress was truly astonishing; with scarcely any effort, stepping only a trifle forward, we descended for a time, at each step, five or six feet, plunging nearly to our middle in heated damp ashes—a process disagreeable enough, and pregnant with more danger than at first appears; for, should some crag lurk beneath the surface, you are liable either to be severely bruised against it; or, according to its position, propelled unexpectedly forward; and, if you lose your equilibrium, dashed from rock to rock,

until you meet your eternal resting-place. Care must therefore be taken to throw back the body, so as to be prepared for any shock. This route, with all this unpleasantness, is, however, far preferable, for the descent, to a return by the way which we ascended.

We at last alighted at the station where we had left our mules; and while these were getting ready, I had another opportunity of witnessing a shock of considerable violence. At this distance I had a more general view of the irruption. The combustibles emitted from the crater were at different regions, obscured by the density of the smoke, and again seen rising in brightness above this dusky veil; and finally beheld spreading in their descent, like the falling waters of a fountain. How tranquil this scene compared with those in which I had lately been engaged! I could hardly take any interest in it—so much depends upon comparison, and the natural state of exhaustion consequent upon such immense previous excitement.

Upon commencing my descent among the ashes, I was not surprised to find, although they had just left the regions of fire and flame, they were quite damp. This fact will account satisfactorily for the phenomena of irruptions, and make their recurrence appear so arbitrary. The kingdom of this volcano extends itself, I have little doubt, under the city and bay of Naples; and the sea occasionally passing through fissures, flows into never-dying fires, and explodes through its crater in the altered form of gas, carrying with it whatever it may mix with, and detach from the interior of the volcano in its irresistible progress. This is the result of the inquiries I made of the guides; and which was confirmed too by the taste of the cinders, which I found had been manifestly wetted with salt water. Eustace also tells us of the mischief done to the surrounding towns and villages in the great irruption of 1794 by the cinders, and of “even water thrown from the mountain.”

We soon reached the hermitage, and were received with the greatest possible kindness. We partook, with no want of appetite, of a luxurious breakfast; and congratulated each other upon having safely passed one of the most extraordinary nights possible in the life of man. But my sister suddenly fell ill, and fainted. She had borne every difficulty, had braved every danger; the strong excitement of the occasion enabling her to overcome the ordinary feelings of nature, and to rise above the usual energies of her sex. But the same amount of spirit no longer required, she sunk under the dreadful reaction. Our host, the religious hermit, having studied medicine, quickly administered a reviving cordial;

and after a few hours' rest she was well enough to be carried to her mule, and, being carefully supported, to proceed to the town of Torre del Greco. Here we again took coffee and refreshment; and my sister slowly recovered sufficient strength to enable us to set out for Naples.

M. L.

EXTRACTS FROM POLYBIUS.

Καὶ ἐς μὲν ἀκρόασιν ἴσως τὸ μὴ μυθῶδες αὐτῶν, ἀτερπέςτερον φανεῖται· ὅσοι δὲ βουλῇσονται τῶν τε γενομένων τὸ σαφὲς σκοπεῖν, καὶ τῶν μελλόντων· ποτὲ αὖθις κατὰ τὸ ἀνθρώπειον τοιούτων καὶ παραπλησίων ἔσεσθαι, ὠφέλιμα κρίνειν αὐτὰ, ἀρκούντως ἔξει. —THUCYD. I. 22.

WE do not think that sufficient justice has been done to the merits of Polybius. His fidelity, his candour, his uniform good sense, his accurate acquaintance with facts, and his military science, are universally recognised and appreciated. It seems, however, to be the prevailing opinion, that though a valuable writer he is rather a dry and uninteresting one. Few, even of scholars, are willing to turn from the fascinating pages of the elder historians—from the antique simplicity of manner, the engaging communicativeness, and the endless variegation of history, anecdote, manners-painting, adventure, and fable, which render Herodotus so delightful—from the compact and chastised splendour, the almost impassive calmness of tone, the rich perplexity of phrase, and the all but Miltonian union of noble thoughts with noble words, which charm us in Thucydides—from the pellucid clearness, the equable beauty, and the essential Attic grace of Xenophon—to a writer from whom nothing is to be learned either of the arts of composition, or of the genius of the Greek language—a writer the avowed enemy of romance—and from whom they are taught to expect nothing but a tedious though scientific narrative of battles, sieges, marches, and negotiations, unrelieved by any thing like pathos, or minute touches of character, and diversified only by occasional sensible and business-like observations of the historian; and all this delivered in an obscure phraseology, and an awkward and inartificial style. Of the supposed difficulty of his language we shall speak hereafter; our purpose at present is to obviate the prevailing misconceptions with respect to his matter. It is not generally known that Polybius, as he is one of the most instructive, is also one of the most entertaining of historians, owing to the soldierly frankness of his manner, the reality of his narrations, and the traits of character and manners,

sketched with the force and freshness of life, which abound in his work. In this latter respect he is inferior only to Herodotus; and his inferiority is to be accounted for in some measure by the less favourable nature of his subject. He lived in an age when the simple policy of ancient times was beginning to be superseded by a more complex and recondite system, both of tactics and diplomacy; when intrigue, stratagem, and secrecy, became the order of the day*; when men came to act more in masses than formerly, and when less scope was given to the display of personal qualities or individual peculiarities of mind. Some remains of the old straight-forward policy were nevertheless still subsisting; and the contrast between the newly-invented refinements and the relics of the obsolete system is sometimes very striking in Polybius' account.

Human nature, however, will shew itself more or less under all circumstances; and a man like Polybius, living in an age fruitful of great men and extraordinary events, and whose opportunities have enabled him to trace events from their sources to their completion, and to view eminent characters in the light of private life; such a man, if, with the will, he possesses the ability to give merely a plain account of what he has seen and known, cannot fail of compiling a work which must gratify rational curiosity. This, indeed, is not all that Polybius has done; but this of itself would be sufficient to stamp a value on his labours. Actions and characters appear in him not like dry skeletons, but, in all their original life and motion, with their bones, and nerves, and flesh about them. To appreciate his excellence in this respect, it is only necessary to compare him with the later Greek historians, with the generality of the modern writers on ancient history, and more especially with those of the Roman writers who have treated of the same times. Livy's work is a romance, in which the Romans are the knights-errant, and the rest of mankind the giants or sorcerers. It is matchless as a piece of composition; it is admirable as poetry, as eloquence, as morality, in every point of view, but as a record of facts and their causes. His figures fleet before us like abstract ideas, the personification of particular virtues and vices; they leave no distinct impression on the mind. In Polybius, on the contrary, all is individualized. His characters are

* Against this prevailing corruption Polybius has himself borne a protest, Lib. XIII. Frag. II. 3. The revolution had been prepared, and in part anticipated, by the statesmen and commanders of republican Greece. Thucyd. I. 71. ἀρχαιοτρόπα ἡμῶν (Λακεδαιμονίων) τὰ ἐπιτηδεύματα πρὸς αὐτοὺς (Ἀθηναίους) ἴσται. ἀνάγκη δ' ὥσπερ τέχνης, &c. &c. See also v. 41., vii. 69. and, above all, the celebrated passage, III. 82—84, in which the style and spirit of Tacitus are anticipated.

truly and indeed *men*; beings like ourselves, whom, as such, we can neither wholly worship, nor wholly hate. There is no unmeaning panegyric in him, no wholesale invective; he administers no food to political bigotry or fanaticism. He exhibits throughout that regard for the character of others which is the surest proof of self-respect; that indulgence to human infirmity, which is the result of experience operating on a well-constituted mind; and that sympathy with true greatness which is natural to a superior spirit. Hence many characters which we had been taught by other historians to regard with unmixed abhorrence or contempt, are, in his exhibition, relieved and humanized by softening touches of reality; and others, which in their accounts appear altogether negative and destitute of any distinguishing feature whatever, become interesting in his pages. In proof of what we have said, we may refer to the histories of Hannibal and his family; of the Scipios, Philopœmen, and Aratus; of Philip, king of Macedon, who appears to have been not the least distinguished of a line fruitful in able sovereigns; of his son Perses; of Cleomenes, the despot of Sparta, and his rival Antigonus Doson*; and many others, any one of which, in truth and value, outweighs the whole gallery of glaring daubs which Hume and Robertson (great masters as they are in their own way) have imposed on us for characters. In this respect he bears a great resemblance to the old chronicles. His narrations and descriptions are of a piece with the above; plain, well-defined, full of circumstance, and bearing everywhere the stamp of a practical and observant mind.

The charge of obscurity, which is likewise brought against him, is better founded than that of dryness; though even this has been exaggerated. It is not owing to grammatical difficulties, for the meaning of Polybius is seldom so intricate as to require an involved construction; nor is it to be attributed to the frequency of his technical descriptions, which occupy a much smaller proportion of his work than is generally supposed, and which, after all, are for the most part sufficiently intelligible for all practical purposes. It is the result partly of his peculiar habits of writing, and partly of the times in which he wrote. The ancient language of Greece was falling into decay; its distinguishing graces, its minutiae of elegance, and its subtle shades of expression, were fast disappearing; words and phrases, which in the earlier times possessed a distinct and definite meaning, were becoming vague and inde-

* A correspondent in a late number of the *London Magazine* has forestalled us in one of the most interesting of our extracts, relating to the catastrophe and death of the princely adventurer Achaus, the opponent of Antiochus Epiphanes.

terminate in their application. Perhaps the greatest stumbling-block in Polybius's diction is the very different sense in which the same terms are used in his writings from that which they bear in the Attic historians. The use of old words in a new sense is more perplexing than the employment of words before unknown; inasmuch as we become reconciled to the latter after a few repetitions, whereas it is some time before we can get clear of the confusion arising from the perpetual recurrence of the older and more familiar meaning. Besides this, Polybius writes as a man may be expected to write, who, having totally neglected the study of composition, sits down in the intervals of a busy life to embody his experience in writing. Hence his style is slovenly, somewhat tautological, and infected with colloquial verbiage. It bears some resemblance to that of a modern newspaper despatch. His manner is indeed a proper envelope for his matter; homely, substantial, and business-like. The change which we experience in passing from the pages of Thucydides or Xenophon to those of Polybius, is the same as if the Parthenon had been taken down, and the materials converted into barracks or warehouses. Of modern historians, the one who bears most resemblance to him in this respect (as in some of his more valuable qualities) is Harte, the historian of Gustavus Adolphus; excepting that his style is still more uncouth than that of the Grecian. With regard, however, to the difficulties of Polybius's language, there are few of them which may not be removed by a reference to Schweighæuser's notes, and his excellent *Lexicon Polybianum*, not to mention the marginal Latin translation, to which, in a case like the present, it can be no sin to have recourse*.

The work of Polybius consisted originally of forty books, of which five only remain entire, besides a number of very large fragments. It was intended to include the whole series of events from the close of the second Punic war to the commencement of the third, a period of fifty years, the most eventful in the annals of mankind, in which the Romans acquired the dominion of the civilized world. It was natural that a revolution so unparalleled in its magnitude and rapidity should attract the attention of observers towards its causes; and accordingly Polybius has prefixed to his work an introduction, containing a succinct view of the origin of the Roman power, of the first Punic war, of the rise and progress of the Archæan confederacy, and various other events, necessary as preliminaries to the main history. Finally, after the completion of his original

* We mention Schweighæuser's edition, as the only one with which we are in any degree acquainted, and as being, to the best of our judgment, an useful one. Hampton's translation needs not our commendations.

design, the breaking out of fresh troubles, which, after a short struggle, terminated in the destruction of Carthage, the overthrow of the Macedonian kingdom, and the reduction of Achaia to a Roman province, furnished matter for a supplement to the former work. Thus his plan comprises the whole of the Punic wars; the wars of Carthage with its African neighbours, and with its own revolted soldiers; those of the Romans with the Greeks, and with the kings of Macedon; and of the Achæans, the Cætolians, and the despots of Lacedæmon among themselves, and with the neighbouring princes; the war of Antiochus; the affairs of Epirus, Illyricum, Pergamus, Bithynia, and a multitude of others, all forming a part of the same chain, and tending to the same end. It is impossible, under all the circumstances, not to be struck with the boldness and extent of the design; a design which appears to have been as original as the circumstances which dictated it were new. Mankind, previous to the times of which we are speaking, had acted but little in concert; so that to render the history of one nation intelligible, little knowledge of any other was necessary, except that of its immediate neighbours. Now, however, it was no longer possible for any country to maintain a separate interest of its own; the affairs of the great leading nations of the world, through the events of the second Punic war, had become implicated with each other to a degree before unexampled; and it was no longer possible to narrate the transactions of any one without reference to the rest. Most of the contemporary historians, nevertheless, consulting their own ease or the immediate amusement of their readers, contented themselves, as formerly, with tracing the minor currents of history, regardless of their connection with the main stream; a mode of proceeding well adapted to the display of rhetorical talent, but not to the instruction of the reader, or the gratification of rational curiosity. Polybius's views of the nature of history were far higher. The object which he proposed to himself, and to which he devoted his life, was to compile a full and faithful record of the extraordinary series of events which he had witnessed, with a view to the lasting benefit of mankind, and especially of his own countrymen; holding up to the light of truth the excellencies and defects of the various existing constitutions, laws, and national manners, and the moral and intellectual qualities of the leading men in each, as exhibited in their actual operation; thus bequeathing to the people of future times an immense and valuable body of facts, by which they might guide themselves in all the variety of circumstances. There cannot be a greater error than to suppose that Polybius's is a merely military history; it is nothing less than a general survey of the age in which he lived,

contemplated in all the lights in which it could be instructive to a citizen, a soldier, a magistrate, a statesman, or a moralist. Of his competence to the execution of this comprehensive design, little need be said. He was on terms of intimacy with almost all the guiding heads and commanding spirits of the age; in many of the transactions which he relates he was himself a distinguished actor; like Thucydides, his compulsory exile allowed him leisure and opportunity for the investigation of facts, and, like Thucydides, he was indefatigable in the use of the means thus afforded him; prosecuting inquiry in opposite quarters, comparing authorities, consulting documents, and visiting the various scenes of action in person, for the sake of a more accurate comprehension of the events. To these qualifications must be added, as the most important of all, and that which was requisite to render them available, the habitual predilection for matter-of-fact, which we have before adverted to in Polybius, and which renders him a remarkable exception to that theoretical propensity, which has been noticed as characterizing his countrymen in general. It is not from any superstitious notion of the importance of accuracy in itself, and as distinguished from its uses, that we make this observation. We are aware that there is another and a higher truth than that of fact, and that many mischievous consequences have followed from the confounding of two things so different in their nature. It is because we believe that the one is a minister and ally of the other, and that the cause of philosophical truth is always best promoted by preserving the truth of history, that we set so much value on the quality above mentioned.

It will be observed, that the subject of Polybius falls, to a great extent, within the period yet remaining to be elucidated by our English historian of Greece; and as Mr. Mitford's prejudices seem to increase with age, it may be considered a fortunate circumstance that so salutary a counteraction has been provided in the good sense and unvarying moderation of the contemporary historian. The services which Mr. Mitford has rendered to Grecian history, are undoubtedly inestimable, and such as no other writer ever conferred upon it. By the aid of great natural acuteness, extensive observation, sobriety of judgment, and manly boldness and independence of disquisition, he has investigated the various transactions of Grecian history in the light of human nature and experience, and has rendered that, which till then was little better than a romance, a narrative of real actions, real characters, and real manners. Discarding the exaggerated and perverted statements of the theoretical writers of later times, and trusting solely to the contemporary historians, orators, and

satirists, he has been enabled to trace to their master-springs events, which in the narrative of his predecessors appeared only an unmeaning series of scenes, or the visionary combats of personified virtues and vices in an allegory. Hence, his history of Greece is not only incomparably the best in existence; to a well-judging reader, it is the most interesting, or rather the only interesting one. Other histories appear to have been written for boys; Mr. Mitford's for men. Still, however, his work is far from answering our idea of a perfect history of Greece. He wants greater enlargement of views; a deeper insight into the recesses of the Greek character; a more universal intimacy with the Greek writers, and with general literature; and a more accurate acquaintance with the Greek language. In this last respect, he is almost as deficient as Gibbon. He is likewise a little too prone to judge of others by himself, and to carry the feelings of a modern English gentleman, and the peculiarities of his own disposition, into his estimate of the political and military characters of ancient Greece. One instance of this is, his incapability of believing that a man of eminence can ever be guilty of a rash or absurd action. Another of his propensities deserves notice, inasmuch as it is intimately connected with one of his principal virtues—a passion for explaining. He thinks it incumbent on him to give a reason for every occurrence, even in cases where history affords no ground for probable conjecture, and where the reader would prefer leaving the event in its original obscurity, or assigning some other cause*. His *perhapses*, *possibilities*, and *it may have been's*, which he is perpetually obtruding upon us, especially in his ninth and tenth volumes, are more annoying than even his orthographical pedantries. He is, perhaps, as devoid of prejudice as a writer of his decided predilections can easily be; and, on some occasions, displays even an exemplary degree of candour; there is, nevertheless, a constant leaning visible towards tyrants, aristocrats, and Lacedæmonians. The subject of our other ancient historian, Hooke, is still more identified with that of Polybius, to whom he is largely indebted. Hooke has the merit of thinking for himself; but he is utterly devoid of discrimination; he handles history like a clown, and assails established character in a most levelling and uncereemonious manner. He has exploded many errors, but he has not substituted truth in their stead. Hooke had the courage of an historical reformer, without the abilities; and his work is chiefly valuable as it teaches us that something better is wanted.

* Extremes meet; a similar propensity is observable in the historical writings of the present worthy Laureat. The only difference is (and it is a characteristic one) that Southey's explanations are dogmatical, Mitford's hypothetical, and delivered "with hesitation admirably slow."

Of Polybius's candour and integrity in the assigning of motives; and in the delineation of national and individual character,—of the uprightness of moral principle, and the opposition to Machiavelism, which characterize his sentiments, we need say nothing; as we believe these qualifications are generally acknowledged. Our observations, too, have been a little prolonged, and, therefore, we shall conclude with a few extracts; observing, by way of preface, that our main aim has been to give the substance of the original; in doing which, we may possibly have made ourselves obnoxious to the charge of uncouthness in some parts, and want of literal accuracy in others.

There are, perhaps, few characters in this portion of history so utterly uninteresting, so destitute of all prominent features or situations, as the princes of Pergamus. Yet how delightful a gleam of light is thrown, even on this group, by the following touch of domestic beauty!

“Apollonias, the wife of Eumenes, father of Attalus, and a Cyzicene by birth, was a woman deserving, on many accounts, to be had in honourable remembrance. She rose from a private station to the dignity of queen, which she retained during life, not employing any unworthy or meretricious artifices to secure the affections of her husband; but preserving ever and in all things, a true matronly seemliness and dignity, tempered with an unassuming courtesy which removed all painful feelings of awe in her presence. Being the mother of four princely sons, she preserved towards them all, even to her latest hour, an impartial and constant affection, such as never was surpassed by any one; and this although she survived her husband for many years. The deportment of the two princes* towards her, in their present sojourning at Cyzicus, was such as to gain them high honour with the citizens. Walking arm in arm with their mother, they made the rounds of the temples and other places of the city, attended by a royal retinue. This behaviour excited great delight in the spectators, and called forth their highest eulogies on the young men. The story of Cleobis and Biton naturally recurred to their minds, and they pleased themselves with drawing parallels between these two instances of filial piety; the greatness of the sacrifice in the one case being, in their minds, fully compensated by the rank of the others, and by the manner in which kingly dignity was made to veil itself to domestic affection.”

The death of Aratus, the Sicyonian, is thus described:

“Philip, resenting the conduct of Aratus, in Messene, employed Taurion, one of his emissaries, to remove him by poison. It was some time before Aratus's friends were aware of what had happened; the poison being one of those which do not take effect immediately; but work slowly; and, by degrees, undermine the system. Aratus himself was perfectly aware of his situation; it was by mere accident

* Attalus, king of Pergamus; and Eumenes, his brother,

that it became known to those about him. One of his attendants, of the name of Cephalon, who was endeared to him by long intimacy, and from whom he was wont to conceal nothing, was watching him with great assiduity during the illness consequent on the poison, and observed that the saliva which he occasionally discharged appeared to be tinged with blood.. On his remarking this, 'Such, Cephalon,' observed Aratus, 'is the reward of my friendship with Philip*.' So great and generous a thing is gentleness, that the victim of the crime felt more shame than the perpetrator, from the thought that he should have done so many and great things in conjunction with, and for the benefit of, one who had so unworthily repaid him. This man then, by reason of his having often borne the chief magistracy of the Achæans, and of the multitude and greatness of the benefits by him conferred upon the nation, received fitting honours after death both from his own community and from the confederacy of Achaia; sacrifices, and hero-worship, and, in a word, all things that appertain to an everlasting memorial, being decreed to him: so that if the dead have any knowledge of what passes on earth, we may well believe that he feels joy in the thought of his country's gratitude, and even in the recollection of his earthly hardships and perils, which have been thus recompensed."

There are few passages of history, to us, so profoundly melancholy as the following picture of the gradual, hopeless, and inglorious decay of a great state;

"The Bœotian affairs had now for a long time been in a depressed state, and the present condition of the republic offered the strongest possible contrast to its ancient prosperity and reputation. For the Bœotians, having acquired the highest degree of power and renown through the wars of Epaminondas, lost, by degrees, the ground they had gained, and declined both in reputation and influence, under the presidency of Amœocritus. From this period, however, their decay was no longer gradual, but rapid and complete; their manners underwent a total change, and it seemed as if they laboured, as far as in them lay, to efface even the remembrance of their former glory. The immediate cause of this was as follows:—Having been involved, through the machinations of the Achæans, in a war with the Cœtoliens, they straightway joined their interests with those of the former, concluded an alliance with them, and commenced hostilities against the common enemy. The Cœtolian army having made an irruption into Bœotia, they assembled the whole military of the nation, and without awaiting the arrival of the Achæans, who had gathered their forces together and were approaching to their relief, they gave battle to the Cœtoliens. They were defeated; and the defeat sunk so deep into their spirits, that from that time forward they lacked the heart to contend for any object of honour; they mingled in no public transac-

* The democratical historians of the later ages have converted this into an attack on royalty in general: "Such, my beloved Cephalon, is the reward of those who put their trust in kings."

tion or enterprise of the Greeks, but abandoning themselves to revelings and drunkenness, became enervated in mind as well as in body

"The affairs of Bœotia had by this time fallen into so deplorable a state of anarchy, that the course of public, as well as of private justice was suspended for the space of five-and-twenty years. The chief magistrates used all means to put off the day of reckoning, sometimes by dispersing the people among the garrison towns, at others by proclaiming a public expedition. The public money was embezzled by officers, who employed it in largesses to the poorer sort. By this means they ensured the favour of the populace, who elevated them to the highest offices of state, in the well-founded expectation that they would thus be secure alike from public prosecutions and suits for debt, besides frequent gratuities from the public chest to secure the continuance of their support. This state of things was brought about principally by Opheltas, who was perpetually starting new measures, such as, while they promised immediate advantage to the many, had a direct tendency to involve the whole nation in ruin. Another pernicious innovation resulted from the general dissolution of manners: those who died childless, instead of leaving their property to the next of kin, as had formerly been the custom, bequeathed them to their friends in common, to be applied to purposes of conviviality. Many, even of those who had children, through mere recklessness, squandered their whole fortunes on drinking clubs and riotous parties, after the same manner; so that with many of the Bœotians there were more feasts in the month than days.

"The Bœotians, being in this state of mis-government, escaped, as by miracle, unhurt through the perilous times of Philip and Antiochus. The blow, however, seemed to be purposely delayed, that it might fall upon them with a more overwhelming force; as will be seen hereafter."

The Romans, when they became masters of Syracuse, transferred to their own capital the whole of the statues, pictures, and other works of art, with which the magnificence of tyrants and people had adorned the temples and other public places of the conquered city. On this, our Author observes as follows:

"Whether the Romans in this consulted their own interest, or the contrary, might afford matter for much discussion; arguments, however, strongly preponderate against the line of conduct which they then pursued, and which they have since pursued on all similar occasions. If it was to the cultivation of the fine arts, and to the state of manners thence resulting, that they owed the advancement of their power in the first instance, they were right in transferring to their own country the materials of national aggrandisement. But as, on the contrary, with a mode of life simple in the extreme, and as far removed as possible from the luxury and refinement which such ornaments indicate, they had nevertheless been successful in every contest against those who possessed them in the greatest abundance and most exquisite perfection; how is it possible to clear them from

the charge of bad judgment in this matter? When a conquering people forsakes its own manners to emulate those of the conquered, and by the same act draws down upon itself that jealousy which is the natural result of such proceedings, and which is more dangerous to pre-eminence than any thing besides, it must be acknowledged to be an error on the part of those who so act. For the sentiment when the stranger experiences on visiting them in their new abode, is not so much that of admiration for the conquerors, as of envy at their acquisitions; and of pity for those who have been deprived of them. But when, in the progress of conquest, the ornamental treasures not of one city merely, but of all, come to be accumulated in the metropolis of the victor people, and the plundered, as is natural, flock from all parts to the view of their ancient monuments, the evil of the effect is doubled. For the compassion of the spectator is no longer confined to his neighbours, but reverts to himself, the sight before him reminding him of his own similar calamities. Whence, not envy alone, but indignation is kindled against the successful people; for the recollection of one's own misfortunes is in a manner identified with hatred towards the authors of them. Their appropriation of the gold and silver of vanquished cities may perhaps be justified on grounds of policy; for it is impossible to carry into effect a scheme of universal conquest without disabling others for resistance, and concentrating the materials of success in our own hands. But with regard to such things as are of no inherent utility, the Romans, by leaving these behind, together with the envy they generate, might have conferred an additional glory on their country; embellishing it, not indeed with paintings and statues, but with the ornament of a grave, and magnanimous disposition. I have said thus much by way of admonition to future conquerors, not to despoil captured cities of their monuments, under the vain idea that the misfortunes of other countries can confer lustre on their own."

Such observations as the following, drawn from actual knowledge, and delivered with the plainness of conversation, are worth whole volumes of rhetorical panegyric. In the war of the Romans and Cætolians against Philip, Flamininus had granted a truce to the latter, against the will of his allies, and had treated him in other respects with a generosity which they considered as unseasonable.

"The friendly manner in which this conference was conducted redoubled the existing suspicions against Flamininus. For corruption being at this time rife among the Greeks, and not least among the Cætolians, where nothing was ever done without a consideration, they could not conceive the possibility of such a change taking place in Flamininus's deportment towards Philip, without a sinister motive; not being aware of the difference of the Roman practice in this respect, but judging of others by themselves, and concluding, that as Philip would naturally be more liberal than usual in his offers on such an emergency, so it was impossible for Flamininus to resist such a temptation. Were I speaking of the Romans collectively, and

such as they were in former times, before they had engaged in transmarine wars, and while their national manners remained yet unaltered, I should say, without hesitation, that there was no one among them capable of such an act. In the present times, I should not venture to affirm this of the whole Roman people; nevertheless, of very many Roman citizens individually, I will make bold to affirm, that their integrity is proof against any temptation of this kind."

Elsewhere he observes gravely :

" These proceedings made it manifest to all, that the Romans are so far from avoiding all interference with their neighbours' affairs which is not absolutely necessary, that on the contrary they are displeased if all disputes are not referred to their arbitration, and all matters transacted according to their wishes."

Another of his observations, though in itself sufficiently trite, yet, as coming from Polybius, will bear repetition, especially in the present age.

" In my opinion, the historian should neither praise monarchs nor blame them beyond bounds, (as has heretofore been the case with many,) but should be careful to report of them such things only as are consistent with the rest of the history, and with their known character. This, it is true, though easy to say, is difficult to practise; so numerous and manifold are the countervailing motives and circumstances by which men are influenced, and which restrain them from the free expression of their opinion. In some of the above-mentioned writers, therefore, this kind of partiality deserves indulgence; in others, who are not thus situated, it is unpardonable."

Of the demagogue, or tyrant, Asdrubal, whose cowardice and incapacity were the more immediate cause of the final destruction of Carthage, the following picture is given.

" Asdrubal, the Carthaginian general, was a man of vanity and ostentation, and utterly destitute of civil and military ability. Having appointed an interview with Gulussa, the king of the Numidians, he proceeded to the place of meeting with a retinue of ten guards, himself arrayed in complete armour, over which a robe of Tyrian purple was thrown, fastened with a costly clasp, more splendid than was ever worn by a tragedy monarch. He was by nature stout, and had of late become exceedingly corpulent; his complexion also was florid to an unnatural degree; so that, to judge by his appearance, you would have supposed him to be some one who had taken up his residence in a tavern, and lived in a constant round of feasting, like a stall-fed ox, rather than the ruler of a people labouring under so many and great calamities, as exceeded the power of words to express. When he heard the conditions proposed by Gulussa, smiting his thigh several times, and obtesting fortune and the gods, he exclaimed, ' that the day should never come which beheld Asdrubal a spectator of his country's ruin; for that the patriot could find no nobler funeral pile than in the flames which devoured his country,'

Looking to his words alone, one would have been struck with the nobleness of the man, and the magnanimity of his declarations; looking to his actions, one would have been equally astonished at his baseness and unmanliness. While the rest of the citizens were dying of hunger by wholesale, his time was spent in rioting and sumptuous feasts, and his bloated appearance seemed like a constant insult to the wretchedness of his countrymen. For the number of those who perished daily, as well as of those who deserted to the enemy, was incredible. Amidst all this, he maintained his power, insulting some, outraging others, and massacring others, so as to strike the people with terror; thus maintaining, in his country's misfortunes, an ascendancy such as no usurper, in a prosperous state, could ever hope to possess."

We had selected one or two other passages for insertion in the present number, but our readers are probably satisfied with the specimens we have produced.

E. H.

ON GUSTO.

NOTHING would more materially benefit the Fine Arts than a clear and philosophical explanation of their language. Among the many words whose signification is but imperfectly settled, there is, perhaps, not one on which it is more necessary to have a right understanding than the word *Gusto*; since this term is universally allowed to express some high excellence in works of art, or, what comes to the same thing, some powerful effect of excellence on the mind of the spectator. But let us inquire what it is which constitutes *Gusto*, rather than give a mere definition of the term—let us consider the object of the fine arts—the effect intended to be produced by them.

And this intended effect, as it appears to us, is to excite the imagination. Sometimes the fine arts do not stop there; sometimes their object is to influence the passions; but still the imagination is the medium through which they act. The fine arts then are only means—a picture, a statue, or a poem, is only excellent as it produces effect on the mind of the spectator or auditor. If these positions be true, it must follow, as a matter of course, that they who consider painting and sculpture merely imitative must shew that imitation is the best mode of influencing the human mind; for if it be not, imitation ought not to be adopted, since these works are not produced for themselves but always with a reference to their

effect on mankind. Nay, if the greatest quantity of this effect could be produced by dissimilarity, it would be the interest and duty of an artist to adopt this course; if, for instance, the idea of a man could be better given by depicting a lion than by painting a man, the artist would paint a lion, and he would do right. We have put this impossible case only to shew in the strongest light that imitation is not of itself an end. But it is of high importance as a means; and this very importance of it as a means makes it necessary to guard against the error of elevating it beyond its rank. Whatever employs very much of our attention is likely to obtain an undue share of our favour—if the mind's eye be long fixed on any object, however minute, it seems to acquire a microscopic power, and swells out even a mite over the whole field of vision. Imitation must then be applied with reference to the precise effect to be produced on the mind; and this adaptation every successful artist religiously observes, though often, perhaps, unconscious of the philosophical principle on which he proceeds—for genius is guided by a species of instinct—by some loadstone of the mind which relieves its possessor from the labour of groping his way by the feeble and wavering light of inductive reasoning. And indeed induction, however high its pretensions, can carry genius but a little way, since it draws all its rules from genius itself. It surveys the line of his flight, and from his own course affects to direct his future motions. For ourselves we disclaim such presumption: We are far from attempting to direct his track; we merely endeavour, and that with diffidence, to predict what it will be in future.

In this survey of which we have spoken, this reverential contemplation of the great works of art, we shall find that in the imitations of each artist something is omitted*. Sculpture is without colour. The Cartoons of Raphael are without the high colouring of nature, and every part of his pictures, except his figures, is neglected. Titian is the painter of colours, but he neglects forms. Correggio wants force—Michael Angelo grace. We might run over the whole catalogue of artists and shew that every one has his peculiar defects, as they are called,—that is, his peculiar omissions—or in other words, that each artist has given but a partial delineation of nature.

In sculpture and engraving the want of a complete imitation is charged upon the art themselves. No one complains that they are colourless, or that sculpture wants the adjuncts of landscape; but because every excellence of which imitative art

* Except one class which shall be afterwards treated upon.

is capable is found at one time or other in painting, it has been concluded that they ought all to exist at once*.

We have attempted to prove that the excellence of art does not consist in an abstract perfection, nor in an exactness of imitation; but in its power of affecting the mind of the beholder. In order then to ascertain the duty of the artist, we must inquire by what means the mind is most effectually influenced. We must look for some general principle of action, or more properly of passion, and this will be the more satisfactory if it extend beyond the fine arts, and still more so if it can be shewn to apply to all the transactions of life.

This principle (if we are not mistaken) is, that the causes of all strong emotion are powerful (other things equal) in proportion to their simplicity. Yet we allow that complexity may be a means of increasing power, as the weight of a sword increases the force of its blow. Yet beyond a certain point it is highly pernicious, because like too heavy a weapon it becomes unwieldy; but, as the weight of a sword (to continue the metaphor) is always an evil, though overbalanced by a corresponding advantage, so complexity is an evil, although perhaps necessary to the production of excellence. It is therefore the duty of the artist to use the very smallest portion of it that will produce the requisite effect.

And this principle obtains from the nature of the human mind, which precludes us from giving our attention to more than one thing at one time. Thus, we find men when under strong emotion rapt into oblivion of all surrounding existence; their minds completely filled with a single object. That these are cases which rarely occur we shall readily allow; but this is because in real life it generally happens that several objects are in competition for the attention of the mind, and though one may gain the mastery, its empire is precarious, disturbed, and evanescent. And even in cases where one object is powerful enough to gain the attention of the mind *principally*, there are generally discordant circumstances which weaken, though they cannot destroy, its force. In any scene or transaction of real life there must always be a great deal that does not assist the effect produced by the whole. And that which does not assist injures; for there is nothing neutral in the territories of art. She may truly say in the language of holy

* We have high authority on our side. Sir Joshua Reynolds combats the dogma that if Raphael had had the colouring of Titian, or Titian the majesty of Raphael, the world would have for once seen a perfect painter. Sir Joshua's reasons are different from ours, but that does not affect his authority, supposing our reasoning to be right, or ours, if his be correct; since on questions of this kind we take our opinions from our feelings, and then look about for the best arguments in support of them.

writ, "Whosoever is not for me is against me." If then we complain that Raphael, or Michael Angelo, is deficient in colour, it behoves us to shew, not that the objects they represent have colour, but that colour would heighten the effect which they intended to produce. Would colour have given more strength to the "race of giants*" of Michael Angelo? Would colour have added majesty to the figure of St. Paul, malignity to the spies of the portico, or ardour to the adoring disciples? So faithfully has Raphael followed the great principle of expressing nothing which does not assist the main design, that he has left the drapery† of his figures in the same obscurity with their colour. He has not clothed them in wool, or silk, or linen; it is drapery and nothing else. It is not requisite that the spectator should know any thing more of it, and therefore nothing more is told. He was not painting for the information of haberdashers; nor did he choose to afford the mental idlers who would not open their souls to the reception of his sublimity a petty amusement in criticising the fineness of velvets. It has been said that Raphael could not paint landscape‡. Perhaps he could not; and if the power would necessarily have produced its exercise, we are glad he was without it. Raphael was the painter of man. Man, as actuated by his own mind and passions—man, as he would remain if all the universe but himself was annihilated—man, the species, not the individual. He neither painted Jew, nor Greek, nor Roman. His men are neither modified by nation nor climate; they therefore owe none of their characteristics to surrounding objects. They are not Italian banditti in the gloom of a forest, nor Arcadians "dancing in the chequered shade,"—if they were, landscape would become a part of themselves, and the want of it would as much derange our ideas as the sight of a judge, without his robes—and more so, because the robes are not a natural adjunct, and these are—the judge would decree as wisely in his private dress as he does in his public garments; but the banditti and Arcadians could not so well labour in "their vocation" deprived of their forests, and their caverns, their champaigns and their streams. Why then should Raphael draw the attention of his beholders to the landscape of his pictures?—He did not, and he was right.

We have said that the colouring of Raphael is not that of nature.—Let us not be misunderstood—we do not mean to say that it is contrary to nature, but that it does not reach so far; it is negative; it is in the picture, because its absence

* Fuseli.

† Reynolds.

‡ Hazlitt.

would be noticed, and it is silent ~~because~~ it could effect no good purpose by speaking.

Still there is a species of painting capable of affording great pleasure to the beholder, in which there appears to have been an equal representation of all parts of nature;—where the artist seems to have discovered some *camera lucida* which had the power of staining the canvass with its shadows—some invaluable mirror, which retained indelibly the forms and the colours thrown upon its surface. We may be asked how we explain this pleasure consistently with our theory. If we attend to the subjects of these pictures the answer will be at once easy and satisfactory, for they will always be found to contain nothing which can interest the passions.—Such are the flowers of Vandervelde, the cattle of Potter, the landscapes of Glover, the boors of Teniers, and one or two family scenes of Wilkie*. Here the pleasure of the spectator is derived from comparisons to which he is invited between the reality and its representation. He examines the picture in detail, and is delighted to find that nothing has been forgotten. Sometimes also this exactitude of representation produces an impression of reality, and conveys to the spectator's mind the same sensations as he would receive from contemplating the scenes themselves. But this impression, thus gradually made by detailed comparisons, could not possibly affect the mind with the more powerful emotions, even if every part of the representation tended to the production of a like impulse. This, however, can never take place. Reality, as we have already shewn, offers to the mind a series of objects necessarily incongruous in their effects. Some affect it with their magnitude, some with their beauty, others with their pettiness or their deformity, and many have no definable operation on the mind. Nor can this defect (if we may be allowed the term) be obviated by arrangement, because the parts of the same object differ as much as the objects themselves; therefore, as we have already shewn, a gross and complete imitation of reality or nature will never produce powerful emotion, as contending forces will never strongly urge the object of their impulse. Still, in order to convey a feeling of reality, this incongruous assemblage must be represented; and hence the narrow limits of effect which it is given to this department of art to produce. But even here, although unobserved by the spectator, the artist has departed from his original. We believe that no painter ever existed who could confine himself to a mere transcript of nature.

* The Breakfast.

Some play of lights, some artificial blending of colours and arrangement of shadows, must be allowed him, by which he may charm the eye and prepare it to view his work with complacency.

And now we are ready to return to the consideration of the meaning of *Gusto*—an object which the reader may naturally suppose we had completely lost sight of.

We have seen that every work of art is intended to produce some specific effect on the beholder—that effect in its strength and vividness is called *Gusto*. It is not excellence, because that resides in the picture; it is what is produced by excellence in the mind of the spectator, and it is only used when the effect is powerful. It is in fact (if the grammarians will allow us to say so) a substantive in the superlative degree.

Gusto then is a feeling in the mind of the beholder, produced by the excellence or completeness with which the conception of the artist is conveyed to him, through the medium of the image presented to his eye; but, as we can hardly figure to ourselves the possibility of any man conveying to another an emotion which he did not experience himself, we confound our feelings with those of the artist, and thus we talk of his *Gusto*.

The vividness of conception in the mind of the artist is his *Gusto*. The vividness of conception conveyed into our minds by his works is our *Gusto*; and the work itself is merely the channel of communication between us.

If we look to the origin of Art, we shall see at once that no man would ever become a painter or a sculptor for the mere pleasure of representation. It is evident that the artist had in his mind some vivid image which he was anxious to shew to his fellow men. He cast about for means by which he might enable them to share in his emotions. Art offered itself as the most distinct, general, and powerful language; and he became a painter or a sculptor.

But here new difficulties arose. He found that to teach the fingers to obey the mind was by no means the work of a moment. Repeated attempts to produce this obedience gradually improved the language of art; but this improvement, while it diminished the labours of the young artist, who availed himself of the discoveries of his predecessors, and travelled along the road which they had marked out, had the disadvantage of inviting into the profession men who entered it with much the same rational object as a boy takes up the tools of the carpenter, attracted by the capacity of producing effect, but caring nothing for the end for which this effect is produced. Such artists, if they deserve the name, resemble

those authors who, by the aid of grammars, dictionaries, graduses, theme-writing, and verse-making, have attained what they call a style, and thence think themselves qualified to write a book, only taking a subject as an excuse for coming before the public, and as a necessary conformity to the prejudices of the world. We need not say that the works of such men have no Gusto. They form, it is true, the channel of communication between the mind of the artist and that of the beholder; but it is a channel without a current, for there are no ideas to be conveyed. Such a style of art has therefore (not inaptly) received the epithet of *dry*. To us it seems as useless as a book composed by Swift's machine. But so long as men continue to reason themselves into the delusion that the object of art is imitation, that is to say, so long as men pay more attention to the signs than the things signified, so long will there be such writers and such painters as we have described.

But the times afford signs of better things. Unnecessary prettinesses, whether in art or in letters, begin to be despised. Some there are who think it beneath the dignity of man to become the slave of his own creatures—that language of whatever kind, verbal or graphic, ought not to receive a particle of attention beyond what is necessary to fit it for answering its purpose in the best possible manner.

W. P.

SONNET.

Hail to thee, Music, hail to thee,
Thou art the voice of Liberty!—ETONIAN.

I WORE with throbbing heart and restless brain;
The memory of that self-devoted maid,
A haunting care, upon my spirit prey'd,
And deeper thoughts, pregnant with obscure pain*,
Lay like a heavy load upon my brain:
When lo! a voice: 'twas a light-hearted boy
Singing, ay, singing at his morn's employ;
A boy, yet delicate and soft the strain
As ever maiden sang, at twilight hour,
In pastoral cot, or stately latticed bower.
I lay and listen'd, till all thoughts of pain
And sorrow melted from me, and my mind,
To a still dream of melody resign'd,
Lay hush'd and tranquil as a summer main.

* The expression "obscure pain" in the above Sonnet, is borrowed from a very powerful line of Coleridge's:

And obscure pangs made curses of his sleep.

MADAME CATALANI.

AND now, said Lady Mary, *reprenons le sujet des cantatrices.* Let us take a more excursive range, and, leaving the warblers of our own isle, consider the exotic productions of a warmer climate; and first, "hail, foreign wonder," thou vast Leviathan of song, stupendous Catalani!

Ed. Br. I shall never forget the vague sensations of childish delight, which even the sound of that wonder-working name excited in me, when, having scarcely numbered eight summers, I was told one happy evening, that I should hear Catalani, then appearing for the first time in England, at the Opera House. O, blissful era, before we begin to *define* what gives us pleasure—before we learn to criticise, or blame—when all is warmth, rapture, and illusion! I cannot give any distinct account of what I thought, or felt on that (to me) memorable evening. In the first place, the Opera House—what a grandiloquent and mighty sound did that appellation carry with it to my inexperienced ears! What a multitude of strange, yet pleasing ideas, did it summon up, as by a spell! I had never been there before. Were I to dilate upon this subject, I fear that you would accuse me of covertly borrowing from the delightful Elia of the *London Magazine*, who describes so eloquently the sensations that accompanied his "first play." I will, therefore, boldly quote from him at once—for what other words than his own could supply so well,

"The shifts and turns,
Th' expedients and inventions multiform,
To which the mind resorts, in chase of terms
Though apt, yet coy, and difficult to win,
T' arrest the fleeting images, that fill
The mirror of the mind?"

Thus, then.—"When we got in, and I beheld the green curtain that veiled a heaven to my imagination, which was soon to be disclosed—the breathless anticipations I endured! The boxes full of well-dressed women of quality, the pilasters adorned with a glittering substance (I know not what) under glass (as it seemed) resembling—a homely fancy—but I judged it to be sugar-candy,—yet, to my raised imagination, divested of its homelier qualities, it appeared a glorified candy! The orchestra lights at length arose, those 'fair Auroras!' the bell sounded; the curtain drew up;"—and (to proceed in my own person) in rushed Catalani, with a musical shriek, which thrilled every nerve in my body. The opera was *La Sém-*

ramide. She is flying from her husband's ghost;—she entreats the perturbed spirit, to let her rest;—she exclaims with anguish, "*Lascia mi, Lascia mi in pace.*" The attitude, so wild, yet so graceful—the look of beautiful horror—the very words, though I have never seen, or heard them since, are all marvellously imprinted on my mind. The rest has faded from my recollection—except an indistinct and mysterious sort of image, which I have before my mental eyes, of a tomb scarcely discerned upon the darkened stage, and Catalani wandering near it with a dagger in her grasp. She plunges it in her bosom;—she sinks upon the steps of the tomb;—she breathes forth her soul, like the swan of Cayster, in dying harmony. To fall at once into the profound of Bathos, I own that I did (at the time) think it a *little* odd, that any one should sing while in the agonies of death, but I have no doubt that the oddity only increased the charm to my youthful imagination.

The next time that I heard Catalani was in Paris; I was then fifteen—an age at which all illusion has not yet left the mind; while the powers of judging, discriminating, and appreciating are fast unfolding themselves. Before I went to the theatre, I endeavoured to anticipate the pleasure I was about to enjoy, by recalling, as far as I was able, the impression which this wonderful performer had left upon my memory; but all was vague, and dim; I retained only a confused idea of tones, unlike those of the human voice—bird-like shakes; and, above all, of a peculiar vibration on a high note, like the undulating sound produced by running the finger round a water-glass. Thus was curiosity added to anticipation. The feeling was, "I am now about to *know* what it was I heard then." I was at length so wrought up, that I could have jumped out to push at the back of the old creeping *fiacre*, in which I was accompanying some ladies to the opera, as if I could have thus accelerated its motion. There are boxes in the French Opera House of singular construction; they are (as the French express it) "*pratiqués*" within the pillars that support the tiers, with openings for sight, invisible to those without, between the flutings of the column. They are only calculated to hold two, who, themselves unseen, can see all that is going forward. On an ordinary occasion, the situation for a female is by no means a reputable one—but on this, when every part of the theatre was occupied by the first company, when a hundred guineas had been even offered for a box, ladies thought themselves fortunate in being safely seated *dans une loge de colonne*. Here, then, I was placed, with one of the ladies of our party.

Lady M. She could not have been either remarkably young, or remarkably handsome, to submit to being thus hidden

"from the garish day" of lamps and chandeliers; unless, indeed, she were in love with you,—but *that* your tender years forbade.

Ed. Br. I have known such a miracle as a fair modest girl, who would really have answered to the idea conveyed in Mrs. Charlotte Smith's beautiful lines:—

"Miranda, mark, where shrinking from the gale,
(Its modest leaves impearl'd with early dew)
That fair, faint flower, the lily of the vale,
Droops its meek head and looks methinks like you."

But, leaving you to the delights of conjecture, I will only affirm that for my own part, I was abundantly satisfied with my place in the pillar. Indeed, it was the very *ideal* of the sort of situation, in which I always desire to hear music. How does the pressure and presence of a mob destroy the feeling and passion of harmony! One is not ashamed to weep at a tragedy where tears are drawn down many an iron cheek, but there are so few who feel music intensely, that "the melting mood" seems out of place at a concert, and, in a man, unmanly;—yet, I own, that I am so often obliged to resort to every artifice of coughing, hemming, and stealing my pocket-handkerchief to my eyes, under pretence of carrying it no farther than my nose, that I continually wish for Prince Darling's ring to make myself invisible, and have a good cry outright. For this reason, I could often exclaim, in the emphatic language of Coleridge:—

"Nor cold, nor stern my soul; Yet I detest
These scented rooms, where, to a gaudy throng,
Heaves the proud harlot her distended breast
In intricacies of laborious song.

"They feel not Music's genuine power, nor deign
To melt at Nature's passion-warbled plaint;
But, when the long-breathed singers uptrill'd strain
Bursts in a quall—they gape for wonderment."

And, when I think how I have sat listening, in all the luxury of unrestraint, to the voice of the gentle —, the country curate's wife, I am disposed to apostrophize her in the words of the same poet:—

"But oh—when midnight wind careets,
And the gust, pelting on the out-house shed,
Makes the cock shrilly in the rain-storm crow,
To hear thee sing some ballad full of woe,
Ballad of ship-wrecked sailor floating dead,

Whom his own true-love buried in the sands ;
 Thee, gentle woman, for thy voice re-measures
 Whatever tones, and melancholy pleasures
 The things of nature utter."

Lady M. Let me remind you that you have wandered from your box at the Opera, to the fire-side of our happy friend, who writes such pretty tales ; and from Catalani, to his fascinating dark-eyed wife.

Ed. Br. *Je reprends le fil de mon discours.* Never did I behold so magnificent a spectacle, as the Parisian Opera House on that night presented. It was, perhaps, rendered more striking by its contrast to the usual habits of the French theatres, where, as your ladyship knows, the faint light of a few miserable candles gleams dimly over the slouching bonnets, and dowdy shawls of the belles, who shroud their charms in a melancholy undress. But there, and then, all was light, and glitter, and bright diamonds, and brighter eyes, and waving plumes, and jewel-hilted swords, and multi-coloured regimentals. The stage was converted into a splendid orchestra ; the musicians ranged in a semicircle, tier above tier, leaving a space in the centre for the enchantress of the evening ; she is surely about to make her appearance, for all the theatre rise up with one impulse. No ! it is only the homage paid by Parisian gallantry to a celebrated beauty, who has just entered her box. Alas ! poor England, nothing short of royalty can exact such a tribute from thee ! Now, the first stealing note of the orchestra begins ; they are playing Haydn's Surprise Movement.

I have always thought (for to me all music is a succession of mental images) that this composition resembles the stealing of some trembling wretch, through a midnight brake, to elude pursuers, who, at an unexpected moment, all burst in upon him at once. Never did I hear this illusion so well kept up, as then : the pit-a-pat notes scarcely more audible than the throbbing of that trembler's heart, now here, now there, coming from one knew not what part of the orchestra, groping their way, as it were, through all the intricacies of innumerable violins,—and then the sudden, universal, short burst of kettle-drums, serpents, trumpets, haut-boys, double-basses, &c. &c., like the explosion of a bomb, or the sort of thunder-clap that immediately follows its flash, producing upon the mind all the reality of *surprise*, and exacting from the stoutest nerves an involuntary start ;—all this I never heard, before, or since, so perfectly and faultlessly effected. The last note of the symphony died away—all was silence, except that sort of intense murmur, which seems to exist without a voice, a

breath, a movement, and to be the disembodied spirit of expectation. At length—

"Some saw a hand, and some an arm,
And some the waving of a gown,"

from behind the side columns; and immediately the reins were thrown upon the neck of enthusiasm—hand and lip broke their fetters—all was tumult, rapture, and applause. Like the princess of a fairy tale, preceded by her dwarf, with dignified elegance, admirably contrasted by the little squat figure of her Pacolet of a husband, Monsieur Vallebrêque, who led her in. Catalani appeared, simply drest in white satin, with a plume of white feathers nodding above her animated countenance. I was disappointed in the first tones of her voice—merely because they were human. Nothing short of the music of the spheres, or a seraph's song could have satisfied me just at that moment; but soon every faculty was absorbed in wonder and admiration; there is a passionate earnestness in Catalani's singing, which carries all before it, aided by

"The mind, the music, breathing from her face—"

that face of such surpassing beauty with all the warmth of an Italian climate sparkling in her eyes, and glowing on her cheek—the true Corinne of the Capitol. I describe her as she was then, yet unspoiled by foreign trickery; when the delicacy of her singing was as remarkable as its power; when every note won its easy way from undistorted lips, graced by a winning smile; when, not a look or gesture "o'erstepped the modesty of nature." Never was there such perfect fascination. I waited eagerly for the extraordinary undulating tone, which I mentioned before, so like a musical glass. Catalani made use of it twice, in the course of the evening. The note, on which the vibration is produced, is said to be higher than the highest key on the piano; the Italians call it "*la voce di testa*," because the voice is thrown up into the head, instead of being drawn from the chest; and the English amateurs give it the name of "*double falsetto*." For myself, I never heard any one employ it but Catalani. She appeared to make a sort of preparation previous to its utterance, and never approached it by the regular scale. It began with an inconceivably fine thin tone, which gradually swelled both in volume and power, till it

"Made the ears vibrate and the heart-strings thrill."

It particularly resembles the highest note of the nightingale, which is reiterated each time more intensely, and which, with a sort of ventriloquism, seems scarcely to proceed from the same bird that the moment before poured her low deli-

cious warblings at an interval so disjoined. Another phenomenon of voice, peculiar to Catalani, was the scintillating rapidity with which she ascended and descended the scale by semitones. The *ascent* I have heard, though rarely, accomplished by other singers; but she alone could *descend* with the same playful ease and apparent absence of all effort, as correctly and gracefully as the flute of Drouet, or the violin of Mori. This has always been considered as a feat the most difficult of achievement, when carried to perfection, of any in the executive part of music, even upon an instrument. What then must it be for the human voice, the precision of which depends on the minutest variations of the larynx!

I will not run the risk of tiring your ladyship by dwelling any longer on the delights of that evening. Suffice it to say, that whether Catalani displayed, in the impassioned *Scéna*, or the brilliant *Aria*, her depth and feeling, or her light, airy gracefulness, her performance was the triumph of genius, and the masterpiece of art. The French were astonished. They, whose style of music is so coldly correct, and so correctly feeble, knew not what to think of such daring flights, such overwhelming force, such volcanic light and heat. The newspapers were full of panegyric—but in this case it was difficult even for Gallic eloquence to exaggerate such transcendent powers. Here extravagance was congruity, and hyperbole was truth. Nay, I am even disposed to concede to the most startling encomium bestowed upon Madame Catalani by the Parisian journals; which was, “that she combined in her unrivalled throat the power and compass of at least a dozen voices blended into one.”

Lady M. *Vraiment cela est un peu de trop.* But have you heard Catalani since that rapturous evening?

Ed. Br. About two years ago, after her first return from the Continent.

Lady M. Well, what think you? Do you concur in the general voice that her powers have been only matured during her absence from England?

Ed. Br. Alas, I must be content to appear quite an unfashionable in your ladyship's eyes! Though every body that is any body says, that Catalani is as great as ever, I, who am nobody cannot help thinking that she is grown *too* great, that she has swelled out of all measure, and has lost the Attic proportion, and loveliness of her style of singing. Alas, there *are* graces, which may be too full blown; and I pity the taste which could prefer the staring expansion of a cabbage rose to the fresh unfolding beauties of its bud.

It is said, that Queen Charlotte being asked her opinion of Catalani's singing, said, with German emphasis, “I was

wishing for a little cotton in my ears all the time." Now this was precisely the feeling with which I last heard this once-enchanting singer. I had a young relation with me, a simple-hearted boy, and I asked him what he thought of Madame Catalani. He replied, "I never heard a woman with so loud a voice." This was really the one predominating impression on the mind—the overpowering, the terrific loudness. When rushing up the scale, every note seemed to increase in force, till all melody was lost, and the ear positively pained by the stress upon its auditory nerves. There is no term in the vocabulary of music to convey an adequate idea of the excess of loudness. "*Fortissimo*" is faint. Nothing but a reiterated superlative will do—"Fortissimo—issimo—issimo." From Edinburgh, methinks, her voice would sound enduringly in London; as, it is reported, a wit replied, when asked if he were not going to York to hear Madame Catalani, "I shall hear her better where I am." In vain I listened for that sweet nightingale note, which was to the rest of Catalani's singing as "the crowning rose of the whole wreath." Her upper tones are entirely perished. But (say her admirers) "she has gained more than a compensation of low ones." Oh, at the expense of how much sweetness has she acquired that masculine depth of voice—those "coups de canon," which, in the witty language of Phil. Fudge, are, doubtless, "the music of the spears," because they "run through one." The truth is, that "Time, who pilfers as he goes," from every one, on the wrong side of—

Lady M. Beware how you fix the era of

———"the certain age

Which yet the most uncertain age appears."

Ed. Br. I am sure that your ladyship has no cause for alarm. But lest any of the fair readers of the *Quarterly Magazine* should take offence, I will merely say, that time, which has "had no power upon the beauty" of Madame Catalani, has nevertheless "sucked the honey of her breath." Perhaps, like Braham, she is partly obliged to substitute force for sweetness, and, conscious that she can no longer charm by delicacy of execution, to aim at astonishing by its power. But, oh, that I had never taken my place in the Bath coach, when I heard that she was triumphing there!—Then might I have retained uninjured upon my mind the impression of her unabated excellence, and spared adding to my melancholy mementos another trophy of that omnipotent spoiler—Time!

Lady M. Well ranted, and extremely pathetic. Had you

not better apostrophize the Bath coach for being so cruel as to carry you safely to the fatal spot of your disenchantment?

Ed. Br. That were, indeed, a theme "unattempted yet in prose or rhyme;" but I must hasten to the conclusion of my observations. Catalani's former simplicity of deportment is not less changed than the style of her singing. Her chaste action is become redundant, her expression exaggerated; her whole manner is grown into a caricature of its former self. When she begins one of those interminable roudades up the scale, she gradually raises her body, which she had before stooped to almost a level with the ground, until having won her way, with quivering lip, and chattering chin, to the very topmost note, she tosses back her head, and all its nodding feathers, with an air of triumph; then suddenly falls to a note two octaves and a half lower, with incredible *aplomb*; and smiles like a victorious Amazon over a conquered enemy.

Lady M. Would that great singers knew how to spare those eternal flourishes! I have often thought that it would be a good plan if they could be persuaded to come forward at the beginning of a concert, and shew us all they could do in the way of ornament *imprimis*, and then sing simply for the rest of the evening.

Ed. Br. In such a case, I should beg to be admitted at half-price. But singers never *will* correct their faults as long as they get applause by them from the multitude, and are upheld by the flattery of their minor satellites. No sooner does Catalani quit the orchestra, than she is beset by a host of foreign sycophants, who load her with exaggerated praise. I was present at a scene of this kind in the refreshment-room at Bath, and heard reiterated on all sides, "Ah, Madame! la dernière fois toujours la meilleure!" Thus is poor Madame Catalani led to *strive* to excel herself, every time she sings, until she exposes herself to the ridicule, most probably, of those very flatterers; for I have heard that on the Continent she is mimicked by a man, dressed in female attire, who represents, by extravagant tones and gestures, Madame Catalani *surpassing herself*. Nor can the voice of truth reach the poor lady even in the recesses of her own home, for there is that conceited coxcomb, Vallebrèque, offering incense to the idol of the crowd. I was introduced to that puppy, and began to say something in praise of his wife's singing—a very unnecessary compliment indeed; for, seating himself gravely, with an oratorical air, he pronounced the following eulogium, doubtless for the 999th time:—"Madame Catalani certainly is the first singer in the world. She has sentiment

for those who delight in sentimentality. She has bravura for those who are fond of ornament. She has taste, feeling, depth, facility, imagination !!!”

Lest I should seem to conclude in a style of too much severity, I must do Catalani the justice to say, that she is still occasionally all herself. Her Luther's hymn is a masterpiece. She admits into this grandly-simple composition no ornament whatever, but a pure shake at the conclusion. The majesty of her sustained tones, so rich, so ample, as not only to fill but overflow the cathedral, where I heard her,—the solemnity of her manner, and the St. Cecilia-like expression of her raised eyes, and rapt countenance, produce a thrilling effect through the united medium of sight and hearing. When she says,

“ The trumpet sounds—the graves restore
The dead, which they contained before,”

One half expects that her voice will indeed “ burst the marble fetters of the tomb.” Whoever has heard Catalani sing this, accompanied by Schmidt on the trumpet, has heard the utmost that music can do. Then, in the succeeding chorus, when the same awful words are repeated by the whole choral strength, how her voice pierces through the clang of instruments, and the burst of other voices, heard as distinctly as if it were alone ! During the encore, I found my way to the top of a tower on the outside of the cathedral, and could still distinguish her wonderful voice.

Lady M. I was amused by a letter, which I received the other day from a young enthusiastic girl, who had just heard Catalani sing, and who had never heard any thing like good music before. “ I love music, and Madame Catalani; I felt quite *mad* with pleasure. Her voice seems too wonderful to be comprehended. Her *whole body* seems to sing.”

Ed. Br. Well, “ take her, all in all, we ne'er shall look upon her like again.” But I fear that I have detained your ladyship by rather a long-winded discussion. *Parlons d'autres choses.*

E. B.

CRUMBS OF CRITICISM.

No. II.

SIR RICHARD BLACKMORE'S EPICS.

In short, my opinion of him has ever been, that he is a very gentlemanly young man, and a most quiet and unassuming individual.—CHRIST CHURCH CONTROVERSY—LETTER OF THE TUTOR.

I sing the Briton, and his righteous arms,
 Who bred to sufferings, and the rude alarms
 Of bloody war, forsook his native soil,
 And long sustain'd a vast heroic toil,
 Till kinder fate invited his return,
 To bless the isle, that did his absence mourn:
 To re-enthronè fair Liberty, and break
 The Saxon yoke, that gall'd Britannia's neck.
 Tell, sacred Muse, what made the infernal king
 Use all his arts, and all his forces bring
 The gen'rous Briton's triumphs to oppose,
 Afflict his friends, and aid his cruel foes;
 Tell, why the angry powers below, combine
 To oppress a valiant prince, and thwart his brave design.

FAME is proverbially a wanton. It would scarcely be believed, without testimony, that a poem consisting almost wholly of such lines as the above was at one time a favourite with the British public*; that its author was considered of sufficient importance for the special hostility of two successive confederacies of wits, each headed by the most celebrated poet and critic of the age; and that the sentence passed on his writings by these potent autocrats was deemed worthy of a solemn reversal by their successor in the literary throne. Such, however, is the fact; and it is a striking illustration

* Among other testimonies to its public reputation the first book was translated into Latin, in better verse than the original, by William Hogg (Hogdus), the first Latin translator of *Paradise Lost*; who styles the author "vir clarissimus," and his work "opus præclarum." The translation was undertaken at the instance of Bishop Burnet. This custom of translating into Latin such contemporary works as were thought worthy to last (poetry as well as prose) appears to have been common in those times. The latest instance on record is that of Bloomfield's *Farmer's Boy*. In the age of Blackmore, the notion of the perishableness of modern languages was not yet obsolete; the ancient ones were supposed to have received an exclusive patent of immortality, and the only sure mode of preserving modern works was supposed to be by embalming them in the universal dialect of Rome. Even in our own times, a learned Spaniard has published a treatise proposing the erection of a Latin colony in the centre of Europe, in which nothing but the Latin language should be spoken, and the translation of Milton, Tasso, Camoëns, Racine, &c., into Latin; and a writer of our own, of great but eccentric talent, W. S. Landor, in a Latin essay on the causes of the neglect of modern Latin poetry (one of the most singular productions of the age), has promulgated a similar opinion.

of the state of criticism in those days,—of the manner in which men's minds were enslaved to names, forms, and artificial rules. Blackmore's epic was an exact piece of mechanism, duly constructed according to the rules, or what were supposed to be the rules; of Aristotle; divided into twelve books, and garnished *secundum artem* with battles; sieges, voyages, episodes, views of heaven and hell, speeches, similes, machinery, a hero, and a moral; every thing, in short, except poetry; and accordingly it succeeded with a generation of readers, with whom the outward form was every thing, and the vivifying spirit nothing. Public taste is certainly improved in this respect; no one would conceive the possibility at this day of a poem absolutely worthless becoming popular under any circumstances. Yet let us not be too confident of our superiority. Our offences have been at least as flagrant as those of our ancestors, in proportion to our increased lights. When one of the two leading critical authorities of the age, can style Rogers "a great name," and when its rival, not to be outdone in absurdity, has exalted Mr. Professor Milman to a level with Lord Byron; when a page or two of contemptuous abuse is all that can be afforded to Keats' *Endymion*, by the journal which extols Mr. Baggett's "Woman," (a neat little piece of rhyme-work enough) as a true poem; it is not for us to sneer at the age which admired Sir Richard Blackmore. It is true that Prince Arthur ran through three editions in two years; it is equally true that Wordsworth's *Lyrical Ballads*—but we see our readers manifesting symptoms of alarm at the very name of Wordsworth—so no more of this.

Blackmore's popularity, however, is not to be attributed wholly to his poetry. He was a physician in great practice, a fellow of the Royal Medical College, and apparently not without his weight as a political character; so much at least may be inferred from the manner in which he was distinguished by King William, and from the animosity which the Tory wits manifested against him, and which is too great to be accounted for merely on poetical grounds. Strange as it may seem, Blackmore was the sole poet of the Whigs. The Tories were lords of the ascendant in literature; Addison was yet in his nonage, and Thomson unborn. To this must be added the irritation excited by his attacks on the immoralities of his contemporaries, which he exposed without fear, without ceremony, and without intermission. Reviews were not yet invented; criticism on living authors was conveyed through the medium of a preface, a dedication, or a set pamphlet. In such ways as these, not to mention the minor shafts of satire, was Blackmore assailed; and against all this storm of hostility he bore up with unruffled equanimity, sheltered in the consciousness of a good cause, and in a profound igno-

rance of his own incapacity. At length, by the intercession of a critic whose character and sentiments were congenial with his own, and for whom the subject of his principal poem, and the elaborate accuracy of its construction, possessed some attraction, he was regularly admitted one of the royal corporation of English poets; and his *Creation**, recommended by so weighty an authority, has found its way, in company with *Paradise Lost*, into the collections of most respectable house-keepers as a good book.

There is, as our readers have doubtless experienced, an inexplicable pleasure in exploring recesses which we know no one else ever thinks of penetrating. Such is the kind of caprice which has often led us to diverge from the main street, into the dingy lanes and anomalous by-ways of a great metropolis. There is also in many of us a perverse propensity to question opinions which have been sanctioned by the voice of ages, and to try the cause over again, merely because we were not present at the decision. Actuated by these motives, or whatever else the reader may choose to assign, we have groped our way through the dim obscure of Sir Richard Blackmore's *Epic Poems*. It is almost needless to say, that we have found no reason to dissent from the opinion of our predecessors in the critical chair. Yet the impression resulting is not one of contempt. It is plain indeed throughout, that the author has palpably mistaken his powers; but this error appears to proceed rather from a natural bluntness of perception, and incapability of discerning his own deficiencies, than from vanity; for there are no traces of egotism or petty conceit in his writings. He stands absolved, as a Romanist would say, on the plea of invincible ignorance. Blackmore, being himself a sincerely religious man, was strongly impressed with the close connexion between literature and morals, and with the delinquencies of his own age in this respect; he believed himself qualified to supply the defect, and accordingly put forth works without number, in history, poetry, science, theology, and polite literature, with the view of reforming the age; and we cannot doubt that his well-meant endeavours met with their due portion of success among that numerous class of readers, whose intellects, being on a level with his own, rendered them

* Dennis calls it "a philosophical poem, which has equalled that of Lucretius in the beauty of its versification, and infinitely surpassed it in the strength and beauty of its reasoning." The encomiums of Addison and Johnson are almost equally high.

The two elaborate poems of Milton and Blackmore, the which, for the dignity of them, may very well be looked upon as the two grand exemplars of poetry, do either of them exceed, and are more to be valued than all the poets, both of the Romans and the Greeks put together.—Preface to *An Essay on Pastoral Poetry*, by the Hon. EDWARD HOWARD, brother-in-law of Dryden.

fit recipients of his instructions. His prose is better than his verse. The prefaces are indeed the best part of these volumes; they contain a great deal of plain good sense, expressed in a neat though somewhat prolix style*.

Of Blackmore's genius we need say little, for it is difficult to define a negation. He has some talent for the enunciation of sentiment; his descriptions, where he does not aim at being great, are sometimes tolerably good. He pours forth his rhymed prose with inexhaustible fluency; and fertility, even where the fruit is worthless, is more satisfactory than barrenness. His style bears a considerable resemblance to that of Hoole's *Ariosto*; and, in the more elaborate parts, it is sufficiently embellished with conventional phrases to entitle it to the name of poetry, according to the critical dogmas of a former age. These works are full of political discussion ("we thought his politics extremely sound") and of religious sentiment. Blackmore, though a bad poet, was a man of practical good sense, a good citizen, and a zealous Christian.

We have not found much in these poems calculated to gratify the reader. Here and there, however, we met with a piece of sentiment or description better wrought than usual; sometimes, by mere accident, he stumbles on a happy image or a picturesque expression; and there are also some amusing

* We quote one observation for its singularity, and the remarkable manner in which it is confirmed from another quarter. It relates to the descent of *Æneas* into hell!

"Now it is most certain, that nothing shocks human nature with more violence than the real or the imagined sight of an apparition or the ghost of a deceased person, and therefore no man whilst alive can passionately desire to receive such guests or be received by them: nor can he possibly enjoy their conversation with delight and pleasure. On the contrary, such company would rather strike him with horror and amazement, make him sweat and shudder, and perhaps bereave him of his senses. And though *Æneas*, when he asks the Sibyl to assist and conduct him in his descent to hell, tells her that his father Anchises ordered him to request this favour of her, yet this saving will not do; for it is unnatural and therefore incredible that any parent in his wits should desire his son to come down alive to the infernal regions, and pass through so many scenes of terror and amazement merely to make him an unnecessary visit. No parent ever did or could require of his son to make him such an extravagant and monstrous compliment; and none but a madman can possibly comply with such a request, which offers the utmost violence to human nature and her strongest inclinations."

Compare with this Homer's account of the manner in which Ulysses received a similar communication:

Ὡς ἔφατ'· αὐτὰρ ἔμοιγε κατεκλάσθη φῶλον ἦτορ.

Κλαῖον δ' ἐν λαχίσσῃ καθήμενος, οὐδέ τι θυμὸς

ἤθελ' ἔτι ζῶντι καὶ ὄρᾳ φάος ἡλιόιο. *Od. K. 496.*

So l. 586. This is one of the many instances in which Virgil has erred by copying an incident from Homer, without retaining the accompanying circumstances which render it natural.

specimens of the bathos, which have escaped the researches of the great writer on that subject. We proceed to lay before our readers the humble product of our search.

Prince Arthur, in the poem which bears his name, is described as voyaging homeward from Neustria, to take the command of his country's forces against the Saxons. Satan descends him from afar, and hastens full of wrath to the palace of Thor, the storm-dæmon. The rapidity of his flight is illustrated by a simile:

As when the sun pours from his orb of light
A glorious deluge on the face of night,
His golden rays shot from the rosy east
Reach in a moment the remotest west,
And smiling on the mountains' heads are seen,
Th' immense expansion past that lies between.

The cave of Thor is thus described:

In close apartments round his desert court
Fierce prisoners are confin'd of different sort;
Here boundless stores and treasures infinite
Of vapours, steams, and exhalations—
Here new fledg'd winds, young yelping monsters try
Their wings, and sporting round their prisons fly:
Here whistling east-winds prove their shriller notes,
And the hoarse south-winds strain their hollow throats:
Capricious whirlwinds, of more force than sound,
In everlasting eddies turning round.— &c.

Uriel is sent down to calm the tempest, which he does in a manner certainly poetical:

He strait alights on lofty Gobeum's head,
Which wonder'd at the heaven about it shed
From the bright cherubim, who touch'd his lyre,
Fam'd for its sweetness in the heavenly quire.
Th' enchanted winds straightway their fury laid.— &c.

Arthur finds refuge and hospitality at the court of Hoel, king of Armerica, who had been previously converted by a vision to the Christian faith, and at whose request he relates the story of the creation of the world, the fall and redemption of man, and the final judgment. This recital occupies the second and third books. It is for the most part adumbrated from Milton, "whom," says Sir Richard (preface to King Arthur), "I look on as a very extraordinary genius*." One happy line occurs in the description of man's primeval innocence:

No guilt, no frown from heaven disturbs his soul,
Calm as deep rivers in still evenings roll.

* This was in 1697.

And again, in the account of the prodigies which attended the crucifixion :

Thin, pallid ghosts come sweeping over the grass,
And howling wolves glare on them as they pass.

The picture of Hell in the third book is most monotonously dismal. The following simile might have been written by Cowley after a hearty dinner :

As a tall-oak, that young and verdant stood
Above the grove, itself a nobler wood ;
His wide-extended limbs the forest drown'd,
Shading its trees, as much as they the ground ;
Young, murmuring tempests in his boughs are bred,
And gathering clouds frown round his lofty head.

So also the opiate administered by Thor to the winds in Book V. :

Then down their howling throats black tops he threw
Of poppies and cold nightshade made, that grew
On the dark banks, where Lethe's lazy deep
Does its black stores and drowsy treasure keep,
Rolls its slow flood, and rocks the nodding waves asleep.

In the same book, the shade of king Uther appearing to his son, describes the character and achievements of the future monarchs of Britain, as they pass in review before him. Virgil's panegyric of Marcellus is here adapted to Mary, the consort of William III.

In Book VI. we have a catalogue of forces, remarkable chiefly for the display of topographical knowledge. Under the names of the commanders, the leading characters of Blackmore's own time are, as usual, shadowed out. That of Sakil (Sackville earl of Dorset) introduces a stroke at the author's old enemy and assailant, Dryden. The name of Laurus was probably adopted as a set-off against the punning appellation of Maurus, by which Dryden had designated Blackmore.

To form great men his palace was the school ;
His life good breeding's and good nature's rule.

He their Mæneas, cheers the British bards,
Learns them to sing, and then their songs rewards.
So heaven to make men good, does grace bestow,
And then rewards them for their being so.
To him the needy men of wit resort,
And find a friend in an unletter'd court.
Laurus amidst the meagre crowd appear'd

This, like many other usages which are now vulgarisms, appears to have been formerly the common language.

An old, revolted, unbelieving bard,
 Who throng'd, and shov'd, and prest, and would be heard.
 Distinguish'd by his loud and craving tone,
 So well to all the Muses' patrons known,
 He did the voice of modest poets drown.
 Sakil's high roof, the Muses' palace, rung
 With endless cries, and endless songs he sung.
 To bless good Sakil, Laurds would be first,
 But Sakil's prince and Sakil's God he curs'd.
 Sakil without distinction threw his bread,
 Despis'd the flatterer, but the poet fed.

In Book VII. there is a description of a battle in the air, which is not ill executed. In the same book there is a description of Goliath, which for bombast may be fairly matched against that in the *Davidis*. We can only afford room for a slight sample:—

High in the clouds his brazen helm did show,
 Like some vast temple's gilded cupole.
 His mighty legs, that brazen boots embraced,
 Tall pillars seem'd, with Corinth metal cased.

The remainder of the poem is a tiresome medley of swords, trumpets, cries, wounds, blood, bones, and confusion.

"King Arthur" is the double of "Prince Arthur," and as like its predecessor as one cipher to another; differing only in one respect, that its subject is more immediately connected with religion, the great end and object of our worthy author's labours. Its subject is the overthrow of the tyrant and persecutor Clotaire (Louis XIV.) the elevation of the brave and pious Clovis to the throne, and the establishment of Christianity in France by the victorious arms of Arthur. The poem bears throughout a reference to the events of the time, and is full of invectives against jacobites, nonjurors, inquisitors, and such like monsters.

There is a happy couplet in the report of the Pandemonian debates in Book II.;

Th' assembly made a murmuring hollow sound,
 Like that of torrents rolling under ground.

King Arthur's constancy is described:

He in the greatest strait could ever find
 Unshaken courage, and a present mind:
 If happy or unhappy tidings came,
 His godlike temper ever was the same.
 No change of looks his inward care confess'd,
 And when he suffer'd most, he shew'd it least.
 Oft from the lowest ebb his waters came
 Back to their channel with a nobler stream.

His sick'ning orb would oft disturb the sight
 With faded glory, and expiring light:
 But would as often with a sudden blaze
 Break out, and shine with more illustrious rays:
 Oft thrust from heaven it left its starry sphere,
 Sunk down, and hung below in cloudy air;
 But the divine intelligence within
 Rais'd it as oft to its bright seat again.

The description of Arthur's crossing a river, in the sight of a hostile army, has not, we believe, found a place in the *Essay on the Bathos*.

Had those who liv'd in ancient times descried
 This warrior rising from the foaming tide,
 They would have thought that Mars himself had come,
 As well as Venus, from the water's womb.

In Book VI. we have an abstract of Satan's extramundane voyage in Milton *, which is not ill done; we quote part of it for the sake of the last line, which is really beautiful. How it came to be written by Blackmore we do not pretend to divine:—

From afar
 I did with wondrous joy descry at last
 Some streaks of light, which darted on the waste;
 Pale beams that on the face of chaos lay,
 The glimm'ring fragments of the ruin'd day.
 Mounting this way, I reach'd the lightsome sky,
 And saw the beauteous world before me lie.
 The fresh creation look'd all charming mild,
 And all the flow'ry face of nature smiled.
 To one come newly from the caves beneath,
 Thro' smoke and flame, what an ambrosial breath,
 What odours, such as heavenly zephyrs blow,
 From the sweet mouth of th' infant world did flow!

An image in the Prisoner of Chillon is here anticipated:

So thick the shade, so black the stagnant air,
 That no reviving sunbeams entered there;
 Nothing but here and there a struggling ray,
 Which lost itself in wandering from the day.

In Book VIII., Clovis, being taken prisoner by Clotaire, is condemned to a death of torture, on his resolutely refusing

* Those who are curious in such matters will find much amusement in comparing the abridgments of Milton in Dryden's *State of Innocence* with the original. Many of the passages are beautiful, and would be delightful, if they did not perpetually remind us of beauties of a very different kind; a collision always injurious, even where the original is not of a higher order of excellence, as in the present case it is.

to abjure his faith. Merula, his wife, who had apostatized from Christianity, is sent to him in prison, to dissuade him from his purpose. The whole of this part is in a higher strain than usual. We quote part of Merula's expostulation:—

What I could ever joy or pleasure call,
'Twas you I tasted, you enjoyed in all.
The spring from whence your stream of life proceeds
My veins with vital warmth and vigour feeds:
My life's dependent and precarious fire
Must quickly cease, should you its source retire,
As evening rays, forsaken, soon expire.
Defeated and defrauded of supply
Streams flow no longer, when the fountain's dry.
How sad, and hard a task it is to live,
When I must all that life endears survive!

Elsewhere Clovis says:—

Men who from heaven derive their noble birth
Cast on a foreign clime live here on earth;
When the wild natives with loud clamour chase
To woods and caves the mild and godlike race.
And should not these be willing to retreat
From such a rude inhospitable seat?
Should strangers, used so ill, and so oppress'd,
Be *courted* to their home and to their rest.

Again:—

We must without debate, without delay,
Boldly advance when conscience leads the way:
Obedience only can our peace secure;
No mind is easy long, that is not pure,

There is one happy couplet in the ninth book. The prayers of penitence are styled:

———— The only giants that assail
The throne of heaven, and in the end prevail.

Some of our readers may, perhaps, be interested in the fate of a Frank dandy of the age of Clovis.

Next Boser, sprung from Solon's noble blood,
In splendid armour on the rampart stood.
His stature graceful, courtly was his air,
And costly oils perfumed his limbs and hair.
He by the dames was with applauses crown'd,
Of all the dancing nation most renown'd.
He came, as if he did expect to fall,
Embalm'd beforehand for his funeral.
When Cutar saw him in the ranks appear,
With great disdain he threw his massy spear,

Which thro' his coat of mail and crimson vest
 His bosom pierc'd, and lodg'd within his breast.
 The fragrant warrior felt the fatal wound,
 Fell on the rampart and perfum'd the ground.

Thus much for "King Arthur." The last in the list (for with "Eliza" we are not acquainted) is "Alfred." This great prince has met with peculiarly hard measure from the poets of his country, having been (like Virgil's king Herilus) thrice murdered, first by Blackmore, secondly by Pye, and last of all by Cottle. Even dulness is infinitely divisible; and of the three performances above-mentioned, Pye's is decidedly the worst, though in other respects it has the advantage of them, being shorter and more elaborate. In Cottle's we believe, (for we have never read it) there is something like poetry. That of Blackmore's, now before us, is a philosophical epic, on the model of *Telemaque*. Alfred is sent by his father Atulpho (Ethelwolf) to study the laws and institutions of foreign countries, for the benefit of his own. He is cast by a storm on the coast of Tunis, where he finds a virtuous and happy people, a well tempered monarchy, a wise and paternal sovereign, arts and sciences flourishing, &c. He traverses several other countries, meets with a variety of adventures, and returns in the twelfth book to conquer the Danes. We have found little here for quotation, but detached lines. The following conceit is at least original:—

They pass the mountains, that aspire so high
 Their heads grow blue by mingling with the sky.

Blackmore's battles, like Homer's, are varied with occasional family-pieces of the combatants. He makes mention of one,

Who, though a patriot, was the Court's delight:
 And of another, who——

—— long impelled by a haughty wife,
 To 'scape the torments of domestic strife,
 Fearless expos'd to nobler war his life:
 By mortal wounds now did the warrior bleed,
 By worthy combat from inglorious freed.

Blackmore was a great traveller, and a very tolerable guide-book to many of the most interesting places of Europe might be compiled from this poem. The following speaks of *Cheapside*: He is speaking of *Lisbon*——

Whose gilded domes and spires that glittering rise
 With double glory reimburse the skies.

The next is happier, on the *Pyrenees*——

Their peaks survey the meteor-fields below,
 And white in sultry heavens wear unrelenting snow.

Again, describing an immeasurable plain——

—— No rising lands confine the eye,
Lost in transparent gulfs of endless sky.

The following etymology of Cornwall is new to us :

Here oft the land *uncommon freedom takes*,
And to the main excursions frequent makes,
While rocky points protended wedge their way,
And oft extruded promontories stay
The rushing bellows this and that way tost,
Whence the unequal, rough, indented coast
A kind of hornwork seems by nature framed,
Whence the whole region is Cornubia named.

The description of night, which seems to have been intended in emulation of that in the Indian emperor, is remarkable for the confusion of several styles within the compass of a few lines :—

'Twas night, the image of the court of death ;
Waves ceas'd to rage, and winds had spent their breath ;
Tired swains relieve their day's by nightly sweat,
And hounds their chases in their dreams repeat ;
The groves and garden-trees cold dew-drops weep,
And flowers in native silks enfolded sleep ;
The sparkling stars in azure turrets shine——

And now, having called the shade of Sir Richard Blackmore from his repose of a century, for the edification of our readers, we dismiss him again to his peaceful abode, the elysium of the well-meaning.

E. H.

THE ENGLISH CONSTITUTION.

IF in simple theory a nation may be conceived to be so happily circumstanced, that the ordinary causes of political division were eradicated, and the respective claims of every constituent member of the state were willingly, solemnly, and interchangeably sanctioned and satisfied ; it should seem, with the reasonable allowances for reducing speculation into practice, that such a nation is England. The mysteries of government have been revealed ; the dark speech and the hard sayings of old have been expounded ; the ambiguous passages have been translated into the vulgar tongue. The rights which

in other countries, and in past and present times, have been and are evaded, or withholden, or crushed, or denied, are here known and relied upon even by children. The forms of the constitution are work for antiquaries, the spirit is beyond the reach of tradition. But neither the one nor the other have been left to the uncertainty of research, or the caprice of passion; they have with all imaginable solemnity been enacted into a law. This law is couched in plain words; it is at once concise and explicit; it is not suspended out of reach; it is so close, so fixed, and so bright, that those who run may read it.

These are advantages which no man can prove to have existed elsewhere; indeed the direct contrary may be easily demonstrated. Where shall we seek them? At Athens—where neither life, liberty, or property were regularly secure for a single hour against the stimulated furies of a merciless democracy? Or at Rome—where the superior virtue of individuals could never cure the radical disease of the constitution; where the expulsion of one king produced two with equal power, and invested with more than equal terrors; where secession was the resort against slavery, and official bullies the remedy against oppression; where the mutual rights of senate and people were never adjusted, never acknowledged; where there was an everlasting alternation between patrician and plebeian despotism; where lastly, and it is a fact deserving profound attention, the wisest and the freest nation then existing could devise no better medicine for the complicated ills of oppressed liberty and insulted law, than from time to time to annihilate all liberties and all laws, and through fear of tyranny to create one irresistible tyrant, upon whose slightest word the lives, the honours, and the possessions of every citizen depended without trial, review, or appeal?

The nations on the continent of Europe which rose into consistence upon the ruins of the Roman Empire, were indeed freeborn; they inherited, as we did, the right to northern independence, but they could not preserve it in a southern latitude. In France, the spirit of individual liberty scarcely outlived the first transplanting; it died even under Clovis. The Champs de Mars or de Mai were idle pageants; the people, the Frank soldiers of fortune, those who divided the spoils with a blow of their own battle-axes, became mercenary hirelings or abject slaves. “Ils (the French) laissèrent passer aux hauts magistrats, les ducs, les comtes, et les vicaires, le droit de la nation entière; de sorte que le commune n’eut d’autres fonctions dans les assemblées réelles, que d’y paraître pour les acclamations, que l’usage rendoit neces-

saires*." And again:—"Jamais nation n'honora tant la noblesse que celle là; car non seulement elle étoit exempte de toute sorte d'impôts, et corvées, mais commandoit à baguette à ses inférieurs, sur lesquels elle avoit presque droit de servitude†."

In Italy, the seed, though it seemed to fall into less favourable soil, did yet live longer; but even there within no great distance of time infinite division and sub-division did the work of wholesale oppression, and the fruits produced with difficulty were so dwarfish in size and so insignificant in number, that nothing but their singularity could have made them worth the trouble of collecting. Moreover, while torrents of blood were shed in an assassin-like warfare between petty neighbouring states to maintain or destroy their national, or properly their civic independence, the freedom of individuals was left obnoxious to the storms of faction; and at the very time the republics were in their most palmy and flourishing condition, it was then precisely that more than three-fourths of their citizens were absolute slaves. Let every page of the panegyrical histories of Venice and Florence attest this.

In Spain indeed, though the early history of the invading Goths is involved in great obscurity, the duration of the constitution, of which they must at least have laid the foundations, was long, and its consequences glorious and salutary. The Moorish dominion polished the manners of the people, without extinguishing their recollections of their ancient freedom. Upon the expulsion of the Mahometans from Castile, the old spirit revived, and the rights of individuals as well as of societies were acknowledged and acted upon by unanimous consent. The Cortes of those times is the closest imitation of an English Parliament that the continent of Europe ever saw. It consisted of peers, spiritual and temporal, and of the procurators of the commons. They enjoyed immunity of arrest, and an absolute freedom of speech. The laws against corruption and intimidation were numerous and express; the purity of election was zealously maintained; the exclusive right of imposing taxes was vested in this assembly; and it was a received maxim that the redress of grievances ought to precede the giving of supplies.

That this did not last as it should have lasted; that a fabric built for a thousand years was forgotten by all except antiquaries and ministers of state in less than a third of that time; that one of the most enlightened, the most virtuous, and therefore chiefly the freest nations in the world became, and is with

* Boulainvilliers.

† Mezerai.

a trifling exception, the most benighted, the most profligate, and the most abject people in existence—this dreadful change is not owing to chance, to fortune, to any of the fantastic abstractions of materialism ; but it is the effect of a moral cause of everlasting agency ; the essence of which is, that corruption of private manners is the sure and certain destruction of public virtue, and that liberty, which is at once the child and the guardian of popular integrity, must languish and expire, when the source of its being is polluted, and the necessary scope for its action rendered impracticable. Faction may maintain the appearance of freedom when the substance is gone ; but even this can be for a season only ; the very shadow, the mere phantom of constitutional liberty is too heavy to be long sustained by so fragile and fugitive a support. The Spaniards of the day, that is, one in a thousand of them, may catch a glimpse of the depth of their own degradation, but it will be in vain ; they may excite insurrection, but it will be insurrection only ; they may declaim about liberty, but their liberty will be declamation only. Spain cannot be free at present ; she is bound hand and foot with chains heavier than Louis can afford to lend, or his cousin Ferdinand venture to impose.

*The Sensual and the Dark rebel in vain,
Slaves by their own compulsion.—*

If Spain wish to be free, let her first effort be to throw off the fetters which she has forged for herself ; let her dash to the ground the cup of blindness and persecution with which she has been so long intoxicated ; let her affect truth, and cease to love darkness better than light ;—let her do this ; let her even endeavour to do this, and, as sure as virtue is in itself more powerful than vice, Spain may break the withs of Kings and Inquisitors as a thread of tow is broken when it toucheth the fire !

In vain, therefore, do we search the early history of Europe for a parallel to the case of England, (for the instance of Spain comes not up to that ;) and doubly in vain do we cast a melancholy and curious glance upon the present state of the nations around us, to find even an honest imitation of it. The French Charter, no doubt, was an actual blessing to France, inasmuch as it gave a form of constitution where there was none before ; but an Englishman must consider it vicious in its very conception, as many will be of opinion that it is little else than a mockery, if it be not rather an insult, in its prevalent interpretation and present practice. If a King ordains liberty, and it is thereby ordained, this is not liberty ; because it is manifest that liberty being in this case a gift at best, if not a command, he who was competent to give the gift, was

also competent to refuse it. If he might refuse the thing in toto, he certainly may give in part only, and may couch the donation in what terms he pleases ; but that part of a man's own property which he does not alien remains his own property as before. Now suppose the French people the donees in this voluntary deed of gift, not content with their present situation, were to exceed the measure of liberty granted to them by the Charter, and to assume the exercise of a power not granted to them by the Charter, it is clear from the premises, that they would, in such case, appropriate to themselves *that which was not their own* ; and they would be to all intents and purposes thieves or robbers, accordingly as they either stole the goods in question, or seized them by open violence. But it is a plain rule of universal law, that in every gift accompanied with a condition, if the donee after acceptance refuse compliance, he shall be taken to have renounced such gift ; a forfeiture ensues, and the donor may resume what has become his own again. The direct consequence is, that if the French nation transgress the limitations of the Charter, they forfeit every thing secured to them by the Charter ; and then they will be left without any recognised rights, because they have themselves tacitly confessed that the ultimate reversion and right to every thing is in their King.

It may be said that this is drawn out too finely, and that for all practical purposes the Charter is the same, whatever may be the origin and the foundation of its validity. The answer is, that what is objected may be true in a given sense, and so long as certain collateral circumstances exist, the provisions of the Charter may be allowed to operate in their present way ; but it requires no gift of prophecy to pronounce with confidence, that if it should so happen, in course of time, that the liberties of France shall have no other safeguard *but the words of the Charter itself*, this very Charter may easily become first the instrument and then the pretence of abolishing those liberties by the roots.

The Commons of England knew this ; their representatives in 1688-9, the wisest and the boldest men that ever had the destinies of a nation confided to their care, acted upon it ; they had indeed no intention or occasion of re-constructing the constitution, or of asserting new rights and privileges. They denied, as they had good reason to do, that there was any cause to accuse them of innovation ; they declared their sole business was to secure their property, and to cut off all pretences for the future of disputing about its limits. The property itself was too rich and too extensive to admit of any additions to it. They pursued a plain and open path ; they wrote down upon parchment the cardinal points of civil and

political liberty, which had been recently controverted, or evaded, or denied. They presented this writing to the person whom they had chosen to be their chief magistrate, in the room of one who had betrayed his trust; and after reading it to him, they told him, that they did claim, demand, and insist upon all and singular the premises, as their undoubted Rights and Liberties; and that no declarations, judgments, doings, or proceedings, to the prejudice of the people in any of the said premises, were to be drawn thereafter into consequence or example.

The prince of Orange gave nothing, granted nothing, ordained nothing; he had indeed nothing to give or to grant, and was wholly without power to ordain. He engaged to perform a trust. It must be manifest on the slightest consideration, that the convention of 1688-9 never supposed the articles of their declaration depended for their validity on William's consent; because no man, or body of men, can, without absurdity, claim, demand, and insist upon that which after all must come to them from the favour and good-will of a third person. The very title of the paper negatives any such notion; for no right, accurately speaking, can be precarious. The essence of the thing implies the exact contrary. Men do not usually demand a favour, or insist upon a courtesy; much less do they assert, at the same time, that the favour and the courtesy are their undoubted rights and privileges.

It is not within the limited compass of this slight essay to enter into a detailed deduction of facts, to show that the Bill of Rights is simply declaratory of the old law of England. There is no necessity for deep reading or profound research to prove this as clearly as any other given historical event. Any account, even Hume's, may demonstrate this truth to the conviction of an impartial mind. But it is very important for the right apprehension of English history, to bear constantly and clearly in view the essential difference between constitution and government. It is the wilful or the ignorant confounding of these two words which has caused and cherished the interminable disputes, and the passionate wranglings, which disgrace the pages of so many of our valuable writers. If certain of these persons, instead of filling whole volumes with an exaggerated display of the despotic actions of William the Conqueror and his sons, would but have condescended to advert for a moment to the obvious distinction in question, it is probable they might have avoided for themselves much heat and labour, and saved their judicious readers a disgust and vexation which the real worth of other parts of their works can scarcely be said to compensate.

The Constitution of this country, British, Saxon, Danish, Norman, and English, has been, with the exception of the period of provincial dependence on Rome, ever essentially free ;—the administration of Government has often been despotic. Mr. Hume could not reconcile these two positions, and therefore, beginning his history with a Stuart reign, he concluded the former to be false and unfounded. According to him the Crown is not only the fountain of honour, but the source of power also ; therefore all our laws and all our liberties are extortions upon the prerogative. It is idle, says he, to look beyond the Revolution of 1688 for any thing like a free constitution in this country ; faction or tyranny will alone be met with, and the existence of either disproves the reality of freedom. The actions of James II. are cited as a proof.

It is not the intention here to speak harshly of this writer, though it is difficult to point out the man who, either politically or morally, has sinned more grievously against the truth. But it is very wonderful that a mind so sagacious as Hume's should be misled by an improper application of phrases in history, which it may be affirmed were every day rightly distinguished by himself with respect to other and contemporary affairs. To an ordinary understanding it seems an easy thing to conceive, that in a contract between two or more parties the unlawful violation of its terms by one party could never destroy the rights of the others ; because it is a fact that in nine agreements out of ten all over the world, the terms are not strictly observed by all the contractors. And if it should be said that in every such case the agreement was void, and the innocent party had lost his rights, it amounts to saying neither more nor less than this, that a successful thief becomes an honest owner, and that every man may take advantage of his own wrong. Surely there is no inconsistency in pronouncing a constitution free, and yet admitting, at the same time, that the rights and privileges of its component members had been often respectively violated ; because the freedom of a constitution does not consist in its being *impossible* to invade the rights guaranteed by it, (for *that* is clearly beyond any human power,) but in this, that it *does* give rights, and therefore consequently a right to defend those rights, and, if they should be usurped, points out the means of recovering them. A nation that lives under a constitution of this sort is a free nation in the eye of reason, even at the very time that the exercise of many of its dearest privileges may be withholden from it by the arm of violence. Therefore it was, that the English convention declared that James had *endeavoured* to subvert and extirpate the laws and liberties of this kingdom,

although they immediately add a detailed enumeration of instances in which he had actually subverted and extirpated the rights, that is, the exercise of the rights of half the nation. They meant it to be understood that a constitutional right was, in a certain sense, indestructible; and that the application of force could only displace, but could never extinguish it. They went farther; they declared the laws and liberties of England to be their *undoubted* rights and privileges; James had, indeed, doubted and denied many of them, but the constitution never had doubted them, nor could doubt them; and the scepticism of one of its members could, in no manner, affect the faith of the other two.

It is to be observed, that Mr. Hume does not touch the question of the primary origin of power in the abstract; upon that head it is believed he is uniformly reserved, and consequently he is free from the still heavier crime, and still greater absurdity, of advocating the *jure divino* system.

He confines himself to the question *de facto*; he does not say that the English nation ought not to have been free, but he maintains, that in point of fact, they were not so. Therefore, when it was remarked above, that Mr. Hume considered the Crown the source of power, it was not meant to impute to him the opinion that the Crown had a *right* to be the source of power, but simply that, as a matter of historical certainty, the Crown actually did possess all the power of the state in the beginning; and that consequently all those rights and powers, which the English people now enjoy, must be so many usurpations of the regal prerogative. This is quite enough for any man to have to answer for, without accumulating upon his head the charge of propagating another opinion, which is a desperate and inextinguishable crime against the freedom and dignity of human nature itself.

It cannot be wished by any reasonable man, that this question *de jure divino* should be argued again; indeed, it is to be hoped that it is wholly unnecessary. An ordinary share of unprejudiced common sense will afford an answer to any of the known positions; and in matter of authority, if authority be sought, it is likely that with most persons, even the ingenuity of Bacon, the genius of Taylor, or the piety of Sanderson, will avail nothing against the conclusion of the venerable, the judicious, and perhaps the unerring Hooker. When it shall be proved that there is falsehood in the maxim, that to live by one man's will must become all men's misery*, it will be time enough to re-commence the question of right upon other grounds, and to seek to fortify it by other authorities.

* Hooker.

It is a favourite point with Hale and Blackstone, that William the Norman did not conquer England in the ordinary signification of that word; they say, the vulgar notion originated in an ignorance of the peculiar force of a feudal term; and they conclude that the utmost that can be proved is, that he wrested the Crown from Harold by force, but that he neither pretended, nor in fact ever did effect, a conquest of the nation itself. Now there can be no doubt that the feudists meant no more by the word "Conquestor," than the first purchaser of a feudal inheritance; and that they distinguished as accurately and strongly between that word and "Victor," as we should now do between "Acquisition" and "Conquest." Therefore, if the mistake of William's title be the only ground for asserting a literal conquest, without question Hale and Blackstone are in the right. But with profound veneration for the authority of these two great and learned men, it is conceived that it is sufficiently clear from an attentive perusal of Malmsbury and Matthew Paris, that although William may have been "*electus in regem*" at London, may have taken the coronation oath of the Saxon kings, "That he would protect the church and its ministers; that he would govern the nation with equity; that he would enact just laws, and cause them to be strictly observed; and that he would forbid all rapines and unjust judgments;" though it be true that he openly promised *quod se modeste erga subjectos ageret, et æquo jure Anglos quo Francos tractaret**:—yet, that it is no less certain, that his whole reign, with a few intervals, was a period of terror and persecution to the English; that he perspered the ordinary courts of justice; that he levied money without the consent of any national assembly; that he introduced the forest laws; and that he even did his utmost to abolish the use of the English language itself. It is true, he never openly asserted a right of conquest, but, on the contrary, did many acts wholly inconsistent with any claim of that sort. He relied much on a will of Edward in his favour; and it should be remembered, that so far as hereditary right was concerned, the undoubted title of Edgar Atheling was not more set aside by William than it had previously been by Harold.

The anxiety of Hale and Blackstone was stimulated by an apprehension of consequences hostile to the freedom of the Constitution, and an anxiety so caused deserves praise, even when it is proved to be groundless. But what at the worst does the most partial narrative of the reigns of William and his successor amount to but this,—that the liberties of the

* Malmsbury.

nation were overborne and trampled upon during so many years? Does it prove that those liberties were not known, not in existence? So far from it, that the notorious claims and the incessant attempts of the English were the professed grounds and causes of the tyrannical conduct of those two kings. Let it be admitted, that William ruled in an arbitrary manner: is Hume's assertion, that the English had no constitution proved thereby? Do not the indisputable facts of the history demonstrate the very reverse? The duke swearing the oath, and assuming the obligations of an English king—accepting the crown from an English prelate—recognising at intervals the rights of the English—translating the English laws—persuading, in a popular assembly of English, the adoption of Norman feudalism—and, more than all the rest, the English themselves taking arms almost every year to recover their laws and liberties by open force! It is true, the first Norman barons, apprehensive of the attempts of the English, kept themselves for the most part distinct from the people, and made common cause with the king against the insurgents. But William Rufus so equally oppressed his subjects of both nations, that he paved the way for a coalition between them, which it was his interest, as a despotic prince, of all things to have avoided. In thirty-four years time, from the battle of Hastings, the king, a son of the Conqueror himself, found it necessary to assume the character of a constitutional sovereign; mere despotism had become unsafe; the Normans would no longer be played off against the English, but with English lands began to demand the English liberties. Henry I. a wise prince, saw and yielded to the times; he even went before them, and published a charter at his coronation, in which he laments the *males consuetudines*, the *injustas exactiones* with which the nation had been oppressed in the reign of his brother; he specifies divers of the particular grievances, and remedies them; and concludes, “*Pacem firmam pono in toto regno meo, et teneri amodo præcipio. Lagam regis Edwardi vobis reddo cum illis emendationibus, quibus pater meus eam emendavit consilio baronum suorum*.” Stephen, in his charter says, “*Omnes exactiones funditus extirpo. Bonas leges et antiquas et justas consuetudines observabo et observari præcipio*†.” Henry II. did the same. Richard I. swore as much; and John, his brother, in the 16th year of his reign, swore and subscribed to more!

It is common to say that Magna Charta is the basis of the English liberties; a very explicit declaration of them it certainly is, but as to its being the foundation, even the cursory

* Mat. Paris.

† Malmesbury.

remarks immediately preceding most amply refute any such notion. The charter of John is an energetic paraphrase of the charter of Henry I., and the charter of Henry I. establishes nothing new, but restores to the people ("*redditi*") the enjoyment of the old laws and liberties of the Saxons. This is no modern refinement—no new doctrine; our remote ancestors understood this thoroughly, and told their kings so too upon all proper occasions. At the coronation of Edward II. the Bishop of Winchester said to the king—

"Sir, will you keep and confirm by your oath to the people of England the laws established by the pious kings your predecessors, and particularly the laws, customs, liberties, granted to the clergy and people by the glorious St. Edward, your predecessor?"

King. "I will, and promise it."

Bishop. "Will you promise to keep, and cause to be kept, the laws and statutes, that the community of your kingdom shall judge fit to enact, and will you defend and protect them to the utmost of your power?"

King. "I do promise it*."

The remark of the excellent Rapin upon the terms of this oath is just and pertinent to the present point. "It manifestly appears," says he, "by this oath, that, far from supposing the Great Charter to be the original title of the privileges granted by King John to the people of England, it was considered only as a confirmation of the ancient liberties of the nation. Upon this supposition Edward II. was made to swear, he would observe the laws of St. Edward, which were no other than those of the Anglo-Saxons, lest, by causing him to swear to keep the Great Charter, there might be room to imagine the privileges of the people were founded on the concessions of the kings†."

This coronation-oath was no vain ceremony, no popular pageant, to amuse the by-standers with an appearance of liberty; this very king was the first, though not the last, to experience that its obligations were expected to be fulfilled. The parliament, in the 20th year of his reign, exhibited articles against Edward, and in the Vth and VIth it is thus written;—

V. "Also, whereas he (the king) was bound by his oath to do right to all; he would not do it, for his own profit, and the covetousness of him and his evil counsellors which were with him; neither regarded the other points of the oath which he made at his coronation, as he was obliged.

VI. Also, he abandoned his realm, as much as he could to

* *Acta Publica* III.

† Tyndal's *Rapin*. *Lib. ix. Ed. II.*

destroy it and his people; and what is worse, by his cruelty and the default of his person, he is found incorrigible; without hopes of amendment. All which things are so notorious they cannot be gainsaid*.”

Before the end of the same century, a great-grandson of this Edward, following his example, met with a similar fate. In the 22d year of the reign of Richard II., the Parliament ordered articles of accusation against the king to be drawn up, to serve for reasons of his deposition, to which they intended to proceed. The XVIIth was as follows:—

XVII. “That whereas laws made in Parliament do always bind, until revoked by another Parliament, yet the same king, desiring to enjoy such liberty as no laws might bind him, and to do what he pleased, he cunningly procured such a petition, on behalf of the community of his kingdom, to be exhibited in Parliament, and to be granted, That he might be as free as any of his progenitors before him. By colour of which petition and grant, he often commanded, and caused many things to be done contrary to the laws not revoked, doing expressly and knowingly against the oath taken at his coronation†.”

It is not necessary to pursue this any further. Long before the reign of Richard II. the forms of the English constitution were settled, and the legal liberties of the nation were substantially such as are enjoyed by us at this present day. Great has been the revolution of property, and great the consequent transition or diffusion of power; numerous have been the improvements in particulars; infinite the bulwarks raised against oppression; and pure and illustrious the splendour, which an extensive commerce, a liberal love of the arts and sciences, and more than all the rest, which a reformed religion has shed upon this favoured island. But the vivacious and prolific spirit of liberty was before all these; it warmed the soil, and inspired the air; it moved in the deeds of the Saxons; it breathed in their Witten-agemots; it had its being in their commonest laws; it groaned under, and struggled with, and fought, and conquered the Norman sceptre; it converted all things into its own nature by a divine power of assimilation; it changed tyrants into kings, edicts into laws, and barons and vassals into lords and commons! Let no Englishman be ashamed of its birth, though the dwellers in forests watched over its cradle; let a thought of the obscure seed be mingled in the contemplation of the beauties of the consummate flower! Let the antiquarian gaze for ever up-

* Walsingham.

† X. Scriptor. Coll. 2743.

wards or downwards through the gloom of recorded history for its cause; never shall he know, until he believes, that the possession of freedom is the necessity of nature, and the cravings of man are the gifts of God!

Οὐ γάρ τι νῦν τε κἀχθές, ἀλλ' αἰεί ποτε
Ζῇ ταῦτα, κοῦδεῖς οἶδεν ἐξ ὅτου 'φάνη.

A century of Stuarts, indeed, created a host of factious and ignorant prejudices, which made the work of the revolution in 1688 more difficult and questionable, than it could have been at any earlier period of our history. From Henry VII. to Elizabeth, the executive power had acted with a high hand; but upon no occasion had any prince of the house of Tudor affected or dared to dispense with the forms and the maxims of the constitution. Henry VIII. did what he did by Act of Parliament; and his glorious daughter, who surmounted unprecedented obstacles, unravelled endless intricacies, built up Protestantism at home and abroad, and shook Spain almost to pieces, gave back to the nation money which the Parliament had given to her, and depended for her safety against Jesuits and assassins upon nothing except the love, and the pride, and the watchfulness of her people. She died, leaving her kingdom in peace and wealth, and bequeathing a name which made England formidable to the remotest corner of the earth:

Magnum et venerabile nomen
Gentibus, et multum nostræ quod proderat urbi!

With the accession of James Stuart to the throne of this nation, the true æra of imbecility and despotism commenced. No prince had ever assumed the government under more favourable circumstances; the path of foreign and internal policy was ready chalked out for him by a master's hand; experience had proved it to be the true one; the cloud of dangers and difficulties which frowned upon the youth of his female predecessor was almost dissipated; things were in that train, that obstacles which Elizabeth and Burleigh could hardly conquer, might have been removed with ease even by James and Buckingham. The steps of folly, and treachery, and cowardice, and infamy, by which this king descended to that depth of national degradation, that the Dutch fishing-smacks refused to strike to an English man-of-war in our own seas—this is not exactly to the present purpose, though it may be referred to the same source: but the introduction of despotism *jure divino*; the inculcation of civil slavery under the impious pretence of religious obedience; and the creation of a court-faction upon principles unknown, except to be con-

demned, by the constitution. This, which was the work of James alone, demands the deepest attention, and ought to be remembered for ever!

James died contemptible to friends and foes; but the evil that he did lived after him. Charles I. was a better man in some respects than his father; but possessed, unfortunately, with just that spirit of pride and obstinacy, which could scarcely fail to lead him on to that desperate consummation of folly which he at length reached. He persisted in mistaking a court-faction for a national party; he outwent all former precedents, even of his father's reign, and publicly declared his intention of ruling without Parliaments, because the Parliaments he called refused to betray their country. He succeeded in this plan for eleven years; and, if Laud and Strafford had not been his friends, he might, perhaps, have continued it longer. But the intemperance of the one, and the tyranny of the other, frustrated this hopeful project; various views, various hopes, and various necessities at length once more compelled the summoning of a Parliament in 1640; the conduct of which is a deep theme of painful meditation, and which ought to be a high and mighty document to be remembered for ever by kings, and churchmen, and people!

A better cause than that of the Parliament, at its commencement, there could not be; profounder heads and braver hearts to maintain it were not wanted. It was literally the cause of the whole nation constitutionally argued against the king as an individual, and a coterie of courtiers and chaplains. At the first Session of the House of Commons, there was not a single voice raised even in palliation of the misdemeanours of the executive government; the representatives of the people were as one man. Some of those who afterwards lost their lives for Charles were amongst the most distinguished speakers and movers, in laying open the accumulated grievances of the kingdom: Lord Digby's speech is upon record. Nothing ever exceeded—once only has a Parliament equalled—the gravity and deliberation of the two Houses in their early proceedings. Grievance after grievance, abuse after abuse, fell with a touch: the maxims of the constitution were vindicated from absurd glosses, and liberticides in church and state were exposed and punished.—Why did a morning so bright and clear end in an evening of storm and tempest?—Why did a King and Parliament, professing patriotism, deluge their country with civil blood, and hack and mutilate the constitution, which they mutually swore they were defending, till it fell lifeless and prostrate at the feet of a military usurper?

A great question opens before us, but our limits imperiously bid us conclude; at another time this subject may perhaps be pursued. It is, in its nature, copious, and cannot be dispatched in a sentence without injustice. The lapse of nearly two centuries should suggest the necessity of caution, and a close examination of evidence; for of all the temptations which beset the path of a writer, or reader of history, there is none so constant and so insidious as the passion of imputing motives, where we happen from other reasons to dislike the conduct of the parties. We grieve, indeed, that the Parliament should have done any thing which could drive from its councils the gifted Digby, the virtuous Falkland, the immortal Clarendon; but shall we, therefore, immediately condemn those who remained? Essex and Brook, Pym and Vane, Selden and Hampden,—that ‘monarch of letters,’ and that superior pattern of an English gentleman? If names can justify a cause, these should seem enough for a worse one than that of the Parliament. It is a suspicious sign of the present times, of the want of true old English feeling, and the prevalence of a vague cosmopolitan philanthropy so very conspicuous in many of our most eminent men, that the great worthies of our history are so seldom mentioned, so slightly treated; whilst any bloody ruffian of Fructidor or Vendemiaire is upheld as a champion of liberty, or a martyr for truth. Yet no cause should be judged merely by its advocates; for it may easily happen that the cause may be better than the defender, or the defenders blameless, though their cause were founded in error.

J. H.

LA BELLE TRYAMOUR.

CANTO III.

"Who art thou, pretty one, that usurp'st the place
Of Blanch, the Lady with the peerless grace?"—LAMB.

I.

ARE you a poet, reader?—if you are,
And under twenty, be advised by me;—
Give up the trade in time—you'd better far
Endure disgrace, chains, exile, poverty;—
You'd better die at once, than live to mar
This world's best hopes, in thankless slavery
Grinding your soul, that, ere your bones are rotten,
You may be mock'd, belied, reviled, forgotten.

II.

You'd better turn cosmopolite—or pandar—
Pick pockets—keep a brothel—write John Bull—
Furnish the Morning Chronicle with slander—
Sell heart and head to earn a belly-full—
Sink deeper, if you can, than Lord Leander—
Be any thing that's base, or mean, or dull—
You'd better do all these things—ay, or worse,
Than serve your full apprenticeship to verse.

III.

Why I give this advice is not the question;
Perhaps I've private reasons—never mind;
I charge you nothing for my bare suggestion,
And though my words are coarse, my meaning's kind;—
Perhaps I'm rather hipp'd from indigestion,
Which proves, at least, that (though a bard) I've dined—
But to return—do any thing you will
But dream of reaching the Castalian rill.

IV.

That is, unless you've blood, and wind, and mettle,
 And constant training, and five feeds a day—
 "Books, leisure, perfect freedom," and can settle
 In rhyme as a profession :—I dare say,
 On terms like these, a bard of proper metal
 May snap his fingers at the dense array
 Of stupid heads, cold hearts, and adverse fortune,
 Which mostly make the poet's life a short one.

V.

Go—if you can ; for poesy's sweet sake
 Renounce all social comforts ;—live and die,
 A lone enthusiast, near some northern lake,
 With your thick-coming thoughts for company ;
 And if contempt and slander fail to break
 Your heart—e'en earn your immortality :
 But then the hope of posthumous renown
 Is all you'll have to wash life's bitters down.

VI.

Make up your mind to be traduced—to quarrel
 With your best friends—to be misunderstood—
 Pronounced unfeeling, and of course "immoral,"
 Because you've felt more deeply than you should—
 Bear this—and more—and you may wear the laurel ;
 And may it do you, for your pains, much good.—
 No doubt true fame's an ample compensation
 For a life's anguish and a soul's prostration.

VII.

Only don't *half and half it*—be a poet
 Complete, or not at all—the Muse is chary
 To mortals of her love, and won't bestow it
 On wooers scarce lukewarm, or prone to vary ;
 If you've another hobby, you must throw it
 Away—in this she's downright arbitrary ;
 And if to her you *must* devote your heart,
 Devote it whole—she won't accept a part.

VIII.

For my part, I can't do it, and I couldn't
Were I ten poets—neither heart nor head
Have I to make a true Parnassian student,
For I must be loved, petted, praised, well-fed,
Or else—good night; without these aids, I shouldn't
Write verses fit to be review'd or read;
And, therefore, I'm determined to retire
Before the public ceases to admire.

IX.

This is of small importance; but I know
Some *real* poets, whom I grieve to see
Wasting, alas! their fancy's summer glow
In cold half-courtship of Calliope.
O! for some less asthmatic lungs to blow
A trumpet to their slumbering vanity,
And make them feel (the blockheads) that they're doing
Precisely what must cause their utter ruin.

X.

Up! W*****!—where the deuce have you been dozing
These six years? Is your Muse effete, or dead,
That you persist in idling, punning, prosing,
Spinning fine cobwebs from your heart and head,
And miscellaneous monthly trash composing
For journals never fated to be read?
For shame—for shame,—if you'd preserve your credit,
Make haste and use some nobler means to spread it.

XI.

The world imagines, (but the world's an ass)
That I, not you, am Mr. Knight's Apollo;
The fame of Tristram doth your fame surpass,
The Troubadour beats poor Gustavus hollow.
You'll hardly save your distance,—though, alas!
'Tis you who ought to lead, and we to follow,—
We're clever fellows, (and, I think, we've shown it,)
But far from first-rate *poets*,—I must own it.

XII.

But *you*—you must be perfectly aware
 That you've been long neglecting sacred powers,
 And playing tricks with genius rich and rare,
 In its true worth as far transcending ours
 As the best China the worst crockery-ware.
 Now, by Parnassus, and its laurel bowers,
 Could I but *half* your inspiration borrow,
 I'd try my hand at *Æschylus* * to-morrow.

XIII.

I've done—now where's Sir Lanval? who's the bore—
 Plague—torment—burthen—bane of my existence;
 A tertian fever, a perpetual sore,
 A fool who can't be taught to keep his distance,
 But raps, most importunately, at my door
 Ten times a day, to ask for my assistance,
 (Such at it is) to serve his private ends,
 When I'm for chatting with my public friends.

XIV.

The puppy!—It was I that got him knighted,
 Ruin'd him—found a mistress for him—fill'd her
 With love too great to bear—and when he slighted
 That love, against my inclination, kill'd her.
 All this I did—and thus am I requited;
 I can't lie down in peace, but must bewilder
 My bashful muse in an affaire de cœur
 Between his knightship and queen Tryamour.

XV.

Reader—I hope you've read the Fairy Queen—
 If not, don't stop to ask me why or wherefore,
 But shut at once this peerless magazine,
 Though it should be the only book you care for,
 And not to be resign'd without chagrin—
 The fact is that I'm press'd for time, and, therefore,
 Must e'en refer you, without more apology,
 To the said poem for my own mythology.

* See a translation from the *Persæ* in the last number
 of this Magazine.

XVI.

I can't point out the very place, nor will I
At threading Spenser's mazes try my skill ;
As if a man should walk from Piccadilly,
To find a sovereign dropt on Ludgate-Hill ;
Which project would, at best, be worse than silly ;
But if you've time which you're inclined to kill,
Read the whole poem, my dear Sir, and I'll
Engage you'll find it fully worth your while.

XVII.

Well, but suppose you won't,—which I dare say
Is not unlikely ; for what soul will pore
On bards like Spenser at this time of day,
When Clare's alive, and Rogers, and Tom Moore ?
Why then I must, as briefly as I may,
Concenter all I knew of fairy lore
In a few stanzas, just to let you see
My heroine's noble birth and pedigree.

XVIII.

Once on a time there lived a certain man,
By name Prometheus, who was shrewd and clever,—
Indeed, so much so, that he soon began
To fancy it would cost him small endeavour
To beat Apollo, Jupiter, or Pan
At their own trades (take notice, if you've never
Heard of these names, and don't know who they were,
You'll find their histories in Lemprière.)

XIX.

Well, what d'you think he did to show his wit ?—
He made a human figure, all of clay,
Proportion'd and arranged it, bit by bit,
And gave it life and motion, with a ray
Filch'd from the sun—when all was right and fit,
Up jump'd this hopeful imp and ran away ;
Leaving Prometheus in desponding attitude,
Shock'd and astonish'd at such gross ingratitude.

XX.

I think it served him right, I must confess,
 For following so absurd an occupation ;
 Whereas it was his duty to repress
 The geometric growth of population
 By all due means—I can't pretend to guess
 Why he devised new modes of propagation ;
 When 'tis well known the earth yields far too little
 E'en to supply her natural stock with victual.

XXI.

The course that he pursued was clearly wrong ;
 He might as well have studied to invent
 Some means to make men's appetites more strong,
 Or cause a general dearth of nutriment :
 However, as such topics don't belong
 To verse by right, it is not my intent
 To speculate at present—only I
 Don't think man wants new means to multiply.

XXII.

In spite of all Leigh Hunt may chuse to say,
 In spite of all that Godwin e'er has written,
 I'm strongly for the old establish'd sway
 Of Hymen in the kingdom of Great Britain,
 As the laws fix it at the present day—
 So till some new economist shall hit on
 A likelier plan to make the nation thrive,
 A fig for Malthus—let good subjects wive.

XXIII.

I'm very far from wishing to improve
 Our marriage code, like some wise friends of mine ;
 I'm quite against the reign of lawless love,
 Though all that sort of thing's extremely fine ;
 But since such speculations are above
 An understanding so confined as mine,
 I hope I may declare, without impiety,
 I'm for the present system of society.

XXIV.

I've dipp'd into some writers on equality—
Condorcèt, Wallace, Godwin, and Rousseau;
And trust there's no extreme illiberality
In owning that conviction comes but slow:
I'd not subvert court, crown, and principality,
Nor quash all penal statutes at a blow;
Because, in spite of Human Nature's purity,
I think they'd always add to my security.

XXV.

Indeed, I never liked that state of things
Which puling poets call the age of gold;
I don't think Saturn *was* the best of kings;
Nor George the Third the worst—and I'll make bold
To say, in spite of all that Hesiod sings,
That if mankind's opinions should be poll'd,
A vast majority of votes would be
In favour of the nineteenth century.

XXVI.

Books—parties—educated women—scandal—
Theatres—winter-evenings—coffee—tea—
Piano-fortes—cards—Mozart and Handel—
The fire-side laugh—the weekly coterie—
Though unattractive to a Goth or Vandal,
Are things as indispensable to me
As meat and drink—of these, without exception,
The blessed golden age had no conception.

XXVII.

Folks hadn't then a notion of good breeding,
Were quite unfashion'd, both in words and looks,
And never dreamt of writing or of reading,
Because, in fact, they'd neither pens nor books;
Were absolute barbarians in their feeding—
Had no French wines, French dishes, or French cooks,
French plays, or French philosophy, in which
Old England has of late become so rich.

XXVIII.

I wonder what they did for conversation—
 Or whether people then conversed at all;
 Since, from their mode of life and occupation,
 Their range of subjects must have been but small.
 How to transact the business of flirtation,
 If e'er the golden age produced a ball,
 Must have perplex'd young partners altogether,
 When once they'd talk'd about the crops and weather.

XXIX.

Then just conceive their vegetable diet—
 (Raw acorns, I suspect, are indigestible,)
 A year ago I took a whim to try it,
 And found it inexpressibly detestable.
 Fresh water from the spring (I can't deny it)
 Is most salubrious—yet 'tis incontestable
 That most men find it tasteless to a fault,
 Unless impregnated with hops and malt.

XXX.

No doubt, it's very pleasant, after dining,
 (As poets seldom dine) on fish, fowl, flesh,
 Before a blazing fire and wine reclining,
 To dream of fruits and streamlets fine and fresh—
 Feasts of the golden age—and thus refining
 On fancy and repletion, weave a mesh
 Of most convincing argument, to prove
 How men might thrive on lettuces and love.

XXXI.

Again I say—such theories are fine,
 But when one comes to practice, I confess
 I'd still continue on roast beef to dine,
 Nor drink one single glass of port the less,—
 No, not an oyster nor a shrimp resign;—
 I'm not at all particular in dress;
 But the deuce take me if I ever try
 The golden age's plan of nudity.

XXXII.

Heaven help us! what a merciless digression!

Prometheus, Hymen, and the golden age —
Upon my word, such folly's past expression,

When I've as much to do as might engage
The House of Commons for at least a session:

But I'll turn over a new leaf—next page;—
This graceless cub Prometheus christen'd 'Elfe,'
Or 'Quick'—and shortly found him so himself.

XXXIII.

Away ran Elfe—Prometheus strove to follow,

Beseeching and imploring him to stay;—
'Twas all in vain,—the goblin beat him hollow,—

He found he'd thrown his time and toil away,
And felt as disappointed as Apollo

At clasping in his arms some boughs of bay,
When he pursued, in hopes of kissing, Daphne,
While the rude wind display'd her leg and half knee.

XXXIV.

Away ran Elfe, rejoicing in his vigour,

O'er hill and dale, through river, lake, and sea;
An active sprite, and of a handsome figure,

And wild, but winning, countenance was he.
Shaped like a mortal,—neither less nor bigger—

A goodly work of human fantasy,
When fantasy as yet was in her prime—
Not the weak dreamer of the present time.

XXXV.

Away ran Elfe—through village, town, and city,

Made close acquaintance with the sons of men,
And on their follies was severely witty,

Though things occur'd, that pleased him, now and then.
He thought some men sincere, some women pretty—

But if he loved, was ne'er beloved again:
There was a sort of wildness in his eye,
Of which young ladies were extremely shy.

XXXVI.

For, not to mention his absurd creation,
 (Which form'd one grand objection, not ill grounded,)
 And strange ingredients, of whose combination
 His extra-human nature was compounded—
 The source whence he derived his animation
 Was a sufficient cause to have confounded
 All hopes of love—for from the sun it came,
 And so was mingled with poetic flame.

XXXVII.

Therefore no woman loved him—nor could love ;
 'Twas not his fault nor their's—'tis the condition
 Of genius, which nought human can remove ;
 If you've a spark, in all your composition,
 Of poetry, remember you may rove
 From East to West, and light on no physician,
 Who can enable you, with charms or philtres,
 To gain the affections of these pretty jilters.

XXXVIII.

Not but they'll all caress you, and admire,
 Doat on your rhymes, request you to transcribe
 In gilt morocco, till your fingers tire,
 With sweetest smiles and speeches for a bribe.
 And cold the Muse such prizes can't inspire—
 For my part, I avow, without a gibe,
 That to my mind no critic's praise can vie
 With one bright twinkle in a woman's eye.

XXXIX.

And there *are* noble creatures (though uncommon)
 Who'll give you noble friendship—such as far
 Transcends the love of any meaner woman,
 And may be worshipp'd as the polar star
 To your world-weary bark—but further no man
 Must hope to pass that dim mysterious bar
 Between the woman's and the poet's heart,
 Which keeps them (more's the pity) miles apart.

XL

That is, when once the woman's turn'd of twenty ;
Till then, from warm sixteen, I doubt not you
May find full-hearted little things in plenty,
Who'll love you—or at least believe they do ;
But when her head's once ripe, and heart half spent, I
Fear 'tis in vain for any bard to woo
A fair one, whether talented or stupid,
Or bid Calliope shake hands with Cupid.

XLI.

Woman—I grieve to say it—is a creature—
A heavenly one, no doubt—but ne'ertheless
Extremely unpoetical by nature,
As those, who form exceptions, all confess.
I can't tell why this is—indeed I hate your
Reasons in rhyme—perhaps they don't possess
The organs (as Gall says) of ideality—
They never dream—their lives are all reality.

XLII.

They—but I wont philosophize—in short
Terpsichore's the female's only Muse ;
A bard can have no chance who comes to court
Against some whisker'd bully of the blues,
Who piques himself on dancing as his forte,
And stands full six feet six without his shoes.
Or should the bard find favour, yet in sooth
The course of *his* love never *does* run smooth.

XLIII.

Shakspeare and Spenser, Petrarch, Tasso—others
Of note—some dead and buried, some alive—
The tune fullest of all the tuneful brothers,
Are proofs how badly love-sick poets thrive.
Few make their Lauras either wives or mothers,
Or live to stock their Hymeneal hive
With offspring fruitful of poetic honey,
Begot and born in lawful matrimony.

XLIV.

There were three Mrs. Miltons to be sure—
 But I suspect they shortly saw their blunder;
 The first soon found her place no sinecure,
 So took French leave, at which I don't much wonder:
 He must have been (besides that he was poor)
 A terrible old fellow to live under;
 And I conceive it must be hard to find
 A handsome wife who'd have her husband blind.

XLV.

But they've all motives, foolisher or fitter—
 I've heard a woman of true genius say
 She thought that poets were too apt to fritter
 Their hearts on light and worthless things away:
 The observation was correct, though bitter—
 There is no doubt we're apt to go astray:
 Falling in love *head* foremost, as we do,
 It's seldom that our hearts sink deeply too.

XLVI.

But when they do—oh! then we love indeed—
 With true devotion both of heart and brain,
 Nor wholly from that thralldom can be freed,
 While life and thought and fantasy remain;
 Or if we are, according to my creed,
 “Love's flower, once blighted, never blooms again.”
 The last line's from Glenarvon, slightly alter'd,—
 I heard it sung once by a voice that falter'd:

XLVII.

And, ever since, its melody hath haunted
 Mine ear, although I really scarce know why—
 But it *does* haunt me, like some voice enchanted,
 As if the phantom of young hopes gone by
 Wail'd at my side—and yet no ghost seems wanted
 To tell one that such hopes are born to die:
 Such bubbles are as stale as melted vapours,
 Or lists of bankrupts in the London papers.

XLVIII.

Therefore I count myself a lucky fellow,
To find my feelings, with my hopes, decay ;
My heart, which once was as a medlar mellow,
Is crusting like a walnut, day by day ;
So that I never shall look green and yellow
With melancholy thoughts, but cast away
Care for the future, sorrow for the past,
And die a good old bachelor at last.

XLIX.

One thing perplexes me—and I must leave it
To great philosophers, who'll either see all
The reasons at a glance, or won't believe it—
Which is, that grief, when palpable and real,
Falls pointless on my heart, and fails to grieve it,
While I still weep for sorrows half ideal,
Or dimly known—I'm sometimes touched with woe
E'en now, when thinking of Christine T*****t.

L.

Not that I ever saw her ; but her story
Was told me by a tongue which I can trust ;
And as I've promised to extend her glory
Far as my song can bear it—why I *must* ;
Though she's a Buonapartist—I a Tory—
At least an Anti-Gallican—but dust
And book-worms be my portion, if I mix
My English gallantry with politics !

LI.

Some years ago from green Montpelier came
This pale but pretty Protestant—her sire
Fell at Vittoria, where King Joseph's game
Was lost—a grenadier thought fit to fire
Into his carriage, which you'll think a shame ;
But it appears that some confounded liar
Declared he was the king, and so they shot him,
While Joe himself escaped in safety—not him.

LII.

T*****t in fact was only Joe's physician,
 And died to save his patient, which, I own,
 Was to the usual course in opposition,
 But proves his strong attachment to the throne.
 He left his widow in a sad condition,
 His son a prisoner—his young daughter thrown
 On the wide world, and then scarce ten years old,
 With a sweet face, blue eyes, and locks of gold.

LIII.

They bade farewell to Spain, and shed some tears
 No doubt, at parting with each favourite spot—
 'Twas hard to quit the home of many years,
 E'en for their country—which received them not;
 For France was then hemm'd by avenging spears,
 Their friends all ruin'd, guillotined or shot—
 And so they came to England, where (poor things)
 They found a refuge from their sufferings.

LIV.

I know the spot they chose—'tis not a village,
 Nor lonely vale, but a neat market-town
 Full in the heart of rich Salopian tillage,
 Where cornfields wave, and ale is bright and brown;
 There safe at length from slaughter, fire, and pillage,
 In melancholy comfort they sate down,
 (The mother and her child,) and sweet Christine
 Grew up, and knew nor guilt nor guillotine.

LV.

The country people loved her for her beauty,
 Kind words, sweet smiles, and little winning ways,
 Her patient toils of unaffected duty,
 Which her fond mother would full often praise;
 Yet she was mostly grave, and would not suit ye
 If you're a laughing lover—her young days
 Have left the trace of sorrow on her brow,
 Which makes its beauty more bewitching now.

LVI.

An English lady (my own fair relation)
Was this sweet exile's friend, and it was she
Who furnish'd me with all this information,
And bade me weave it into poesy :
Full often has she shared her occupation,
And listened to the eloquent witchery
Of her slight foreign accent,—which I've found,
From female lips, the sweetest earthly sound.

LVII.

She says (this English lady) that Christine
Was seldom gay, and might have been mistaken
For English, from her grave and sadden'd mien,
Which shew'd how her young spirit had been shaken ;
For Nature meant her for the Fairy Queen
Of mirth—and when at times she would awaken
Her childhood's ditties,—some religious strain
Of France, or ballad of heroic Spain—

LVIII.

Her eye would kindle and her pale cheek glow
With an unusual fervour—and her tone
Was such as made the hearers' eyes o'erflow,
Till floods more bitter started from her own
With the re-action of suspended woe—
The consciousness revived of hopes o'erthrown,
Friends lost, and fortunes wreck'd, and crush'd affections,
And other such consoling recollections.

LIX.

Ah ! poor Christine !—but fortune's frowns are over,
And thy pale star with milder aspect shines ;
No more from thy own France art thou a rover,
No more an exile from Montpelier's vines—
Perhaps while now I write, some Gallic lover
His wedded arms around thy beauty twines ;—
Perhaps—but no, too highly I respect your
Fair image, to indulge such vague conjecture.¹¹

LX.

You've left some friends behind you, here in Britain,
 Who won't forget you, maiden—two or three
 Young men, I hear, were desperately smitten,
 To whom, perhaps, you might have added me,
 Had fate so will'd it—but, whate'er I've written,
 I never saw you—nor will you e'er see
 This tribute to your charms, devoutly penn'd
 At the injunction of your gentle friend.

LXI.

I made a pilgrimage, some three months back,
 To see your favourite rose-tree, and the cottage
 In which you dwelt—but both had gone to wrack,
 Which served me right for my romantic dotage;
 The white-wash'd walls are now defaced and black,
 The rose-tree dead, and not a mess of pottage
 E'er reeks on that cold hearth which used to glow,
 Stir'd by thy fingers, sweet Christine T * * * * t.

LXII.

And in the neighbouring church thy voice no more
 Is heard, of which the rustics love to tell,
 Such mystic feelings to their hearts it bore—
 (In sooth it might have mov'd an infidel)
 And there the meekness which thy forehead wore,
 And thy white bosom's pure and heavenly swell
 Are yet remember'd—and thine eyes oft dim
 With tears that might become the seraphim.

LXIII.

Peace to thee, sweet one, wheresoe'er thou art,
 Dead or alive; for thou wert fair and good;
 And, for thy sake, I'll own a Gallic heart
 May know the graces of true womanhood.
 But now farewell for ever—here we part—
 I've hymn'd your praises, as I said I would;
 And, rather than indite a song or sheepish ode,
 Immortalized you in this touching episode.

LXIV.

I hope I've told no *very* monstrous lies
About you, for in truth I've half forgot
Your story, and the colour of your eyes,
And don't know whether I'm correct or not ;
But this I know ;—I meant to eulogize,
And if I'd wrong you, wish I may be shot.
Some fools, no doubt, will call this personality—
Never mind that—you've got your immortality.

LXV.

Reader, I hope you're not much out of breath ;
This last, I own, has been a long excursion ;
We've frisk'd and scamper'd over hill and heath,
Forest and fen, in search of new diversion ;
Fatiguing poor old Pegasus to death—
Now let's be sober as the Turk or Persian ;
We mustn't leave sweet Tryamour forlorn—
Poor thing !—she's quite impatient to be born.

LXVI.

I wish I hadn't volunteer'd to act,
In this case, as man-midwife—for my verse
Is wholly unaccustom'd to transact
Such matters, though the business of dry-nurse
Perhaps might suit me better, and, in fact,
I've duties similar, and sometimes worse.
O ! mortal man, on rhyme who hast thy head agog,
Shun, while thou liv'st, the office of a pedagogue.

LXVII.

Not but it's both desirable and pleasant
To have fine boys about you—three or four—
If docile and good-natured ; (mine, at present,
Are both)—you can't be happy well with more,
Unless you wish to make your toil incessant ;
Although I've known some men who liked five score :—
A fact which I could never understand—
But then *my* notions are so far from grand !

LXVIII.

Now to my tale—oh ! thou bewildering Spenser,
 With thy machinery what had I to do ?—
 The Muse confound me, if I e'er again, Sir,
 Meddle with weapons used before by you ;
 They're far too heavy for so poor a fencer—
 Besides your goblinogony's not new ;
 And such details, though brilliant and sublime,
 Are too unwieldy for the octave rhyme.

LXIX.

I've got myself entangled, (more's the sorrow,)
 In your confounded mazes allegorical ;
 Forgetting, when I came to you to borrow,
 That my own work was meant to be historical,
 Like dear Lord Byron's *Memoirs of Suwarrow*—
 So, not being good at phrases oratorical,
 I now must mangle you, without apology,
 Just as you've mangled the old Greek mythology.

LXX.

Elfe, as I said, could find no paramour
 Among Earth's daughters. (I assign'd a reason,
 And hope no lady took offence, I'm sure ;
 Upon my word I meant no sort of treason)—
 —He did his best, poor devil, to endure
 Their coldness—and endured it for a season ;
 And then he wander'd from his ancient cronies,
 And reach'd, at last, the gardens of Adonis.

LXXI.

The gardens of Adonis !—Here's a theme
 On which I might digress from now to Lammas ;
 But Mr. Knight informs me that a dream
 So long protracted would be sure to damn us :
 So I *must not* describe, but skim the cream
 Of old poetic fable, which won't shame us.
 The gardens of Adonis, in one word,
 Were Nature's workshop, as of course you've heard.

LXXII.

And there, amidst all shapes and shapeless things,
The embryos of realities to be,—
The unembodied souls of slaves and kings,—
The forms that people earth and air and sea,—
And pre-existences of rocks and springs,—
And many another nameless mystery,—
In strange and solemn wonder roam'd poor Elfe,
Looking as if he were beside himself.

LXXIII.

Much like a country bumpkin, just alighted
At Hatchett's White-Horse Cellar, Piccadilly,
For the first time, bewilder'd and affrighted,
And looking (where's the wonder?) somewhat silly;
Yet, you may see, upon the whole delighted—
But I declared I'd not describe—nor will I.
Well—on roam'd Elfe, without an aim or guide,
Then turn'd, and found a Lady at his side.

LXXIV.

A Lady!—pray, Sir, was she old or young?—
Old, Sir,—extremely old—at least five hundred;
And yet, if you expect, Sir, to behold
A wrinkled wither'd crone, you've grossly blunder'd.
The sky, you know, with all its studs of gold,
Is very old indeed—and yet you've wonder'd,
I dare say, fifty times, at the excess
Of their imperishable loveliness.

LXXV.

Therefore you mustn't think that I've mis-stated
Or falsified the truth, when I declare
That this same Lady (though so long she'd waited
For wedlock) was superlatively fair;
Though how she was begotten or created,
Whence she derived her face and shape and air,
The author, whom I follow, does not say—
But she was lovely, and her name was Fay.

LXXVI.

Not to be tedious, she and Elfe were married,
 And had a numerous progeny—had time
 And space allow'd, I should have gladly tarried
 To hymn their nuptials in this faithful rhyme.
 However, (though 'tis said she once miscarried)
 Their loves were both productive and sublime.
 We can't conceive (poor fickle human creatures)
 The passion of such high mysterious natures.

LXXVII.

Their offspring was the race of Sprites and Fairies,
 Sylphs, Goblins, all the preter-natural tribe,
 Whose whims and pranks, opinions and vagaries,
 'Twould take me forty volumes to describe;
 So much their nature and employment varies:—
 Hence, though I wish young people to imbibe
 Instruction from my rhymes, 'tis not my plan to
 Touch on this subject in the present Canto.

LXXVIII.

But of all Powers, whom old Romance and Fable
 Employ to people sea and air and earth,
 Were Elfe and Fay the parents—I'm not able
 To classify the species, though 'twere worth
 One's while, and would be highly commendable
 To do so, and to trace them, from the birth
 Of the first-born, up to the present day,
 Through Europe, Asia, and America.

LXXIX.

Goblin and Genius, Demigod and Peri,
 Vampyre and Brownie, Incubus and Goule,
 Witch, Warlock, Wizard, Ghost, and Nightmare dreary,
 Satyr and Nymph, (of whom we read at school,)
 All these I might describe till I were weary,
 Were I at liberty to play the fool.
 But Fate obliges me to waste my wit on
 Those tribes alone which settled in Great Britain.

LXXX.

Some most erroneous notions have been cherish'd,
By sceptics, on this subject—some suppose
That the whole Fairy race has long since perish'd,
Extirpated by its relentless foes,
Philosophy and Science, who've so flourish'd
Of late, that one can scarcely wear a nose,
But they'll deny or doubt of its existence,
Unless one proves the fact by their assistance.

LXXXI.

I wonder where Philosophy will stop !
I wonder what will next be disbelieved !
'Tis really time for Bards to shut up shop,
Thus of their lawful property bereaved.
In the Castalian spring there's scarce a drop
Of water left, which has not yet received
Some taint or other from the analytical
Muddlings of science, natural or political.

LXXXII.

I think it's time for Poets of condition
To check this growing nuisance, and present
Some sort of strong remonstrance or petition,
Next Session, to the British Parliament ;
Praying, in terms of dutiful submission,
That Malthus may be ordered to invent
Some means to stop this propagating evil,
Which else will soon drive Fancy to the devil.

LXXXIII.

Not that I disapprove of speculation
On metaphysics, and that sort of stuff ;
Because it doesn't hurt Imagination,
And may be pleasant and profound enough,
Without encroaching on the Bard's vocation—
—Therefore I'd not put Coleridge in a huff.
But what can any miserable Bard do
Against Sir Humphry Davy and Ricardo ?

LXXXIV.

The first, with all his pumps and lamps and gases,
 Anatomizing Nature, to our sight
 Reveals, as 'twere through magnifying glasses,
 Each fibre,—which puts Phantasy to flight.
 The second—but alas! it far surpasses
 My art on subjects such as these to write:
 I'm but a poor, half-witted, crazy devil,
 Scarce able to distinguish good from evil.

LXXXV.

I'm very ignorant, I must confess,
 Although I spent three pleasant years at Trinity,
 And read some mathematics, (more or less)
 Was thought a good proficient in Latinity,
 And could, perhaps, at Greek have beat Queen Bess;
 Wrote for the English prize—but didn't win it—I
 Once bore the *Bell* at scholarship, 'tis true,
 But then I fancied I'd no more to do.

LXXXVI.

Historic smatterings—fragments of chronology—
 A course of Walker's lectures, twice attended,—
 Some desultory scraps of rambling knowledge, I
 Have pick'd up in my travels, strangely blended—
 These form my stock,—which serves for my apology,
 If my unletter'd Muse hath e'er offended
 The learned reader—but 'tis hypercritical
 To tax a poet with mistakes political.

LXXXVII.

But to the point—I was remarking, Madam,
 That many false and scandalous opinions
 Have found supporters since the days of Adam,
 Touching his Elfin Majesty's dominions
 To combat which I'd travel (if I had 'em)
 Upon the Muse's most excursive pinions,
 Through disquisitions which I'd make as fine as
 E'en S. T. Coleridge or S. T. Aquinas.

LXXXVIII.

But 'tis sufficient to observe, at present,
 The race of whom I now propose to treat
 Are not dwarf'd goblins, mischievous though pleasant,
 Who roam about at night to pinch and beat
 Poor housemaids, and awake the toil-worn peasant
 With the near music of their echoing feet;
 Or thresh the corn, with swift though shadowy flail,
 Or mar the beauty of the grey mare's tail.

LXXXIX.

Neither (which is material to my story,)
 Are Fairies *immaterial*—shadowy things
 Invested with an unsubstantial glory,
 Trick'd out in sunshine robes and rainbow wings:
 Forms unembraceable by Whig or Tory,
 With lips that can't be kiss'd by mightiest Kings—
 But bright realities of flesh and blood—
 A fact Sir Lanval shortly understood.

XC.

'Tis true they can throw off their fleshly dross,
 And roam, unshackled spirits—then, at pleasure,
 Resume the same, when weary of its loss—
 A privilege convenient beyond measure,
 Which forms their chief distinction from the gross
 Terrestrial race—when I've six months of leisure,
 I'll write a learned treatise to explain
 How these strange beings form a sort of chain

XCI.

Between mankind and pure ethereal natures,
 Sharing the pleasures and the pains of both;
 I only hope that no ill-natured creatures
 Will doubt 'tis so—I own 'twould make me wroth.
 One of this poem's most peculiar features
 Is, that I'm ready to attest on oath
 The truth of every fact therein related,
 Although not always accurately dated.

XCII.

If any person questions my authority,
 Or thinks this dæmonology all stuff,
 He lies confoundedly—(I'm sorry for it)—I
 Inform him that *I dreamt it*—that's enough.
 Its hard if Bards can't carry a majority
 Of firm believers, when no truth's too tough
 For speculative gullets.—Why Apollo
 Kecks at the facts your philosophe will swallow.

XCIII.

The genuine Poet and Metaphysician
 (Excuse the accent) differ but in this,
 That the first knows, from dream and intuition,
 Truths which the second oft contrives to miss
 After a life of thought and erudition ;
 Still losing, in the process, all the bliss,
 Which, though with intervals of deep alloy,
 The Poet, from his nature, *must* enjoy.

XCIV.

But to proceed—the Anglo-Faery kings,
 From Elfe to Oberon, and their horde's migrations,
 And how they did a thousand wondrous things,
 And reign'd in peace for many generations,
 Built Windsor Castle, (all except the wings)
 And London Bridge, the Tower, and other stations—
 In short, their actions, whether great or mean,
 Are they not written in the Faery Queene ?

XCV.

King Oberon, last upon the list, was reckon'd
 The wittiest Faery monarch ever known,
 A sort of supernatural Charles the Second,
 Who liked the ladies better than his throne ;
 And, following just wherever Cupid beckon'd,
 Was not content with one fair face alone ;
 But still from Fay to Fay kept lightly roving,
 As if the object of his life were loving.

XCVI.

Many a curtain lecture, long and moral,
From Queen Titania was he doom'd to hear ;
Many a gentle matrimonial quarrel
Their Majesties enjoy'd from year to year,
Sung by the mightiest Bard who wears the laurel,
In that sweet "Dream," to me grown doubly dear
Since, for thy pleasure, dearest Friend, I read it,
And won from you, and others, smiles and credit.

XCVII.

Of all King Oberon's manifold connexions,
(The loveliest daughters both of Elves and Men)
She who the most took hold of his affections
Was the young blue-eyed Fairy Guendolen ;
Through whose dark story, as I hate reflections
On such sad subjects, I shall draw my pen ;
Just stating that Titania soon discover'd
Around what charms the King's attentions hover'd.

XCVII.

And Guendolen's dread fate was never known,
Nor could e'en Oberon's self presume to guess,
Whether she was condemn'd for aye to moan
Within the dark earth's innermost recess ;
Or bound with ice-chains to the frigid zone,
In her most white and tender nakedness ;
Or—but in short Titania was a Tartar,
And so 'tis sure her rival proved a martyr.

XCIX.

She left one daughter, lovelier than the Hours,
The infant pledge of her unhappy love ;
Whom Oberon convey'd to distant bowers,
And nurtured in a deep, enchanted grove,
Beyond the reach of fierce Titania's Powers—
Kind reader, when tow'rd Westmoreland you rove,
You'll find it (if still extant) somewhere near
The classic margin of Winandermere.

C.

The ground is still enchanted—a magician,
 The mightiest of our times, hath fix'd his dwelling
 Among those haunts of ancient superstition
 O'er-shadow'd by huge Skiddaw and Helvellyn ;
 Near whom, I've heard, two Fairies of condition
 Reside (whose names I must not now be telling)
 Of form as lovely and of heart as pure
 As was of old my gentle Tryamour.

CI.

Sweet Tryamour !—she grew apace and flourish'd
 In the fresh vigour of her infant years,
 By gentlest sprites, with food ambrosial, nourish'd,
 And filling oft her Father's eyes with tears,
 Swift gushing at the thought of her who perish'd
 For his ill-omen'd love.—Beyond her peers
 Shone this sweet child in beauty, and became
 The loveliest thing that bore the Faery name.

CII.

And to that charmed forest, day by day,
 Came crowds of Faery suitors—wondrous forms
 Dashing the lightning from their wings away,
 And riding on the necks of winds and storms,
 From distant Ind and desert Africa,
 And the fair Western regions—countless swarms
 Of unimaginable beings, all
 Of glorious shape and mien majestic.

CIII.

In vain they came :—the coy retiring maiden
 Received them coldly and deferred to wed :
 Whether her Mother's dreadful story weigh'd on
 Her mind, and made her shun a Fairy's bed,
 Or whether some strange spell her heart was laid on,
 I know not—but a single life she led ;
 Chusing, in perfect freedom, still to rove
 Amongst her maidens in the charmed grove,

CIV.

Viewless alike to mortal and immortal,
Within that grove her crystal palace stood ;
Nor e'en could Faery footsteps pass its portal
To interrupt her virgin solitude ;
But thither, at her summons, did resort all
Beautiful dreams, and visions bright and good,
And Powers at whose strong bidding is unfurl'd
The deep and secret beauty of the world.

CV.

The elements obey'd her—she had power
O'er frost and blight and thunder and eclipse,
Could raise the wind, and bid the welkin lour,
And founder, in their harbours, mightiest ships :
But oftener fell the cooling summer shower
At the mild bidding of her gentle lips ;
And flowers sprung forth, and hawthorn buds appear'd—
For she chose rather to be loved than fear'd.

CVI.

She loved mankind, and all mankind loved her ;
For, though no eye had seen her, maidens felt
Her presence in the green leaves' rustling stir,
And in the vernal breeze which seem'd to melt
Into their hearts ; the humble cottager,
Who in that old mysterious forest dwelt,
Knew she was near him, and ne'er fail'd to bless
The Fairy for the season's fruitfulness.

CVII.

All kindly deeds were hers.—The hopes and fears
Of love—the bridal bed—the first-born's sleep
On his young mother's bosom, bathed in tears
Which that first fondness cannot chuse but weep,—
The young bard's dreams—the sports of childish years,
By her were blest ; and often would she keep
Her moonlight watch beside the maiden's grave,
And bid fresh flowerets o'er its verdure wave.

CVIII.

This brings me back to Blanch, whose fate I'd nearly
 Forgotten, and Sir Lanval soon forgot,
 Though, when he heard it, he was shock'd severely—
 Poor thing!—you recollect she went to pot,
 Because she loved so vainly, though so dearly—
 Her's was indeed a melancholy lot;
 And I'm extremely sorry to confess
 'Twas Tryamour that caused it—more or less.

CIX.

Nor let the reader deem this inconsistent—
 For my sweet Fairy was a female too,
 And females, when they've love for an assistant,
 And a young handsome gentleman in view,
 Assume a harshness from their nature distant,
 And use a luckless rival like a Jew.
 When once a woman's heart's in palpitation,
 She's neither conscience nor consideration.

CX.

It chanced that at the time when England's court
 Was at its height of frolic, show, and revel,
 To do the new Queen honour, in such sort
 As in those days was judg'd correct and civil,
 The Fairy left her wood, to view the sport,
 Not wishing or designing any evil;
 But merely meditating an excursion,
 To see, and haply share, the court's diversion.

CXI.

Invisibly she roam'd (this gamesome Fairy)
 Through hall, state-chamber, and superb saloon;
 Peep'd e'en into the kitchen and the dairy;
 Saw all the humours of the Honey-Moon;
 Laugh'd loud, and sometimes, in a mad vagary,
 At balls put all the fiddles out of tune;
 Or, in the dance, let slip a lady's stocking,
 Which caused confusions laughable, though shocking.

CXII.

But on one luckless morn, as it befell,
She went to see a tournament, wherein
The brave Sir Lanval bore himself so well,
And look'd so handsome when he chanced to win,
That, over head and ears, in love she fell,
And vow'd 'twould be a burning shame and sin,
If such a noble Knight should waste his worth
On any daughter of the sons of Earth.

CXIII.

And from that day Sir Lanval's wealth declined,
And ladies look'd upon him with cold eyes ;
It seem'd as if some spell had struck them blind,
Though you may guess the reason, if you're wise.
These two misfortunes mostly are combined—
As soon as wealth deserts you, girls despise :
And when you've ceased to be a "speculation,"
You lose, at once, all claim to toleration.

CXIV.

So by these means the Fairy strove to stem
Sir Lanval's tide of favour, and to wean
The ladies' hearts from him, and his from them,
And make him weary of the court's gay scene.
It was a method which I don't condemn,
At least it fully answer'd with the Queen ;
But with poor Blanch it had a bad effect,—
She loved him better for the world's neglect.

CXV.

And so she broke her heart, for which I'm sorry,
And would undo the mischief, if I could ;
But mustn't alter this authentic story—
Perhaps it pleased the Fairy's wayward mood
To hurl Sir Lanval from his height of glory,
And prove him, in misfortune, wise and good :
But that Sir Lanval with poor Blanch should fall
In love, she could'nt tolerate at all.

CXVI.

Therefore she hung a spell around his heart,
 And lull'd his earthly sympathies to sleep,
 With the strong magic of her wondrous art;
 And underneath his eyelids would she creep
 (Of course I mean her spiritual part)

At night, and in her charms his senses steep;
 Till he awoke, with thoughts perplex'd and dim
 Of the strange beauty which so haunted him.

CXVII.

And thus she train'd him for her paramour—
 Wiling his fancy from the world away;
 A scheme which prosper'd better, to be sure,
 In her hands than in those of Mr. Day*;
 Whose pair of breaking tits would not endure
 The strictness of his pre-connubial sway;
 But married persons of inferior fortunes,
 Because they liked long sleeves instead of short ones.

CXVIII.

'Twas summer—the enchanted forest lay,
 Rich with the teeming leafiness of June,
 In the still silence of meridian day,
 Save when, at times, a low and fitful tune
 Some wandering Zephyr on the leaves did play,
 Or the unseen cicada hail'd the noon
 With his shrill chirp, or, with a deep-fetched note,
 Some meditative blackbird clear'd his throat.

CXIX.

There were some children, playing in the shade,
 In one place, on their earnest sports intent;
 When a new sound did suddenly invade
 Their gambols, and anon their eyes were bent
 On an unusual object—through the glade
 A handsome Knight, upon a steed sore-spent
 With travel and starvation, took his way—
 The Knight was young, but pale—the steed a bay.

* Author of Sandford and Merton.—See an edifying account of his method of breaking a brace of wives, in Mr. Edgeworth's autobiography.

CXX.

His eyes were sunk and dim—his head was bare ;
His arms hung idly at his saddle-bow ;
There was a pensive sadness in his air,
Which told that he had made fast friends with woe :
And yet a gentle patience linger'd there,
Softening his haggard eyes—his pace was slow ;
Listlessly on his way he seem'd to wend,
He knew not whither—without aim or end.

CXXI.

The little children look'd upon his face
With awe, and turn'd not to their sports again
When he had past ; his melancholy grace
Sunk on their spirits with such tender pain :
The Knight soon reach'd the forest's loneliest place,
Dismounted, and took off his charger's rein ;
Then, throwing his worn frame beneath a tree,
Began to gather daisies tristfully.

CXXII.

'Twas poor Sir Lanval, who had lately bidden
Farewell to Blanch, and all the world beside ;
And thus far, on his lonely journey, ridden,
Seeking some savage place, wherein to hide—
What every body wishes to have hidden—
His poverty—and so to spare his pride,
Not dreaming (lucky dog) of what was brewing
To raise him to the height of bliss from ruin.

CXXIII.

While thus he lay, dejected and forlorn,
Under the shadow of the old oak tree,
Lamenting that he ever had been born
To such a doom of abject penury,—
Behold two damsels, brighter than the morn,
Came tow'rd him through the green-wood suddenly,
Array'd in garments of transparent splendour,
Which dimm'd their beauties to a gleam more tender.

CXXIV.

Of an immortal loveliness were they,
 And yet seem'd mortal women—I've not time
 To speak minutely of their dress to-day,
 But you may find it in the ancient rhyme ;
 Which names each article of their array
 In terms no less exact than they're sublime.—
 —My Muse, you know, has got into distresses
 Ere now, for meddling with young ladies' dresses.

CXXV.

Dear Mrs. L., don't dub my 'rhymes "imamoral"
 Again, before you've read them, I request ;
 You know you did so, when you chose to quarrel
 With my first canto, and, I hear, express'd
 A firm determination to abhor all
 Mention of ladies not completely dress'd
 In chintz and cambric to the very chin—
 Alleging that bare necks were baits of sin.

CXXVI.

Pray have you ever seen the Medicean
 Venus ?—or, when you meet the Italian's tray,
 Is it your custom, that you may not see an
 Object so foul, to turn your eyes away ?
 Would you trick out, in modish European
 Costume, the airy forms of Sylph and Fay ?
 And cramp the ancient heathen Gods and Goddesses
 In pucker'd pantaloons and whale-bone boddices ?

CXXVII.

There lives a lady, I've been told, at Florence,
 Who has a charming Venus—an antique ;
 Which tasty English travellers go in torrents
 To look at, every year, and month, and week :
 I don't suppose that e'en Sir Thomas Lawrence
 (Though on this point I can't presume to speak
 Decisively) on canvass could express
 A quarter of its sculptured loveliness.

CXXVIII.

This statue, upon holidays and high days,
 And common week-days also, you may see
 In all its beauty, but on Fasts and Fridays
 It wears a gown and apron bashfully.
 Now Mrs. L., this sort of taste at thy days
 May be correct, but seems absurd to me ;
 Who am resolved to laugh at all such nonsense,
 And bow before no censor but my conscience.

CXXIX.

If e'er to painting Vice, in hues less hideous,
 I dedicate my Muse's poor ability ;
 If e'er I pamper lust with strains insidious,
 Or sneer, like Byron, at a wife's fidelity ;
 Or trick out shameless sense in phrase perfidious, *
 Or treat the Cockney doctrines with civility ;
 Brand me, as I deserve, for immorality,—
 But don't call taste for beauty sensuality.

CXXX.

I wish the moral world (which I respect)
 Would learn to know its real friends and foes ;
 And not, from sheer stupidity, reject
 Virtue's true champions, to pay court to those
 Prim doctors of the Pharisaic sect,
 Whose favour does more mischief than their blows ;
 Who make poor Truth an object of such terror,
 That folks are fairly frighten'd into error.

CXXXI.

Caricaturing Sin is not the way
 To make her less seductive :—paint her fairly ;
 And as for Virtue—let her mien be gay
 In general—grave sometimes—austere but rarely ;
 Be not too harsh, and I'll be bound to say
 That virtuous minds will not be found more sparely
 About you—where none's meant, don't seek offence,
 Knowing that freedom still is innocence.

* See and *hear* the Melodies of Tom the Little.

CXXXII.

Thus you'll be useful in your generation,
 And make a worthy member of society ;
 Proving, by practice, that Imagination
 And Taste are not the foes, but friends, of Piety.—
 I'd not say this without consideration ;
 But I'm convinced I'm speaking with propriety ;
 And 'tis my gravest hope, for years to be,
 That I may thus do good in my degree.

CXXXIII.

This, I'm resolved, shall be my last digression ;
 'Tis really time the canto should be ended ;
 Although I think the reader's free confession
 Must grant that I've considerably mended
 My pace, since I contrived to gain possession
 Of the high road—Well!—on these damsels wended
 To where Sir Lanval lay beneath the tree ;
 Who rose and went to meet them courteously.

CXXXIV.

Short greeting pass'd between the dames and Knight,—
 Then thus the lovelier spake, with smile demure—
 " Will 't please you, Sir, to meet the presence bright
 Of our fair mistress, royal Tryamour ?
 Who hopes you'll dine and take a bed to-night
 At her near palace, and (the more to ensure
 Your friendship) begs you to accept this gem—
 No brighter shines in England's diadem."

CXXXV.

With that, she knelt and placed a charmed ring
 Upon Sir Lanval's finger, who, while raising
 The damsel, with the grace of any king,
 Felt, in himself, a change the most amazing :
 At once his mounting spirit seem'd to spring
 Into ethereal worlds, and wildly gazing
 Into the wood, he fed his wondering eyes
 On sights that mock'd his dreams of Paradise.

CXXXVI.

I've known a ring, placed on a maiden's finger
Produce a like effect—and mark'd with pleasure,
To what new thoughts and feelings it could bring her,
Unlocking, in her bosom, many a treasure,
Which, but for that, might have been doom'd to linger
For years unsunn'd, and waste away at leisure,
Like gold deep buried in a virgin mine—
But oh ! Sir Lanval, what surprise was thine !

CXXXVII.

For all that forest-space, where late uprear'd,
Thick, gnarled oaks, tall elms and beeches stood,
To his cleans'd vision suddenly appear'd
Peopled with an ethereal multitude
Of bright and wond'rous beings—some career'd,
Chasing each other, as in playful mood,
Through air and earth and water ; others bent
Their eyes upon him in mute wonderment.

CXXXVIII.

He stood amidst a region fair and proud,
Round whose horizon, lost in viewless space,
Mountain on mountain rose, like cloud on cloud *
In the bright sunset sky, and at their base
Fair valleys spread, and mighty forests bow'd,
And gentle rivers ran a pleasant race,
And giant lakes lay scatter'd here and there,
And sweetest scents and sounds were floating everywhere.

CXXXIX.

And scarce a bow-shot off stood the pavilion
Of crystal, where the Fairy held her court,
Flooded with rays of azure, and vermilion,
And purple, and bright hues of every sort.
Had I the pencil of the Bard of Lillian—
Could I suppose description was my forte—
I'd try to paint the place as it deserves ;
But such an effort now would shake my nerves.

* Forest on forest hung around his head,
Like cloud on cloud.—KEATS'S *Hyperion*.

CXL.

But let no reader deem what's writ a fiction,
 Swearing that no such place can now be found—
 A mere bravado of poetic diction,
 Existing really nowhere above ground.
 Know that, beneath the Muse's jurisdiction,
 Such Faery regions every where abound ;
 Yea, e'en in crowded cities, or in gaols—
 Surpassing all the beauty of North Wales.

CXLI.

Over the portal of the Fay's abode
 There stood a mighty eagle, of pure gold,
 Whose diamond eyes with such resplendence glow'd
 As no rash gaze of mortal might behold
 Unblinded ; but on Lanval was bestow'd
 Strange power of vision :—through the thickest fold
 Of midnight darkness pierced the bird's keen eyes,
 And served for gas-lights to this Paradise.

CXLI.

And round the gate, in Spenser's words, there " lay
 Great sorts of lovers, piteously complaining"—
 The Elfin suitors of the wayward Fay,
 Who proved an arch Penelope, not deigning
 To let them know 'twas time to go away—
 But when they saw Sir Lanval, the whole train, in
 An instant, knew their fate, and clear'd the portal
 For the admission of the favour'd mortal.

CXLI.

Anon, from that strange company, arose
 A sound of tumult wild and lamentation,
 Till, in mid air, from cries they came to blows—
 The general disappointment and vexation
 Ruffled their rival tempers I suppose,
 Which threaten'd the whole race with extirpation :
 But soon those thunder-clouds dispersed, and then
 The sky was silent and serene again.

CXLIV.

Sir Lanval stood beneath the dome alone,
(For his two guides had left him,) and survey'd
The walls that gleam'd with many a precious stone,
The emerald ceilings, with pure gold inlaid,
The windows arch'd, through which pale light was thrown
On many a pillar'd cloister's long arcade ;
And, of all else forgetful, paused a space,
To view the splendours of that wond'rous place.

CXLV.

Through many a long saloon and echoing hall,
Fair court and spacious vestibule, he pass'd :
Unutterably glorious seem'd they all,
And yet each seem'd more glorious than the last:
And now, reflected from the crystal wall
On his own passing form a glance he cast,
And started—for his dress, and face, and air
Proclaim'd that strange enchantment had been there.

CXLVI.

His robes, when he set out, I grieve to say,
(You recollect he'd been in sad distress)
Were neither very new, nor very gay,
Nor at all singular for cleanliness :
In fact he hadn't wherewithal to pay
For washing or for mending ; so you'll guess
That, though he strove his tatter'd plight to hide, he
Was the reverse of any thing that's tidy.

CXLVII.

His cloak and pantaloons were sadly torn,
His boots and hose as bad as bad could be ;
And his thin cheeks, so pale and famine-worn,
Told tales of long and abject poverty.
He look'd indeed an object most forlorn,
And his gaunt steed look'd more forlorn than he :
They seem'd (though both their frames were strong and
thick-set)
The ghosts of Rozinante and Don Quixote.

CXLVIII.

But now so perfect was his transformation,
 That scarcely could the Knight believe his eyes,
 But doubted if so strange an alteration
 Was to be class'd with grave realities,
 Or dreams of a deranged imagination ;
 He almost fancied that his miseries
 Had turn'd his brain ; for now, from top to toe,
 He was bedizen'd like a finish'd beau.

CXLIX.

And his late haggard eyes were now grown brighter
 Than ever they had been in days of yore ;
 His cheeks were plumper, and his teeth were whiter
 Than when, at Arthur's court, the palm he bore
 No less for his good looks than as a fighter—
 Besides, so costly were the robes he wore,
 That, gazing on his mien and his attire,
 He sigh'd that none were near him to admire.

CL.

But now before two folding doors he stood
 Of soft and pearly lustre, and within
 That hidden room's mysterious solitude
 Heard, as of waters, a low murmurous din,
 Inviting noon-day sleep ; in anxious mood
 He paused as if he thought 'twould be a sin,
 With step irreverent and o'er-curious eye,
 To interrupt that deep tranquillity.

CLI.

Thus while he stood, with restless feelings burning,
 A low sweet music suddenly arose,
 To which the doors on noiseless hinges turning,
 Reveal their hidden secrets, and disclose
 A hall whose light just served him for discerning
 That 'twas constructed chiefly for repose ;
 And through that tender and voluptuous gloom,
 Unconscious Lanval view'd his nuptial room.

CLII.

No window into that enchanted place
Pour'd the full light of sun or stars or moon:
Mother-of-pearl wall'd round the sacred space,
Drinking in mellow'd floods the fiery noon,
And starr'd with gems that did the darkness chase,
Like those that peep through fleecy clouds in June;
Whence a still gleam on all the chamber lay,
Brighter than moonlight, softer far than day.

CLIII.

And in the midst, with low and slumberous sound,
By night and day, a bubbling fountain play'd,
Whose voice alone the silentness profound
Of that delicious chamber did invade:
And at one end, as if in slumber bound,
On a bright couch the beauteous Fay was laid;
Tow'rd whom Sir Lanval did on tiptoe creep,
While still she soundly slept, or feign'd to sleep.

CLIV.

Her shape was perfect symmetry, though less
In stature than most forms of woman-kind;
But who shall paint the perfect loveliness
Of her resplendent features, which combined
All that of Heavenly Beauty poets guess,
With all that painters upon Earth can find?
And who shall paint the light, not yet reveal'd,
Which those long silken eyelashes conceal'd?

CLV.

Her snow-white vest was fasten'd by a zone
Of gold with brightest diamonds studded over,
Which yet less brightly than her bosom shone;
It chanced the silken folds, which used to cover
That white Elysium, had aside been thrown
For heat, and o'er its charms her mortal lover
Might suffer his fond eyes to roam at will,
And of that dazzling beauty gaze their fill.

CLVI.

And o'er her delicate cheek a flush was gleaming,
 And, with quick tumult, did that bosom swell—
 Whether of some strange raptures she was dreaming
 I know not—so I shan't pretend to tell:
 But I suspect her sleep was all a seeming,
 And that the eyes of him she loved so well,
 Fix'd on her beauty, caused her cheek to burn—
 But 'tis a secret I could never learn.

CLVII.

Description, as I've said, is not my forte;
 So we'll give o'er describing—Lanval knelt
 Some time—he knew not if 'twas long or short—
 Beside her, and his heart began to melt
 And leap and throb in such tumultuous sort
 As he had never, till that moment, felt.
 He knew, at once, his dream's mysterious beauty,
 And saw that love was now become a duty.

CLVIII.

And so he fell in love without delay,
 And soon, by dint of gazing, grow'n more bold,
 Press'd to his lips the fingers of the Fay—
 A mode of courtship, in such cases, old.
 It woke her—yet the story does not say
 That she thought fit to look displeased, or scold;
 But fix'd her eyes, that seem'd with love to swim,
 Full on his face, and fondly welcomed him.

CLIX.

When *will* this canto end?—the situation
 Of these two lovers would be quite a prize
 To any bard who'd time for the narration
 Of melting tones, fond looks, and burning sighs.
 They sat some time, in mutual agitation,
 Gazing devoutly on each other's eyes;
 And then the Fairy sunk on Lanval's breast,
 And the whole story of her love confess'd.

CLX.

She "fear'd that he would think her very bold,
For having dared to love him—she should seem
Indelicate to beings of his mould—
—Women would call her forwardness extreme—
And, she confess'd, her heart was not so cold
As she could wish"—and then a brighter gleam,
As she gazed on him, through her fond eyes rush'd—
And then she look'd upon the ground and blush'd.

CLXI.

"He had strange power of witch-craft, she was sure,
Who thus could charm a hapless Fairy's heart—
A Fairy's too, who never could endure
A Faery suitor, and had mock'd the dart
Of Cupid, till she fell into his lure—
—She scarcely dared to hope that he would part
With Earth's most radiant Beauties for her sake—
She had few offers for such love to make.

CLXII.

"Yet if he *would* be true to her, and live
Content with her poor beauty, he should be
Endow'd with all that Faery-land could give
Of wealth and power and bliss and dignity;
And she would roam (she hoped he would forgive
Her freedom) at his side o'er land and sea;
And make him still victorious in the fight,
And love him ever truly, day and night."

CLXIII.

You may conceive (if you have ever been
Engaged in courtship that resembled this)
Thus basking in young eyes of tenderest sheen
In the full glow of love's acknowledged bliss)—
Sir Lahval's answer to the Faery queen;
So that I need not tell you 'twas a kiss—
"A long, long kiss" in Byron's phrase, which I,
On this occasion, deign to ratify.

CLXIV.

And when that first and holiest rapture past,
 Ere yet their sever'd lips had ceas'd to tingle,
 (Pity such kisses can't for ever last,
 When love and duty, as in wedlock, mingle)—
 Tryamour—since it's not the thing to fast,
 For married people any more than single—
 Summon'd her Fays and bade them serve up dinner,
 At which Sir Lanval feasted like a sinner.

CLXV.

You know he'd fasted long, and (though half married)
 Was glad his craving stomach to replenish :
 Whence over his repast so long he tarried
 That Tryamour scarce thought he'd ever finish :
 She laugh'd to see the loads his trencher carried,
 The goblets that he quaff'd of mead and Rhenish ;
 Playing at once the lover and the glutton,
 And murmuring tenderest raptures o'er his mutton.

CLXVI.

And when that marriage feast at length was o'er,
 The Queen a goblet to her lips did raise,
 And pléged Sir Lanval as her spouse, before
 The assembled company of Elves and Fays ;
 And gave him full possession of her store,
 And vow'd to love him truly all her days ;
 He pledged the draught, and thus, with mutual passion,
 The pair were wedded in the Faery fashion.

CLXVII.

And here I once intended to describe,
 In the best verses that my Muse could write,
 The feasts and frolics of the Elfin tribe
 In celebration of that nuptial night ;
 The dance, the song, the gambol, and the gibe,
 The illuminations, and the bonfires bright ;
 And how the groves were sprinkled with pavilions
 Of sprites, who came to join the sport by millions.

CLXVIII.

And how, at midnight, the full moon and stars
Their brightest beams on those wild revèls shed,
Gaily careering on their fiery cars,
As if they too were dancing over-head ;
And how Jove laugh'd, and Venus wink'd at Mars,
And Mars, beneath her glance, turn'd doubly red ;
And Dian, more than once, thought fit to shroud
Her virgin splendours in a fleecy cloud.

CLXIX.

I meant to have described Sir Lanval's sleep
Dream-haunted, and the sights his inward eye
Saw, while his bride a loving watch did keep,
Kissing, full oft, his eyelids tenderly,
And giving his wrapt spirit power to peep
Into the secrets of earth sea and sky ;
All which, for want of room, must be omitted,
Although the tasteful reader's to be pitied.

CLXX.

I'm really quite alarm'd when I survey
The quantity of work that's to be done
In the remaining canto of this lay—
(For I'm resolved to finish it in *one*,
Whatever Mr. Knight may choose to say)—
Indeed, I half regret that I've begun
An undertaking which, I see, will double
The estimate I'd form'd of ink and trouble.

CLXXI.

Canto the fourth will tell you how the Knight
Return'd, in triumph, to the court of Britain ;
And how he was admired by ladies bright ;
And how Queen Guenever herself was smitten,
And suffer'd, for her crimes, what served her right ;
All which, before next April, shall be written :
But, for the present, here my toils I close,
Leaving the lovers to their night's repose.

THE LATER AGES OF HEATHEN PHILOSOPHY.

THE history of the later ages of the heathen philosophy is not sufficiently attractive to be in general very accurately known. To those who have contemplated the unwearied struggle after truth, which was maintained by the gigantic intellect of Plato, Aristotle, or Cicero, it may seem to present but a pitiable spectacle of human imbecility. Yet even these perverse aberrations form an interesting æra, not only in the progress of the human mind, but in the history of the Christian church; and to a literary inquirer they have a peculiar interest, as pointing out the channels by which the superstitious notions of sorcery were derived into the legends and romances of the middle ages. It was certainly a singular æra in the history of the human mind, when, not only all the religions of polytheism were amalgamated into one incoherent mass, and almost all the jarring sects of philosophy were forced into union, but this multifarious superstition and this syncretistic philosophy, instead of being opposed to one another, were blended into one religious system; and the disciples of those speculators, who had attained to the sublime height of monotheism, or trembled on the verge of atheism, became the most zealous worshippers of a host of innumerable gods. It was a singular æra in the history of the Christian religion; for against the Christian religion this combination was formed: and not only was an opposition thus provided for its theology and morality, but an attempt was made to rival even its evidence. The philosophic polytheism also claimed its peculiar revelations and miracles; and sages and priests enjoyed familiar intercourse with gods and dæmons, and were the professors of the arts of natural and theurgic magic.

The gradual diffusion of eastern superstitions was one of the causes which prepared the public mind for this remarkable period. After the elegant observations of Gibbon, in the second chapter of his history, it will be sufficient merely to recall to the recollection of the reader the accommodating temper of the ancient Polytheism. The earlier Greeks, in the simplicity of their national prejudices, seem scarcely to have conceived it possible that the theogony of any nation should be essentially different from their own; and the student of antiquity is frequently amused and perplexed by the facility with which Herodotus adapts the names of the Grecian divinities to the objects of Assyrian, Egyptian, and Phœnician worship. When Alexander had extended his empire over the regions of

the east, it became his peculiar purpose to unite the subjects of his various provinces into one great people ; and no step in the execution of this design seemed more necessary than the union of their religions. That the same policy, though with less political wisdom, was followed by his successors, we have sufficient evidence in the persecutions directed by the kings of Syria against the inflexible monotheism of the Jews and Persians. Nor must we forget the magnificent temple and luxurious grove, in which Apollo and Daphne were naturalized on the banks of the Orontes*. From Tacitus† we have an interesting account of two local deities of Sinope, to whom even Grecian theologians found some difficulty in assigning a prototype in their national creed ; but it was believed that they were best described under the titles of Jupiter Dis and Proserpine. It seems that the male divinity was dissatisfied with his humble residence, or possibly with his consort ; for he appeared in repeated visions to Ptolemy Lagides, requesting that he might be translated to Alexandria, and enrolled in the catalogue of Egyptian gods. There he was received with great devotion, and identified with Serapis, the Egyptian Pluto‡ ; and the deity thus raised from obscurity became the object of more sumptuous worship than even Isis and Osiris. It was probably the design of Ptolemy to connect himself with some object of national superstition ; and the loyalty of the people was strongly secured, when they were made the zealous votaries of the king's peculiar god. We are informed by Arrian, from the Royal Day-book§, that during the last illness of Alexander, when the fate of the civilized world was depending on the alternations of an ague, seven of his principal officers passed the night in the temple of Serapis, to inquire of the god, if, within his precincts, deliverance might be found for their beloved monarch. We cannot learn whether the same deity were in fact common to the Egyptians and Chaldæans, or whether the worship of Serapis in Babylon arose from the desire of Alexander to unite all his subjects in one common superstition. But at least it is strongly indicative of the comprehensive nature of the Grecian religion, that on such an occasion such men should consult the oracle of a Chaldæan or Egyptian god.

From the earliest intercourse of Greece and Rome the deities of the two nations became completely identified ; yet it would be easy to show, that although their mythologies were undoubtedly derived from one common source, the more

* Gibbon's *Decline and Fall*, chap. xxiii.

† Hist. iv. 83, 84.

‡ Plutarch. de Iside et Osiride.

§ See Mitford's *Hist. of Greece*, vol. x. chap 57, and Appendix.

poetical imagination of Greece had made to itself gods and heroes and innumerable genii of woods and streams and seas, who had no inheritance in the ancient religion of Latium; and it might not be difficult to point out the distinctions which exist between Cronus and Saturn, Hephæstus and Vulcan, Artemis and Diana. In the progress of time, when the Romans approached to the empire of the world, the mutual adoption of religious faith took place yet more extensively. At an early period of their history they had solemnly invited Æsculapius from Epidaurus to deliver them from the ravages of a pestilence*; and had been deluded into a belief of the visible presence of the god in the form of a snake, almost as grossly as the inhabitants of Pontus in after times by the arts of the impostor Alexander†. At a later age they had imported from the east the Phrygian goddess, the great mother of the gods‡; and it is singular that the oracle should have directed the selection of the best man in Rome to receive the divinity, whose orgies afterwards became infamous for the most disgusting impurity§; and that the first manifestation of her power should have been a miracle in vindication of calumniated chastity. It appears from Lucian|| that the worship of this goddess travelled westward from the banks of the Euphrates; and none was more universally diffused throughout the Roman empire. The worship of the Egyptian gods was soon naturalized in the metropolis of the world; and we learn from Apuleius¶, that the sacred College of the Pastophori, or Priests of Isis and Osiris, had been established in the time of Sylla. Gibbon, in a note to his second chapter, has given the references from which we may gather the various fortunes of this superstition. It may be sufficient to remark, that, with other eastern fashions, it seems to have been most in vogue with the weaker sex and the more ignorant classes of the people. When Ovid describes the haunts in which the professors of the Art of Love may with most advantage watch for the fair objects of their pursuit, he adds,

Nec te prætereat Veneri ploratus Adonis,
Cultaque Judæo septima sacra Syro:
Neu fuge linigeræ Memphitica templa juvenæ;
Multas illa facit, quod fuit ipsa Jovi.

De Arte Am. L. I. v. 75.

The obsequies of Adonis, and the rites of the Venus by whom he was beloved, were entirely eastern in their origin.

* Liv. Ept. Lib. xi.

† Lucian. Alexander, sive Pseudo-Mantis.

‡ Liv. Lib. xxix. cap. 10, 11, 14. Ovid. Fast. IV. 179—372.

§ Juv. Sat. ii. Sat. vi. Apul. Metam. Lib. viii.

|| Lucian. De Syria Dea.

¶ Metam. Lib. xi. in fine.

Cicero, in the curious mythological chapters in which he describes the manner in which deities of the same name had been multiplied, enumerates four who had borne the title of Venus: "*Quarta Syria, Tyroque concepta, quæ Astarte vocatur, quam Adonidi nupsisse proditum est**" The erudition of Milton has made us familiar with these rites of Thammuz:

Whose annual wound in Lebanon allured
The Syrian damsels to lament his fate
In amorous ditties all a summer's day,
While smooth Adonis from his native rock
Ran purple to the sea, supposed with blood
Of Thammuz yearly wounded.

Lucian, in a style of exquisite irony, in the antiquated Ionic dialect well befitting his assumed gravity as a devout believer, has detailed the ceremonies of the Byblian Venus, or Astarte, the supposition of the identity of Adonis with Osiris, and the annual miracle of the floating of a severed head, from the mouths of the Nile to the Phœnician coast; and at the same time has hinted with much apparent hesitation and timidity, the natural cause of the change of colour in the sacred river †. It cannot be doubted that the Paphian Venus, whose priesthood was hereditary in the family of Cinyras, was the same as the Astarte of the neighbouring continent, the Ash-toreth, the goddess of the Zidonians, whose licentious idolatry seduced the old age of Solomon ‡. The form under which she was represented, a twisted cone, though approved by Hogarth as the perfect emblem of beauty, is evidently the offspring, not of Grecian, but of oriental taste §. We must not, however, lose sight of the worship of Isis. The fashion of the days of Ovid had gained strength in those of Juvenal, and the Roman Temple of Isis was the resort of licentious love ||. To Isis the Roman merchant and sailor returned thanks for their preservation ¶ and the sistrum of Isis was dreaded by the Roman Swindler **. But it is in the sixth satire of Juvenal, in that tremendous invective which is poured forth almost with the fury of inspiration against half the human race, that we have the strongest testimony to the empire assumed by the Egyptian priests over the consciences of the Roman Ladies.

V. 525. ———— Si candida jusserit Io,
Ibit ad Ægypti finem, calidaque petitas
A Meroe portabit aquas, ut spargat in ædem
Isidis, antiquo quæ proxima surgit ovili.

* De Nat. Deor. Lib. iii. c. 23.

† De Syria Dea.

‡ 1 Kings, ch. xi. v. 5.

§ Tacit. Hist. l. ii. c. 3.

|| Sat. ix. v. 22.

¶ Sat. xii. v. 23.

** Sat. xiii. v. 93.

Credit enim ipsius dominæ se voce moneri.
 En animam et mentem, cum qua Di nocte loquantur !
 Ergo hic præcipuum summumque meretur honorem,
 Qui grege linigero circumdatus, et grege calvo
 Plangentis populi, currit derisor anubis.
 Ille petit veniam, quoties non abstinet uxor
 Concubitu sacris observandisque diebus ;
 Magnaque debetur violato pœna cadurco ;
 Et movisse caput visa est argentea serpens.
 Illius lacrymæ meditataque murmura præstant,
 Ut veniam culpæ non abnuat, ansere magno
 Scilicet et tenui popano corruptus, Osiris.

In the eleventh book of the *Metamorphosis* of Apuleius, in which his licentious and humorous adventures are brought to so solemn a conclusion, and the veil of allegory is half withdrawn from the grotesque forms that have passed before our eyes, we have an elaborate detail of the magnificence with which the rites of Isis were in his age celebrated at Corinth : and in the vision, in which the goddess, whom he has worshipped as the moon, declares to him her true nature and titles, we have a singular instance of the manner in which the philosophers even then began to intermingle and confound the discordant mythologies of polytheism :

“ En adsum tuis commota, Luci, precibus, rerum Natura parens, elementorum omnium domina, sæculorum progenies initialis, summa numinum, regina Manium, prima cœlitum, deorum dearumque facies uniformis ; quæ cœli luminosa culmina, maris salubria flamina, inferorum deplorata silentia, nutibus meis dispenso ; cujus numen unicum, multiformi specie, ritu vario, nomine multijugo, totus veneratur orbis. Me primigenii Phryges Pessinunticam nominant Deum Matrem : hinc Autochthones Attici Cecropiam Minervam ; illinc fluctuantes Cyprii Paphiam Venerem ; Cretes sagittiferi Dictynnam Dianam ; sicuti trilingues Stygiam Proserpinam ; Eleusinii vetustam deam Cererem ; Junonem alii, alii Bellonam, alii Hecaten, Rhamnusiam alii ; et qui nascentis dei Solis inchoantibus radiis illustrantur Æthiopes Arique, priscaque doctrina pollentes Ægyptii, cærimoniis me prorsus propriis percolentes, appellant vero nomine reginam Isidem !”

For a short period, the objects of eastern worship overshadowed even the gods of the capitol. When the youthful Priest of the Sun was removed from Emisa to the palace of the Cæsars, he erected at Rome a magnificent temple to the deity whose Syrian title he had himself assumed. The senate in Asiatic vestments paid homage to the god of their sovereign ; and the nuptials of Elagabalus and Astarte, or the sun and moon, were celebrated throughout the Roman empire*.

* Gibbon, chap. vi,

How far this new divinity retained his honours after the accession of Alexander Severus, we are not informed; but he probably shared the downfall of his imperial pontiff. Enough, however, has been adduced to shew the extent to which oriental superstitions were diffused in the west; and we can scarcely doubt that the religion of the conquerors was received with at least equal facility by the conquered nations.

The adoption of Eastern deities with their peculiar rites was naturally attended by the admission of other superstitions. The science of astrology was not a native of the west; but had its birth when the ancient Chaldees watched the rising and setting of the stars upon the unbroken horizon of their interminable plains. Unable by their unassisted observations to discover the material laws of the motions of the heavenly bodies, they imagined them to be endowed with divine intellect and power, and not only to influence the vicissitudes of sublunary events, but by their aspect and configuration to reveal them. There was another theory of astrology, which is mentioned by Dr. Cudworth in his remarks on Mathematical or Astrological Fate*: "There was too much attributed to astrology also by those that were no fatalists; both Heathen and Christian philosophers, such as were Plotinus, Origen, Simplicius, and others; who, though they did not make the stars to necessitate all human actions here below, yet supposed that Divine Providence (foreknowing all things) had contrived such a strange coincidence of the motions and configurations of the heavenly bodies with such actions here upon earth, as that the former might be prognostics of the latter." As these philosophers, at least the Platonists, supposed that the heavenly bodies, although animated by intellectual principles, yet moved according to certain laws, this theory in their confused creed was united with the former; as Cudworth has remarked in the conclusion of the same passage.

Lucian, in a treatise written in the same style of grave irony as his disquisition on the Syrian goddess, has pretended to shew the antiquity of astrology among the Greeks; but the forced interpretations which his ingenuity has affixed to various mythological and heroic fables, prove most satisfactorily that he could discover at that early period no real traces of the science. All the modes by which the elder Greeks or Romans sought to penetrate into futurity, are enumerated by the Prometheus of Æschylus as the fruits of his benevolence to man†. He made them familiar with the observation of

* Intellectual System, Book I, Chap. I. Sect. 2.

† Prom. vv. 494—506.

dreams and omens, the flight and voice of birds, the entrails of the victim, and the flames of the altar ; but if he taught them to observe the stars, it was only,

That or of winter, or the flowery spring,
Or fruitful summer, sign to them was none
Assured. — — — v. 463.

Comets might be supposed from their horrid hair to shake pestilence and war ; prophets might labour to interpret an eclipse, with fear of change perplexing monarchs ; but astrology was never made a regular science, till the credulity of the vulgar, and the curiosity of the learned, became conversant with the superstitions and occult knowledge of the East. Diodorus, in his 17th Book, where he mentions the deputation of Chaldæan priests and prophets, who deprecated the ill-fated entrance of Alexander into Babylon, has strongly marked the contempt with which they were regarded by the Grecian philosophers of the Macedonian court, and the reverence with which the knowledge of their nation was considered in the age of Augustus. It is true, that, after the destruction of the Assyrian Empire, while the purer system of Persian theology was predominant in the East, the power of the Chaldæan priesthood was diminished, and the Chaldæan philosophy and science were degraded : and though they might meet with more toleration under the Macedonian monarchs, still they were far from holding that exalted rank which once belonged to them, “when the king commanded to call the magicians, and the astrologers, and the sorcerers, and the Chaldæans, for to show the king his dreams : so they came, and stood before the king*.” The wise men no longer formed a regularly constituted order in the state ; they stood no longer in the presence of princes ; and their name was usurped by wandering impostors, who lived upon the fears and credulity of the populace. This degenerate tribe penetrated into the West ; and we are told by Valerius Maximus†, that, shortly after the destruction of Carthage, in the consulship of Popilius Lænas and Calpurnius Piso, A. U. C. 614, the prætor ordered all Chaldæans within ten days to depart from Rome and Italy, on account of the mode in which they obtained money from persons of weak minds by their fallacious interpretation of the stars. Similar edicts, for similar causes, were issued under the Emperors‡ : and Juvenal has described at once the punishments to which they were exposed, and the

* Dan. ii. 2.

† Lib. iv. c. 3.

‡ Tac. Ann. II. c. 32. Suet. Vit. c. 14. Domit. c. 15.

vulgar infatuation which encouraged them to persevere in their perilous, but lucrative, profession*:

Chaldæis sed major erit fiducia: quicquid
Dixerit astrologus, credent à fonte relatum
Hammonis; quoniam Delphis oracula cessant,
Et genus humanum damnat caligo futuri.
Præcipuus tamen est horum, qui sæpius exul,
Cujus amicitia, conducendaque tabella,
Magnus civis obit et formidatus Othoni.
Inde fides arti, sonuit si dextera ferro
Lævaque, si longo castrorum in carcere mansit.
Nemo mathematicus genium indemnatus habebit:
Sed qui pœne perit; cui vix in Cyclada mitti
Contigit, et parva tandem caruisse Saripho.
Consulit ictericæ lento de funere matris,
Ante tamen de te, Tanaquil tua; quando sororem
Efferat, et patruos; an sit victurus adulter
Post ipsam; quid enim majus dare numina possunt?

And, in the following lines, he inveighs with yet more humour against the ladies who were not content with consulting astrologers, but were themselves professors of the science. But we shall see that, notwithstanding the discredit thus attached to the study of astrology, it found its way again into the courts of princes, that it was professed by men of rank and education, and was at last received into the very bosom of philosophy. It is probable that Berosus, the Babylonian priest of Belus, who shortly after the age of Alexander settled at Cos, and there taught the Chaldæan sciences, and was honoured with a statue in the Gymnasium of Athens, was the first person who brought astrology into repute among the western nations.

These remarks have been introduced chiefly on account of the intimate connexion of astrology and magic. Both were more peculiarly the offspring of eastern superstition: both were frequently practised by the same individuals; or, at least, the profession of the mysterious science of the stars almost invariably subjected the astrologer to the suspicion of being familiar with more occult and dangerous arts. There were three species of magic, the Natural, Goëtic, and Theurgic. Natural magic was only the knowledge of the less obvious properties of natural substances. In an age, when even the most educated men were profoundly ignorant of natural science, a very small portion of it might enable a person to accomplish chemical changes or optical illusions, which the

* Sat. vi. 552.

vulgar would readily consider as supernatural. The profession of sciences, which had no foundation in the nature of things, as astrology and the Pythagorean science of the occult properties of numbers; the supposition of powers and virtues in natural substances, which they did not really possess; a belief in the sympathy of intellectual or spiritual beings with the material substances which they were supposed to pervade and animate; a faith in the intrinsic efficacy of sacrifices, and rites, and prayers, and in the influence of spells and incantations over the material world; and enthusiastic misconceptions of the nature of the gods, and of the human mind; were among the principal errors which transformed Natural Magic into the Goëtic and Theurgic. Between these, it is difficult to ascertain the imaginary line of distinction, which was so scrupulously drawn by the professors of the nobler art. Theurgy, however, or Theurgic Magic, was supposed to be allied with philosophy, piety, and benevolence; while Goëtic Magic included all that is commonly comprehended under the odious name of sorcery. Theurgic Magic, although it scrupled not occasionally to employ inferior agency, consisted chiefly in the knowledge of the nature of gods and demons, and of the rites by which they might be propitiated and approached; and in such a purification and exaltation of the human mind, as fitted it to hold communion with them: and thus the philosopher, by the favour of superior powers, and his participation of their nature, or by the command which he acquired over inferior powers, above whom he had elevated himself in the scale of intellectual being, exercised his dominion in the material and spiritual world, and was enabled to work miracles, or was illuminated with visions and revelations. To a person familiar with the spirit of classical antiquity, it is evident, at once, that this species of magic is entirely alien from it. In the earlier ages of Greece and Rome, every portent and oracle proceeded immediately from the god, and no power or knowledge was supposed to be inherent in the person of his minister. The aboriginal classical magic was of a peculiarly simple character. It may seem strange to say, that magic was at first a branch of medicine; yet, such was apparently the fact. Pliny, indeed, has not scrupled to declare his opinion, that all the magic of the East sprung from the same source:—*“Natam primum è medicina nemo dubitat, ac specie salutari irrepsisse, velut altiore sanctioremque medicinam*.”* We shall soon see reason to believe that this assertion is too general; but of the ancient classical magic it seems undoubted true. This consisted chiefly in the knowledge of

* Lib. xxx. c. 1.

the secret properties of herbs, and other natural productions. When Circe changed the companions of Ulysses into swine, "she mingled with their food baneful medicaments, that they might altogether forget their native land *;" and it was by the virtue of the herb Moly, that the hero himself resisted her enchantments: by an unguent Medea enabled Jason to withstand the breath of the Colchian bulls †; and by a medicated robe she wreaked her vengeance on Creusa. Even incantations formed, originally, a part of medicine. By incantation the wound was stanch'd, which Ulysses received from the Parnassian boar ‡; and although even the mention of this species of medical magic may be considered as one of the proofs that this episode is not the genuine production of Homer, still it must be the composition of some very ancient poet. By Pindar, incantation is mentioned along with medicine and surgery, as one of the arts of Æsculapius §; and Æschylus alludes to the same superstition ||.

It is doubtful to what class of the priests or philosophers of the east the term of Magi should be strictly applied; whether it should be confined to the ministers of the religion of fire, or whether, in its earlier signification, it might not include the sacerdotal order among the Sabæan worshippers of the host of heaven, and the votaries of the grosser polytheism of the Chaldees ¶. However, whatever was their religion, the Magi appear to have been properly the Median priests **, and the name of magic was transferred from their secret knowledge to all occult science of a similar nature. From the statement of Pliny, and from his enumeration of magical specifics ††, it is clear that much of their art was connected with medicine, and an acquaintance with the real or fancied qualities of natural substances. At the same time, from their priestly character, and the mode in which the term magic is used by Grecian writers, it is no less clear that they were chiefly conversant with the nature of the deity, the miraculous manifestations of divine power ‡‡, and the revelation of future events §§. We have the direct testimony of Plato, one of the very earliest authorities on the subject, that the magic of Zoroaster, the son of Oromasdes, in which the Persian kings were carefully instructed, consisted in the worship of the gods |||. The knowledge of this magic was first introduced into Greece by Ostanes, who accompanied the army of Xerxes. According

* Odyss. x. v. 235.

† Pind. Pyth. iv., v. 393.

‡ Odyss. xix. v. 457.

§ Pyth. iii. v. 92.

|| Agam. v. 999.

¶ See Brucker, Hist. Crit. Phil. tom. i. lib. ii. cap. ii. de Philosophia Chaldæorum, and cap. iii. de Philosophia Persarum.

** Herod. i. 107, 120. iii. 73, 79.

†† Lib. xxx.

‡‡ Eur. Supp. v. 1110. Orest. v. 1509. §§ Soph. Œd. T. 887. ||| Alcib. i.

to Pliny, wherever he went, he contaminated the world with his portentous science, and made the Greeks not only eager, but even mad, in the pursuit of it*. It was, probably, at this time that the Thessalians, who had more intercourse with the Persians than any other Grecian people, laid the foundation of their celebrity for magical arts. Perhaps the earliest allusion to the pre-eminence of the Thessalian witches is in Aristophanes, where Strepsiades, in dread of the monthly claims of his creditors, proposes to hire one to draw down the moon from heaven†. This pre-eminence was long maintained; it is described by Lucan, in his most exaggerated style‡; and even in the age of Apuleius, Thessaly was the peculiar country of sorcery. It was, apparently, this introduction of eastern rites, which caused the ceremonies of Grecian enchantment to depart so widely from their original and classical simplicity. The medicinal herbs were no longer sufficient; but all that was loathsome and disgusting was sought for the composition of the magic bowl. In the madness of the deserted Dido—

Falcibus et messæ ad lunam quærantur ahenis
 Pubentes herbæ, nigri cum lacte veneni:
 Quæritur et nascentis equi de fronte revulsus
 Et matri præreptus amor.

The cell of the sorceress of Apuleius was furnished in a manner which may bear comparison with the pollutions of the holy table in Kirk Alloway: "There were nails saved from wrecked vessels, and limbs of corpses taken even from the grave; here were noses and fingers; there were nails with which malefactors had been crucified, with flesh still sticking to them; the blood of murdered men preserved, and broken skulls torn from the jaws of wild beasts§." Yet even these abominations fall short of the hellish potion prepared by the hags, whose rites the Roman lyrist has described with a perception of the horrible, unequalled in all the relics of antiquity||. The sorceress of Lucan, notwithstanding her sublimity where she threatens to invoke the Furies by their true name, and to disclose the unutterable pollution which prevented the return of Proserpine to the upper air, is made even ridiculous by the excessive accumulation of loathsome images. From its origin, this species of magic continued always to be closely connected with the art of poisoning¶. *Saga* and *Venefica* were generally synonymous terms; and we can readily

* Hic maxime Osthanes ad rabiem, non aviditatem, modo scientiæ ejus, Græcorum populos egit. Lib. xxx. c. 1.

† Nub. v. 749.

‡ Phars. ii. 451.

§ Metam. Lib. iii. || Hor. Epod. v. ¶ See particularly Juv. Sat. vi. 609, &c.

believe that Medea was but the Locusta of a barbarous age ; but, besides the increase in the number of the ingredients of the magic potion, there was introduced a multitude of magical ceremonies, each of which had its peculiar efficacy. In the silence and solitude of midnight, beneath the waning moon, the presence of the infernal deities was invoked with charm and incantation, and the blood of victims of ill-omened colour ; the woollen fillet was placed upon the altar ; the brazen rhombus was whirled upon its axis ; the mystic iynx was shaken ; some shred of the dress of the devoted object of enchantment was burned or buried in the earth ; and the waxen image, endowed with mysterious sympathy, was thrice bound with yarn, and thrice led in triumph round the altar, before it was suffered to waste away in the symbolic flames. These rites, condemned by the religion of the west as impious, found patrons in the priests of Isis, and Mithras, and Belus ; and became gradually less and less obnoxious with the deities, by whose votaries they were practised. The more eastern portion of the Roman empire was overspread, not only with the wandering Chaldæans and Astrologers, but with pretenders to the science of the ancient Magi, who worked in a similar manner upon the ignorance and superstition of the people. We have examples of this class of impostors in Simon, whom ecclesiastical writers have even distinguished by the surname of Magus, who bewitched, with his sorceries, the people of Samaria*, and afterwards attained to notoriety at Rome ; and in Elymas†, who exercised his influence over Sergius Paulus, the Roman governor of Cyprus. There can be little doubt that the books of “curious arts,” which were burned at Ephesus‡ by the converts to Christianity, were chiefly treatises of magic. The art, thus widely diffused among the people, became gradually patronised by the great, and cultivated by the learned. Philosophers endeavoured to separate what appeared the purer, and nobler, and more rational part of it, from the childish ceremonies and disgusting rites by which it was disgraced. They remembered that Pythagoras, Empedocles, Democritus, and Plato, had undergone a species of voluntary exile in pursuit of the knowledge, which in their age was designated by the venerable name of magic ; and had ever esteemed it as their most precious treasure, the very arcanum of their philosophy§. They knew that this magic, the magic of Zoroaster, and the similar institution of the hermetic wisdom of the Egyptians, was, in its origin, conversant with theology and the worship of the gods ; and if they

* Acts. c. viii. v. 9—11.

† C. xiii. v. 6, &c.

‡ xxx. v. 19.

§ Plin. Lib. xxx. c. 1.

were charged with an acquaintance with this forbidden science, they were not ashamed to avow that they professed it only in its primitive purity. How far the ancient magic had been really preserved, may admit of doubt; but the Platonists, from their desire of emulating the celebrity of the Christian miracles, vindicated to it at least all its ancient honours; and made it one of the most distinguishing characteristics of their comprehensive sect.

We have already adduced some testimonies to the reputation of astrology among the vulgar; but it will be worth our while to trace the progress both of astrology and magic among the higher orders. Nigidius Figulus was a senator of distinguished birth, the friend of Cicero, and endeared to him, not only by offices of kindness, but by the extent of his learning and the purity of his life*. He addicted himself to the obsolete doctrines of Pythagoras, and directed his researches to all that was abstruse in nature†. The study of mathematics, and of the Pythagorean science of the occult properties of numbers, led him to astrology; and he acquired singular celebrity by the accuracy of his predictions. It is mentioned by Suetonius, as a fact universally known, that, when the Senator Octavius came too late to a debate upon Catiline's conspiracy, and ascribed his delay to the birth of a son, Nigidius, who was then prætor, inquired the hour, and affirmed that a master of the world was born. This infant was Augustus Cæsar‡. Lucan has seized on the tradition of his occult knowledge, and made him foretell the calamities of the civil war:—

At Figulus, cui cura Deos Secretaque cœli
Nosse fuit, quem non stellarum Ægyptia Memphis
Æquaret visu, numerisque moventibus astra,
Aut hic errat, ait, nulla cum lego per ævum
Mundus, et incerto discurrunt sidera motu;
Aut, si fata movent, orbi generique paratur
Humano matura lues.

Phars. I. v. 639.

From Dio we learn that he did not escape the suspicion of magic§. Anaxilaus of Larisa was also a Pythagorean philosopher, and a professor of natural magic: but he was suspected of knowledge more arcane, and banished by Augustus. We learn from Pliny|| that the Pythagorean Q. Sextius was a proficient in astrology. This science was so far from being always considered as a crime, that its professors were the favourites of the sovereigns of the world. The mathematician

* Ep. ad Fam. Lib. iv. 13.

† Cic. Frag. de Univ. c. i.

‡ Suet. Aug. 94.

§ Lib. xlv. p. 306.

|| Lib. xix. c. 29,

Scribonius foretold to Livia the empire of her unborn son *; and, throughout his life, Tiberius was addicted to these occult arts. His favourite astrologer was the Platonic philosopher, Thrasyllus of Mende, who was also admitted to the intimacy of Augustus †. Tacitus gives a singular account of the origin of his high estimation, at the same time that he mentions the proficiency of Tiberius himself in the Chaldæan art, and the accuracy with which he predicted the brief empire of Galba ‡. The science of Thrasyllus did not die with him. His son foretold the power of Nero; and his ephemerides were consulted by the Roman ladies in the age of Juvenal §. We may learn the progress of the arts of astrology and magic even from the frequency with which they were supposed to be connected with the designs of the noblest men of Rome against the persons or power of the Cæsars ||. Some astrologers were hardy enough to foretell to Nero his approaching downfall ¶; and empire was predicted by Seleucus to Otho **. Nero was familiar with all the forms of magic; and found them all, with some shadow of truth, equally vain in their higher pretensions: “veneficas artes pollere, non magicas ††.” Once, indeed, in the anguish of conscience, he is said to have attempted the most forbidden rites; and to have sought to call up the manes of his murdered mother, and deprecate her intolerable wrath ‡‡. Vespasian, Titus, and Nerva, all from credulity or policy, consulted the Pythagorean philosopher and magician Apollonius of Tyana. Hadrian became almost proverbial for his attachment to occult sciences; and the opportune shower, which relieved the army of Marcus Antoninus from distress, attributed by the Christians to the prayers of Christian soldiers, was ascribed by the Pagans to the incantations of Chaldæan magicians §§. At a somewhat later period, Septimius Severus, at the head of armies, and invested with the purple, retained all the superstitions which he had imbibed from his African birth, and was passionately addicted to divination and magic. He selected as his second wife Julia Domna, the daughter of Bassianus, the Syrian priest of the Sun at Emisa, because she was born under “a royal nativity.” Julia was herself a proficient in philosophy and occult sciences; and

* Suet. Tib. 14. † Suet. Aug. 98. Tib. 14, 62. Cal. 19.

‡ Ann. vi. 20—22.

§ Sat. vi. v. 575.

|| Tac. Ann. ii. 27, 32. vi. 29. xii. 59. ¶ Suet. Nero, c. 40.

** Otho, c. 4. †† Plin. Lib. xxx. c. 2. ‡‡ Suet. Nero, c. 34.

§§ ——— Chaldæa mago seu carmina ritu

Armavere deos; seu, quod reor, omne Tonantis

Obsequium Marci mores potuere mereri.—CLAUDIAN.

when the prognostics of the stars were verified, the learning of the East became the fashion of the imperial court.

To the attachment of Julia Domna to superstition and philosophy, we owe one of the most singular monuments of this age, and one peculiarly adapted to the illustration of our present subject; the life of Apollonius of Tyana, whom we have already mentioned. As far as we are able to extract the truth from the mass of fable with which it has been overlaid, it appears that Apollonius professed himself a rigid follower of Pythagoras, practised all his austerities, and not only sought the reputation of being acquainted with his abstruser doctrines in natural and moral philosophy, but followed his example in pretending to occult arts and superhuman power. It is certain, at least, that he was cited before Domitian to answer for the crime of magic; and that he was excluded from initiation at the Eleusinian mysteries, and forbidden to consult the oracle of Trophonius, as a man polluted by sorcery and intercourse with evil dæmons. In the narrative which we now possess, it is hard to say, how much is to be ascribed to the impostures of Apollonius himself, how much to the credulity and idle exaggerations of his followers, and how much to the elaborate falsehood of his last historian. Although it cannot be considered strictly as a record of popular superstition in the first century, it will at least mark the character of the age in which it was published under the auspices of the imperial court, and of the succeeding period, when it was esteemed a triumphant monument of the truth of Paganism against the rival claims of the Christian revelation. The history of Apollonius was first written by his devoted follower Damis of Nineveh. What city was meant by this name is utterly uncertain; and it suggests a doubt whether Damis were not himself an impostor. These neglected commentaries were introduced to the notice of Julia Domna, who thought the style so little worthy of the subject, that she placed them in the hands of her freedman Flavius Philostratus to be adorned with all the graces of Attic sophistry. Philostratus mentions other authorities which he consulted. One of his observations is remarkable. He says that he has paid little attention to the history of Apollonius written by Mæragenes, because many of the most remarkable actions of the philosopher are omitted in it: a description from which we may conclude that it approached much more nearly to the truth than the romance of Damis. To investigate the truth was not apparently the purpose of Philostratus or of Julia. His business was to compile an elegant and popular narrative, which should redound to the glory of occult

philosophy and the heathen religion. He has not himself applied his work to the point upon which it was devised to bear : but, in the reign of Diocletian, Hierocles, a Platonistic philosopher and prefect of Bithynia, in his *Λόγοι Φιλαλήθεις* instituted a comparison between the miracles of Apollonius and those of our Saviour, and attempted to establish the superiority of Paganism. His work has not come down to us ; but we possess the reply of Eusebius, bishop of Cæsarea, who with much candour admits whatever merit could be reasonably ascribed to Apollonius, but triumphantly refutes the evidence of his miraculous powers.

It may amuse the reader to transcribe a few of the prodigies narrated of Apollonius. He was born at Tyana in Cappadocia, at the beginning of the Christian era. When his mother was pregnant, the Egyptian god, Proteus, appeared to her in a dream, and informed her that it was he himself whom she was about to bring forth. She bore this wonderful infant without pain, as she lay in a flowery meadow ; and a flock of swans sang in chorus at the birth ; and a thunderbolt fell from heaven and ascended thither again. Apollonius studied first at Tarsus, and afterwards at Ægæ in Cilicia. Here he entered on the Pythagorean discipline, abstaining from the pollution of animal food, and wearing only linen garments. He took up his residence in the temple of Æsculapius, where, by his supernatural power, or medical science, he appears to have been of much more service to the votaries than the god himself. He passed five years in rigid silence ; yet, by the awe impressed by his aspect and gestures, was able to calm a starving and infuriated multitude. Then, in imitation of his great prototype, he undertook a journey to the East, confiding in the protection of his familiar spirit. He before professed to be acquainted with all languages, and even with the secret thoughts of men ; but here he learned from the Arabian sages the language of birds and the whole science of augury. He visited Nineveh and Babylon ; and at the latter city was introduced into the presence of Bardanes, king of Parthia. There are many inconsistencies in the narrative ; but this part is so full of geographical and historical errors, that it admits of some doubt whether Apollonius ever really crossed the Euphrates. At Babylon he held a conference with the Magi, and was made a partaker of their secret learning ; and then pursued his journey to India. Here he became familiar with the Brachmans, whom he professes to esteem, not merely as philosophers, but as partaking of a divine nature. Here, according to Damis, they saw the brazen vessels from which the Brachmans dispense wind and rain. At a feast of these learned men they beheld four brazen tripods, supported by

four brazen statues, all endowed with spontaneous motion*; and Apollonius joined in a sacred dance, during which the earth swelled under their feet like the waves of the sea. He had much philosophical conversation with Iarchas, the chief of the Brachmans, and a conference upon astrology and sacred rites to which Damis was not admitted. They discoursed upon the Metempsychosis, and related to one another the transmigrations of their own souls: and Iarchas instructed Apollonius, that the world was one vast hermaphrodite animal; that it was produced by the Supreme Deity; but that all its parts were animated and governed by inferior deities; so that there were many gods in heaven, many in the sea, and in the rivers and fountains, and in the earth and under the earth. He informed him likewise of the existence of a fifth element (*quinta natura*†), the ether, which constitutes the essence of the gods. These doctrines, which Damis has ascribed to the Brachmans, are evidently taken from Grecian philosophy; and the account of them is valuable only as characterizing the Pythagorean philosophy of Apollonius. Iarchas also exhibited his power in casting out evil spirits, and performing some extraordinary cures‡. He then instructed Apollonius in the arts of astrology and divination (upon which subjects it is remarkable that Philostratus professes scepticism), and presented him with seven rings consecrated to the seven planets, of which he was to wear each upon its appropriate day. The remarks of Iarchas upon divination will elucidate the character of the nobler or Theurgic Magic, and show that it was in some measure professed by philosophers even before it was adopted by the great Platonistic school of Alexandria. “Those who delight in divination become divine by means of it, and practise it for the preservation of man. For to know what one must else come to the temple of the god to discover, and to foretell to others what they are not as yet acquainted with, I esteem the property of one altogether blessed, and endowed with the same power as the Delphic Apollo.—And it appears to me that the man who will be prescient of the future, must be in a sound state, and that no stain must have been attached to his soul, nor the scars of sins

* This idea was probably suggested by a misapprehension of a passage in Homer, II. xviii. 376.

† Cic. Tusc. Quæst. Lib. i. c. 26, 27.

‡ Reducing a dislocated or distorted hip, restoring sight, and strengthening a weak hand. It seems that Iarchas used the operation of stroking or rubbing, which is still employed in India for the reduction of distorted bones. These miracles are precisely similar to those performed by Vespasian at Alexandria. (Tac. Hist. iv. 81. Suet. c. 7.) The recollection of the intimate intercourse of Apollonius at Alexandria with Vespasian may throw some light on this singular subject.

impressed upon his intellect ; but that he must be in purity the prophet of himself and of the intelligent tripod in his breast. For thus he will deliver his oracles with more clearness and truth. Whence none ought to wonder if you also have comprehended the science, when you bear so much ether in your soul." When Apollonius returned from the East, he fixed his residence at Ephesus, and was declared by various oracles to be endowed with divine wisdom. Here he perceived the approach of a pestilence, and having warned the Ephesians in vain, left the city, and travelled in other parts of Ionia. At last, when the disease had for some time continued its ravages, messengers were sent to beseech Apollonius to return and remove this calamity. He assembled the people, and led them to the theatre. There they found an old man in the habit of a beggar, with the marks of disease in his face and eyes, and covered with filth. Apollonius told them that this was the pestilence, and commanded them to stone him. Many, shocked at such inhumanity, hesitated, and the wretched creature begged pitiably for his life : but Apollonius declared that he was an enemy of the gods, and ought to live no longer. Then some cast stones ; and when the multitude were told to observe that his eyes flashed fire, they were persuaded that he was a dæmon, and were so zealous in his destruction, that in a short time a pile of stones was heaped over him. These Apollonius commanded them to remove, and they found beneath, not the remains of a man, but a dog as large as a lion, crushed and foaming at the mouth. We can only hope that the beggar had had the good fortune to escape in the tumult, and to leave his dog to suffer in his place. For this deliverance the Ephesians raised a statue to the Averting Hercules ; and it was afterwards said that Apollonius himself was worshipped under this title. On the plain of Troy he passed a night at the tomb of Achilles, and by sacred rites, which he had learned in India, raised the spirit of the hero. There is little remarkable in this apparition, except that, like modern ghosts, it vanished at cock-crowing. He passed into Greece, and was denied initiation at Eleusis ; and shortly afterwards at Athens cast out an evil spirit, which had taken possession of a profligate youth, and caused it to throw down a statue with great tumult, as the token of its departure. At Corinth he detected a Lamia or Empusa, who, under the form of a beautiful woman, had inspired the young cynic Menippus with a frantic passion. All her splendid but unsubstantial services of gold and silver, all her attendants and cooks, vanished into air at the rebuke of the philosophic magician ; and he compelled her to confess, that she designed to suck the blood of her lover on

the night of their nuptials. He passed to Rome and Spain, and thence to Egypt, where he became familiar with the superstitions and impostures of the priests; and either obtained the confidence of Vespasian, or was made a tool to secure the sanction of popular opinion to his recent power. Thence he journeyed into Ethiopia, and held conferences with the Gymnosophists, of a nature similar to those which he had held with the Brachmans; but almost the only instance of miraculous power which they exhibited was, that an elm, at the command of their chief, Thespesio, addressed Apollonius with a human voice. He attempted to visit the fountains of the Nile, but reached only the third cataract. At a village on the way he caught and tamed a satyr, which troubled the inhabitants by its very marked attentions to their wives. After his return to Greece there is a curious account of his under-bidding some Egyptian and Chaldæan priests, who for ten talents had undertaken to appease Neptune and the Earth, and to preserve the Hellespontine cities from earthquakes. He again visited Rome, notwithstanding that he was forewarned of the danger that he incurred, and was thrown into prison with his friend Damis, and charged with the double crime of treasonable and magical practices. Then Damis was convinced, for the first time, that he was more than mortal, by seeing him, by his simple volition, without magical rites or incantations, withdraw his leg from his fetters and put it in again. He made his defence with success before Domitian, and then vanished from the hall of judgment, and before noon on the same day appeared at Puteoli to his companions Damis and Demetrius. He returned to Greece; and at Lebadea forced an entrance into the cave of Trophonius, and after seven days came out at Aulis. He brought out with him a book, containing the answers of the oracle to questions in the Pythagorean philosophy, which was afterwards preserved in the library of Hadrian, at Antium, and esteemed one of its most valuable treasures. At Ephesus, while he was discoursing in the public walks with his disciples, at the very hour of the murder of Domitian, he suddenly stopped, and lowered his voice; he fixed his eyes on the ground, and became silent; then, stepping hastily forwards, he exclaimed, "Strike the tyrant, strike;" and assured the Ephesians of the death of the emperor*. Apollonius himself died shortly after the accession of Nerva. Of the place or manner of his death nothing certain is reported. No country could show his sepulchre; and the obscurity which Damis or Philostratus has thrown around the termination of his life betrays a wish that it should be believed that his end was dif-

* This story is related by Dio likewise.

ferent from that of common mortals. One account, of which Philostratus professes himself incredulous, states that he was in Crete, and that at night he entered the temple of the Dictæan Mother, without molestation from the savage dogs which guarded it. He was seized by the priests as guilty of sacrilege and magic; but at midnight his chains fell off, the gates of the temple opened spontaneously to receive him, and closed themselves behind him; and voices were heard from the sanctuary, as of a choir of virgins singing, "Come from the earth; come into heaven, come." But the power of Apollonius did not end with his life. He appeared in a vision to a young man, who doubted of the immortality of the soul; and to the emperor Aurelian*, to avert the threatened destruction of Tyana. His memory was honoured by Hadrian and Alexander Severus: Antoninus Caracalla dedicated a temple to him: and Eusebius reports that even in his age the name of Apollonius was employed in the rites of magic.

Some light may be thrown upon the true character of this impostor by reading Lucian's account of the false prophet Alexander, who was a disciple of a disciple of the philosopher of Tyana. So much of our attention has been devoted to Apollonius, on account of the use which was made of his pretended miracles by Hierocles and other Pythagoristic and Platonistic adherents of Polytheism, that we have no room for the amusing deceptions of his profligate imitator. Lucian's narrative, however, serves well to shew the grossness of the artifices by which an ignorant and superstitious populace could be deluded; and it is worthy of observation, that he particularly remarks, that Alexander dreaded the merciless hostility of the Epicureans, but that his machinations were never disturbed by the Stoics, Pythagoreans, or Platonists†.

These hasty and imperfect sketches may assist the reader in forming some idea of the superstitious character of the age in which the Platonistic philosophy of Alexandria rose into notice. Under the munificent administration of the earlier Ptolemies, Alexandria had become the favourite resort of literature and science. Grecian learning, for which the conquests of Alexander had opened a way into the East, had scarcely begun to make any progress in Asia, when it was effectually checked by the intestine wars of the Macedonian princes and the tyrannical character of their government; and for more than a century and a half civil disturbance and domestic misery precluded pursuits, which can be followed only in leisure and security. During this period Egypt remained undisturbed by foreign invasion; and the intrigues of

* Vapisc. in Aur. c. 24. † Lucian. Alex. sive Pseudo-Mantis, c. 25.
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the palace extended their influence but little beyond its precincts. The Alexandrian Library was assiduously augmented: and in the Alexandrian schools a long succession of learned men attested the judgment and liberality of their patrons. At length the cruelties of Ptolemy Physcon, which made him dreaded by all classes of his subjects*, were especially directed against the philosophers; and almost all were compelled to seek safety in flight, and to earn a scanty subsistence by opening schools in the Grecian islands and the cities of Asia †.

The Grecian philosophers of Alexandria became familiar with the mystic rites and secret learning of the Egyptian priests; and many of them were willing, not only with the indifference of unbelief to add the worship of Egyptian gods to the religion of their country, but in the earnestness of theological investigation to blend with their own speculations the traditions of Hermetic wisdom. But it was not only by Egyptian tenets that their doctrines were influenced. Alexander had invited colonists from every nation to settle in his new city, and had secured to all the free profession of their own religious creed; and afterwards, when it became the emporium of the world, a perpetual influx of strangers added perpetually to the popular superstitions, and occasionally to the dogmas of the philosophers. Some effect is to be attributed to intercourse with the Jews and the knowledge of the Jewish Scriptures. There were many of this people among the original settlers ‡; and they appear to have been regarded with peculiar favour by the earlier Ptolemies; probably on account of the advantages resulting from the friendship of their nation in those Syrian wars which occupied the ambition of the Egyptian kings. The translation of their sacred writings, executed under the patronage of Ptolemy Philadelphus and his successors, made them readily accessible to the Greeks; and though we have scarcely any monuments by which we can judge of the effect produced by them in that age upon Grecian philosophy, yet their influence in later times upon the Alexandrian school is distinctly visible. This influence was reciprocal. The Book of the Wisdom of Solomon (supposed to be written about 100 B. C.) is strongly tinged with Platonic doctrines; and Philo, in the age of Tiberius, is an instance of a Jewish Platonist §.

But it was not only in Egypt that the Grecian philosophy was exposed to the influx of foreign opinions. The schools,

* Justin. L. xxxviii. c. 8.

† Athen. Deipnos. L. iv. p. 184.

‡ Jud. Antiq. L. xii. c. 1.

§ Brucker Hist. Crit. Phil. Tom. II. Per. ii. Pars. I. Lib. II. cap. I. p. 693 and 797.

which, in consequence of the persecution of Ptolemy Physcon, were established in Asia, soon became acquainted with the relics of the Chaldæan and Persian doctrines, and with those who still professed to be the descendants of the Magi and followers of Zoroaster. The Chaldæan and Sabæan worship has passed away from the face of the earth ; but even at this day there survive two sects of the disciples of Zedusht—those who still adhere to the belief of the good and evil principles, and adore the ancient Aromasdes, under the name of Jezdan ; and the Ghebers, or Parsees, who have ignorantly transferred their veneration to the symbolic fire *. Of the tenets of the scattered remnant of the Chaldæan and Persian Magi, during the centuries which immediately preceded and followed the birth of our Saviour, we have no direct information ; but we have sufficient evidence, that out of their mysteries arose the cabalistic learning of the later Jews, and the heresies of the various sects of Gnostics which so long distracted the Christian Church. From these sources we may derive some knowledge of their doctrines : and we have at least little room to doubt that they supplied by their invention what was deficient in their traditions, and sought to obtain the reputation of antiquity for their visionary speculations, by suppositions, oracles, and other forgeries, which they impudently ascribed to Zoroaster and his immediate followers. Much of their system appears to have consisted of an obscure theogony and cosmogony, which gave an account of various manifestations of the Supreme Deity, and of the successive emanations from his essence, or the *Æons*, which terminated in the formation of the material world. These speculations their Grecian disciples endeavoured to reconcile with the more recondite theory of the gods and the universe, which was supposed to be handed down from Orpheus, and to have been the creed of Pythagoras and Plato.

It is evident that, when we speak of the gradual adoption of Egyptian and Oriental tenets by the Grecian philosophers, we must be understood only of some particular sects. The Sceptic and Epicurean had nothing in common with them. The Peripatetic, intent upon the severe investigations of reason, looked with contempt upon fanciful systems of theogony, and allegories of the nature of the universe, which were susceptible of any interpretation that a lively imagination could affix to them. The Stoic perhaps might tolerate any doctrine that taught the unity and universality of the Deity, and the providence of his inferior agents ; but it was the Pythagorean and the Platonist

* Mosheim in Brucker, tom. i. Pars ii. cap. iii.

whose speculations were most easily blended with the religion and philosophy of Egypt and the East. They held, in some measure, the same doctrines respecting the soul of the world, and its emanations into gods, dæmons, and heroes; the contrariety of mind and matter; the pre-existence of the human soul,—its gradual purification after death, by means of existence in another state of being, or in another form,—and its final resumption into the universal mind. They had the same fondness, for mystery and symbolical language, and allegorical interpretation; and they agreed in the distinguishing principle, that the knowledge of divine things is to be derived from a higher source than the human reason.

So much of the philosophy of Pythagoras and Plato had been originally acquired in eastern countries, that, notwithstanding the modifications to which it had been subjected, and the changes which time had probably made in the systems from which it was borrowed, it readily coalesced with the opinions which still prevailed in its native soil. Much fable is intermixed with the traditionary history of Pythagoras, but we know that he devoted more than twenty years to the study of the rites of Egyptian worship, and the arcana of Egyptian theology and philosophy: and, notwithstanding the chronological difficulties which occur*, we can scarcely refuse our assent to the concurrent report of antiquity, that he visited Babylon, and was instructed in the learning of the Chaldeans and Median Magi; even if he did not penetrate into India, and adopt from the Brachmans the doctrine of the Metempsychosis. This he is more generally believed to have borrowed from Egypt; and, certainly, the direct testimony of Herodotus†, and the accounts of other writers, compel us to believe that it was received by at least some sects in that country. It was, probably, a vulgar opinion connected with the vulgar worship of animals: but it is at variance with what we can gather from later writers, of the Egyptian belief in a future state; and Frederic Schlegel, in his lectures on the History of Literature, has very ably attempted to show that some far different creed must have been implied in the national practice of embalming. In Egypt and Chaldæa he became acquainted with geometry and the occult science of numbers, astronomy, and astrology, and the magical arts which he evidently appears to have practised‡. To the same source we may refer his establishment of a secret and esoteric sect, and the severe discipline and initiation which he required from his disciples. Some of his

* Brucker, tom. i. p. 1003 (pars. ii. lib. ii. cap. x. sect. i.)

† Lib. ii. c. 123.

‡ Brucker, tom. i. pars. ii. lib. ii. cap. x. sect. i. pp. 1014, 1019.

doctrines we have already mentioned : the identification of the Deity with the Æther, or Mundane Fire, was probably suggested by the Persian theology. We learn from Clemens Alexandrinus* that the name of Zoroaster was first made known to the Greeks by Pythagoras. Among surviving authors he is first mentioned by Plato, where, in his *First Alcibiades*, he describes his magic as consisting in the worship of the gods. According to Pliny†, the Eastern and Egyptian magic was the object and reward of the travels of Plato, as well as of Pythagoras. It is certain, at least, that he not only visited the cities of Italy, and imbibed the Pythagorean tenets from the remaining disciples of the school, but sought in the religion and learning of Egypt for the fountain-head of wisdom. Indeed he was the last of the philosophers of Greece, who submitted to the instruction of the more ancient nations. The revolutions of the academy were generated, not by the importation of fresh opinions, but by the progressive speculations of its scholars ; and the great sects of Zeno and Epicurus sprang up in the porticos and gardens of Athens.

The sect of Pythagoras, soon after its formation, incurred the hatred and persecution of the Italian cities‡. Its schools were broken up ; and, from the reluctance of its followers to commit their philosophy to writing, it dwindled, and became almost extinct before the age of Alexander. The growing reputation of the Socratic and Platonic Philosophy hastened its fate ; but the peculiar philosophy of Plato himself was in its turn neglected amidst the disquisitions of the academy, or deserted for the logical deductions of the Peripatetics, the dogmas of the Stoics, or the atheism of the Epicureans. In Greece, from the age of Arcesilaus (B.C. 270), the schools of Pythagoras and Plato were almost equally obsolete ; and it was in Egypt and Asia that, after the lapse of nearly two centuries, they were at length revived. The resemblance of their tenets and their general spirit to the traditions and opinions of the East, was, doubtless, the cause of this resuscitation ; but the same cause contributed also to adulterate them, and to give them a character more entirely oriental. Although the Platonists possessed, in the writings of their great master, a standard to which they might refer their opinions, still the symbolical mode in which his higher philosophy was expressed, allowed to each individual a license of varying his tenets according to his learning or fancy. The disciples of Pythagoras, who could collect the dogmas of their supposed teacher,

* Strom. lib. i. p. 304.

† Lib. xxx. c. 1. Hanc reversi prædicavere ; hanc in arcanis habuere.

‡ Brucker, tom. i. p. 1021.

only from tradition and the reports of discordant writers, were left still more at liberty ; and for the want of surer guides, frequently approximated closely to the Platonic school. We find, accordingly, that in the first and second century the same philosophers are often called Pythagoreans and Platonists ; and although a few, like Moderatus or Numenius, by the purity of their respective systems, might claim a distinctive title, to the greater number each name was almost equally applicable.

But it was not the opinions of these sects only that were occasionally united. We gather from Seneca that his preceptor, Sotion Alexandrinus, joined the theology of the Pythagoreans with the morality of the Stoics ; and in the preceding generation the same method of philosophy had been followed by Quintus Sextius*. At length, at the end of the second century, Potamo, of Alexandria, attempted to form an eclectic school, which should collect into one system the truths that were dispersed in the doctrines of different philosophers, and reconcile the theology of Pythagoras and Plato with the ethics of the Stoics and the metaphysics of the Peripatetics†. This undertaking produced no immediate consequence ; but it was renewed within a few years by Ammonius Saccas, under a bolder and more comprehensive scheme ; and so skilfully was his plan addressed to the superstitions and prejudices of the age, that its effects were felt for nearly three centuries, and extended to every part of the Roman Empire.

Ammonius Saccas† was a native of Alexandria, born of Christian parents, and educated in the Christian faith ; but he appears to have been at an early age seduced from his profession by the study of philosophy, and to have been an assiduous attendant on the Pagan schools. We learn from Hierocles, that the object of his ambition was to remove the opprobrium attached to philosophy, on account of the dissensions of its various sects, and to shew that they arose from the errors of its professors, not from the want of truth and certainty in its fundamental doctrines. We may see in all the writings of the primitive fathers, and especially in the attack of Hermias on the heathen philosophers‡, how great an advantage the discrepancy of their theories afforded to their

* Brucker, tom. ii. pp. 87, 93. † Brucker, tom. ii. p. 193.

† The greater part of the following detail of the rise and progress of the New Platonism has been taken from Brucker's *Historia Critica Philosophiæ*, Tom. II. Per II. Pars I. Lib. I. cap. ii. sect. 4. De Secta Eclectica. For the lives of the philosophers use has been made of the original authority, Eunapius ; and much assistance has been derived from Gibbon's *History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*, and from Mosheim's *Eccelesiastical History*.

‡ *Irrisio Gentilium Philosophorum*.

Christian opponents ; and there is little doubt that the consciousness of this weakness instigated the apostate Ammonius to attempt a reconciliation and coalition of the schools that were most nearly allied. In this confederacy the Epicureans and Sceptics of course could not be included ; and indeed the enmity with which they were regarded, as impious traitors to the cause of heathenism, was little less than that which was manifested towards its open enemies the Christians. The doctrines, not perhaps of Plato, but of the Platonic sect, formed the point of union ; and with these were combined the opinions of the Pythagoreans, the Stoics, the Peripatetics, and of those, if any there were, whom the speculations of the Academy had not conducted to absolute Pyrrhonism. But the coalition extended yet farther ; and admitted into its comprehensive scheme the philosophy of the Egyptian priests, and the Eastern successors of the Chaldæans and the Magi. From the Rabbinical traditions of the Jews, as well as from their sacred writings, something was pillaged for the common stock ; and even from Christianity itself its opponents did not scruple to borrow doctrines and precepts, that a system, as pure as Paganism could admit, might be opposed to the purity of its theology and morality. Yet even this combination formed only half of the great plan. A coalition of religions was attempted, as well as a coalition of speculative opinions ; the two were fashioned into one system ; and it was hoped that the priests and philosophers, forgetting all their divisions, and joining their whole strength against the Christians, might effectually check the progress of a sect, for whose communion the temples and schools were alike deserted. For this end the ancient philosophical opinion of the soul of the world was united with the Egyptian and Pythagorean belief of a multitude of gods and dæmons and heroes, emanating from his universal essence, and animating the elements and the planets, and the various productions of nature, or endowed with a local dominion over different regions of the sea, or air, or earth. Jupiter, Osiris, Belus, and Mithras, Neptune and Proteus, Pluto and Serapis, Rhea and Cybele and Isis, Minerva and Neith, Venus, and Mylitta and Astarte, were all equally regarded as manifestations, or emanations, of the One Mind ; and Dryads, Nereids, Naiads, and Oreads, were no longer considered as the embodied conceptions of the poets, but as spirits actually animating their peculiar portions of material nature, like the Sylphs and Nymphs in the theories of the Rosicrucian visionaries. In imitation of the Christian doctrine of a Mediator, these inferior gods were supposed to be the channel of communication between the Deity and man ; and the people

were to be instructed, that the immediate worship of the Universal Mind was to be reserved for those who were purified and exalted by a long course of philosophical discipline and meditation ; while the ignorant and uninitiated were to continue to worship those subordinate powers, whose grosser natures could be approached by the customary rites of sacrifice. With these the philosophical Theurgus was enabled to hold sensible communion ; and the lower classes of them became even subject to his power. An allegorical signification was found or made for the wildest fables of mythology ; the libidinous adventures of the gods were shewn to be merely types of the intellectual operations, which generated the emanations of different orders of spirits, or the various modifications of matter : and the theogony of the earlier Greeks, of Homer and Hesiod, and especially of Orpheus, and the cosmogony of the Egyptians and Chaldæans, were discovered to be equally symbolical of the truths which were obscurely developed in the mysterious speculations of Plato.

After this general sketch of the principles of the sect, it may be better briefly to review its history, before we proceed to illustrate the more fanciful parts of its doctrines, and the personal pretensions of its professors. And this review is the more easy on account of the regular succession of leaders, whom its followers submissively acknowledged.

Ammonius Saccus has been often confounded with Ammonius, a Christian of doubtful orthodoxy, who was nearly his contemporary ; but a closer examination has established the distinction between them. He left no written works. We can judge therefore of his genius only by the boldness, the ingenuity, and the success of his scheme, and the number and celebrity of his auditors. Among these were some who were by no means his disciples, as Dionysius Longinus and Origen. His more intimate scholars were Olympius, Herennius, a heathen Origen, and Plotinus.

The life of Plotinus has been handed down to us by his disciple Porphyry. He was born at Lycopolis in Egypt, A. D. 205 ; and in his twenty-eighth year applied himself to philosophy. After becoming dissatisfied with other teachers, he attached himself exclusively to Ammonius, and received his instructions until his death, which took place about eleven years afterwards. At this time Plotinus was actuated by a strong desire to converse in person with the Magi and the Brachmans. For the accomplishment of this design he joined the army of Gordian in his Eastern expedition ; but the defeat and death of the Emperor frustrated his intention, and he returned to Rome. Here he became a teacher of philosophy ; but it appears that the disciples of Ammonius had

entered into a compact not to divulge his more recondite doctrines, probably on account of their departure from the vulgar system of polytheism; and it was not till after this agreement had been violated by Herennius and Origen, that Plotinus taught his philosophy in its full extent. His subtle and fanciful genius, his great learning, his indefatigable zeal, and the integrity and purity of his life and manners, attached to him a crowd of admiring auditors, and men the most distinguished in the empire were among his disciples. From the favour of the Emperor Gallienus he would have obtained permission to convert a deserted city in Campania into a Platonic Republic, if the enthusiastic scheme had not been opposed by courtiers less zealous in the cause of philosophy. It was not till he had reached his 55th year, in the first year of Gallienus, that he was persuaded to commit his speculations to writing. He left, however, fifty-four treatises; which were corrected and arranged into six *Enneads* by Porphyry. From the very nature of his philosophy, from the visionary habit of his mind, and his carelessness in writing, his conceptions are imperfect, and his style obscure; but still his works form the great monument in which the more exalted and refined tenets of the New Platonists are transmitted to modern times. The most honourable testimony to his character is the confidence which induced many of his friends to appoint him guardian to their children, and the reputation of scrupulous fidelity with which he discharged the trust. He died A. D. 270, in the second year of the Emperor Claudius.

Amelius, one of the eldest and most favoured disciples of Plotinus, retired to Apamea, and there taught the doctrines of his sect; Serapion is believed to have followed Olympius in the Platonic school at Alexandria; and Porphyry remained the acknowledged head of the new philosophy in the Western part of the empire. He was born in Palestine, of Tyrian parents, A. D. 233; and in his early youth attended the Christian school of Origen at Cæsarea, and was afterwards the scholar of Longinus. He was about thirty years of age when he repaired to Rome, and became the zealous disciple of Plotinus. At one time he so far perverted the doctrine of his school, that the soul during its union with the body is in a state of imprisonment and degradation, that he meditated suicide; and Plotinus, to remove this melancholy, which he ascribed merely to his natural temperament, advised him to travel into Sicily. Here he remained for some years after the death of his preceptor; and here he published his work against the Christian revelation. The injudicious zeal of the elder Theodosius condemned this treatise to the flames;

and we can judge of it only from the mode in which it is noticed by ecclesiastical writers, and the few fragments which they have preserved. However, from the universal acknowledgment of the stupendous learning of Porphyry, we may conclude that he brought to bear upon his object all the arguments that the Gentile philosophy could furnish; and the vigour of the attack may be conjectured from the virulence with which he is assailed by his opponents. The name of Porphyry became so odious among the Christians, that Constantine, by a public decree, directed that the Arians should be called Porphyrians, that they might bear the name of him whose enmity to the true faith they had emulated, and be devoted like him to perpetual infamy. Some of the works of Porphyry still survive; and amongst them his lives of Pythagoras and Plotinus. He is supposed to have died A.D. 303, in the last year of the reign of Diocletian.

The next link in what was called the golden chain of the Platonic succession was Iamblichus, a native of Chalcis in Cœle-Syria. The system which he taught was essentially the same as that which was professed by his predecessors; but he was more inclined to that part of it which was connected with the superstitions of polytheism. He thus became more famous for his knowledge of the nature of the inferior deities, and for his magical power, than for his philosophical tenets. The cause of the superstitious character of his philosophy may perhaps be found in his continued residence in his native country, where the minds of the people were less capable of metaphysical subtleties than in the more refined regions of the West. It appears that after Christianity became the religion of the court, a residence in the capital was by no means desirable for a philosopher, and still less for a magician. Sopater of Apamea, a disciple of Iamblichus, was put to death by Constantine for the practice of magical arts, and the philosophers felt in general the decline of their influence among the higher orders. Iamblichus died under the reign of Constantine, A. D. 333. Some errors in his history have arisen from confounding him with his nephew of the same name, who was a native of Apamea, a philosopher, and a friend of the emperor Julian.

The successor of Iamblichus was Œdesius, a Cappadocian, who reverted to the more speculative philosophy of Plotinus and Porphyry, and prudently discountenanced the study of theurgic or magical knowledge. He was with difficulty withdrawn from the obscurity of his native province, and persuaded to teach at Pergamus. In Cappadocia he was succeeded by his friend and scholar Eustathius, whose wife Sosipatra was a female philosopher, and was said to have been educated;

if not by two dæmons, at least by two miraculously gifted Chaldaean sages, and instructed in all the occult learning of the East. Their son Antoninus afterwards upheld the declining celebrity of the Platonic school in Egypt; and the pilgrims, who came to worship in the temple of Serapis at Alexandria, generally visited the philosopher in his retreat at Canopus. At Pergamus the most celebrated of the disciples of Œdesius were Chrysanthius, Eusebius Myndius, and Maximus Ephesius.

When Julian extended to Christianity the hatred which he had nourished against the family of Constantine, and turned his inquisitive and elegant mind to the study of Grecian philosophy, he applied for instruction to the aged Œdesius. Œdesius referred him to his scholars; and for some time he received in secret the lessons of Chrysanthius and Eusebius.

Chrysanthius was a professor of theurgic science; while Eusebius disapproved of the exercise of all magical powers, believing their effects to be in fact the delusions of malevolent dæmons. Julian was perplexed by the diversity of their opinions; and once, when he was earnest in inquiry upon the subject, Eusebius mentioned Maximus Ephesius as the most celebrated of all the philosophers who professed the science of magic. Julian, who appears to have been in an extraordinary degree credulous and superstitious, immediately renounced the instruction of Eusebius, and addicted himself to Maximus. Gibbon supposes that this apparent disagreement of the philosophers was merely an artifice to work more strongly on the curiosity of their unsuspecting pupil, and to lead him gradually into the very arcana of their system; but it is more probable that the discrepancy was real, that what Œdesius professed from prudence was the genuine opinion of Eusebius, and that he refused to make the usual distinction of his school between Theurgy and Magic. Julian fully imbibed from Maximus the principles of the Platonistic philosophy, and at Ephesus, at the age of twenty years, was secretly initiated in the rites of Paganism. Afterwards, at Athens, he devoted himself entirely to philosophical pursuits, and was privately admitted to the Eleusinian Mysteries. When he was summoned from his retreat to the Imperial Court of Milan, the beard of the young philosopher, and his awkwardness when he exchanged the cloak for the habit of a Roman general, afforded an amusement to the flatterers of Constantius, which he himself has described with considerable humour. Even during the fatigues of the Gallic war, he continued his attention to literary pursuits; but he did not openly renounce Christianity, till the tumultuous election of the soldiery compelled him to exchange the subordinate rank

of Cæsar for the titles and pretensions of Augustus. By ecclesiastical writers, Julian is viewed as the apostate, the perfidious enemy, of the Christian faith: by Pagan authors he is regarded as the restorer of the religion of their ancestors, and extolled for his philosophy, and for the wisdom and vigour of his administration: but even Pagan panegyrists have been surpassed by modern infidels in the flattering pictures which they have drawn of the elegance of his literary acquirements, the magnanimity of his philosophic toleration, and the splendour of his princely virtues. His own works are a monument of his learning and taste; and history affords sufficient evidence of his military and political talents. The toleration, however, by which he disappointed the expectations of his Pagan subjects, marked indeed his prudence as a sovereign; but is scarcely to be attributed to the liberal spirit of his philosophy. Not only was all appearance of favour superstitiously withheld from the enemies of the immortal gods*, but by a subtle species of persecution he sought to degrade the obnoxious sect to the lowest classes of the people, forbidding the Christians to profess any liberal arts, or to teach in any school of grammar and rhetoric†. In fact, Julian, who has been so much admired for his unbelief, was under the influence of the grossest superstition, and was a fanatic worshipper of the Pagan gods. He not only lavished his favours on their priests, but thought himself honoured by performing the meanest offices in their sacrifices, scrupulously observed all their rites, and submitted to the abstinence and lustration required on their innumerable festivals. All who could report miracles or omens found a favourable reception. Every event of his life he referred to the special direction of superior powers: he believed himself under the influence of a tutelary divinity; and professed to have been frequently honoured by visions of the gods. During his short reign, the triumph of the philosophers was complete. Their sect was the sect of the Emperor; their modification of paganism was the religion of the State. They were received with distinction in the Imperial Court; and, wherever they appeared, were treated with the consideration that was due to the personal friends of the sovereign. Julian had written with his own hand to request the presence and counsels of Chrysanthius and Maximus. The wary Chrysanthius, distrusting apparently the permanence of so violent a revolution, found that the gods forbade him to quit his retirement, and received the honourable appointment of High Priest of Lydia; but the more ambitious Maximus, who persevered in sacrifice and theurgic rites, till he obtained the response

* Julian, Ep. 49, and Ep. 42, † See Gibbon, Chap. xxiii.

which he desired, was received in public by the Emperor as his benefactor and father; and in the short space of three years' favour found means to amass a very unphilosophical private fortune. When such rewards were offered, we cannot wonder that the court and camp were crowded with impostors of whom even Eunapius, the panegyrist of philosophy and paganism, complains as disgracing the penetration of their patron*.

The sudden death of Julian overthrew the hopes of real and pretended philosophers. They were not immediately disgraced during the short reign of Jovian; but the scene was changed under Valens and Valentinian. Those philosophers, who, like Chrysanthius, had preserved themselves from reproach by the purity of their lives, were suffered to retire into obscurity; but many were exposed to the violence of persecution. Maximus, who was especially odious as the perverter of the faith of Julian, and the author of all that the Christians had suffered during the ascendancy of paganism, was punished for his imputed peculation, and endured tortures, which gave him, in the eyes of his sect, the merit of a martyr. His life was spared for a time; but he was soon afterwards accused of treasonable practices, and of having used magical arts to discover the name of the successor of Valens, and suffered death. From this period the Platonic philosophers became much less bold in the profession of theurgic science, and refused to teach in public the occult doctrines of their school. Eunapius relates that Antoninus, the son of Eustathius, when he was questioned on divine things, used to turn his eyes towards heaven, and remain as if deprived of sense and speech.

After the death of Julian, Chrysanthius retired to Athens, and lived in the obscurity which best befitted the simplicity of his character. He taught the Platonic philosophy in private, and communicated its more sacred mysteries only to a chosen few. Marcus Aurelius had instituted, at Athens, public teachers of the four great sects of philosophy, the Platonic, the Peripatetic, the Stoic, and the Epicurean; and under the Pagan emperors they appear to have received a regular salary†. The office still remained; and Plutarchus, a follower of the New Platonism, and apparently a disciple of Chrysanthius, obtained possession of the Platonic Cathedra. It appears that he possessed the secrets of his sect, however cautious he might be in their communication; for, in the time of Proclus, his daughter Asclepigenia was the only person who retained a

* Eunap. vit. Max. p. 101. See also Ammian. Marcel. L. xxii. c. 12.

† Lucian Eunuchus.

knowledge of "the great Orgies and the Theurgic discipline." Plutarchus was succeeded by Syrianus, and Syrianus by Proclus, the last great light of the Alexandrian Platonic school.

Proclus was born at Byzantium, of Lycian parents, A.D. 412. After receiving the rudiments of a liberal education at Xanthus, he attended the schools of Alexandria, and learned, from Olympiodorus, the principles of the Aristotelian philosophy, at least of such a philosophy as was called Aristotelian; for Olympiodorus was, in a great measure, a Platonist. He then repaired to Athens, and became the attentive auditor of Plutarchus and Syrianus. At the age of twenty-eight he wrote his commentary on the *Timæus* of Plato, in which, if he has not illustrated that obscure work, he has shown his learning by the accumulation of speculations yet more obscure. Syrianus resigned to him the Platonic chair. From Asclepigenia he received the Theurgic science; and applied himself to the study of Egyptian and Chaldæan learning, till he not only equalled Plotinus in philosophical profundity, but Iamblichus, in his knowledge of the arts of magic. He professed an intimate knowledge of the mysterious theogony of Zoroaster and Orpheus: under the sanction of those venerable names he promulgated his own visionary speculations; and there is reason to suspect that many portions of the Orphic hymns are the disowned offspring of Proclus. He was initiated at Eleusis, and in the mysteries of Hecate. He believed himself under the peculiar protection of the mother of the gods, and assisted by her in the composition of his philosophical works. He was exact in his observance of all religious rites, and of the festivals of every deity; and affirmed that a philosopher ought to be the high priest of all the religions of the world. He visited every year the tombs of the Attic heroes, of the philosophers, and of his own friends, and performed upon them the customary rites. Then, in the Academy, in one chosen spot, he poured a libation to the manes of his ancestors and relatives; in another he supplicated the souls of all the philosophers; and on a third spot celebrated sacred rites to the souls of all the dead. His great learning, and his philosophical and religious zeal, supported the credit of his diminished sect; and he had sufficient influence to procure the restitution of the salaries of the public professors of philosophy. He died A.D. 485, and was buried in the sepulchre of his preceptor and friend Syrianus. Besides his philosophical works, he wrote many hymns. Several of his productions have been preserved; but of these a great part is still in manuscript.

With Proclus departed the glory of the Platonists. He was succeeded in the philosophical chair by Marinus, to whose affectionate reverence we owe the history of his life. Mari-

nus was followed by Isidorus of Gaza, and Isidorus, on his resignation, by Damascius of Damastus ; but their sect was divided within itself, while all aspired to the dignity of teachers, and few could find scholars to listen to their instructions. They were sensible of their inability any longer to oppose the overwhelming influence of Christianity : and indeed those minds, from whose superstitious weakness their sect would formerly have found support, had now ample room for all their anilities within the pale of the church. At last, Justinian, by a public edict, A.D. 529, closed the schools of heathen philosophy, at Athens, and the doctrines of the Platonists were heard no more. The singular termination of their singular history shall be related in the words of Gibbon, chap. xl.

“Seven friends and philosophers, Diogenes and Hermias, Eulalius and Priscian, Damascius, Isidore, and Simplicius, who dissented from the religion of their sovereign, embraced the resolution of seeking in a foreign land the freedom which was denied in their native country. They had heard, and they credulously believed, that the republic of Plato was realized in the despotic government of Persia, and that a patriot king reigned over the happiest and most virtuous of nations. They were soon astonished by the natural discovery, that Persia resembled the other countries of the globe ; that Chosroës, who affected the name of a philosopher, was vain, cruel, and ambitious ; that bigotry, and a spirit of intolerance, reigned among the Magi ; that the nobles were haughty, the courtiers servile, and the magistrates unjust ; that the guilty sometimes escaped, and the innocent were often oppressed Their repentance was expressed by a precipitate return, and they loudly declared that they had rather die on the borders of the empire than enjoy the wealth and favour of the Barbarian. From this journey, however, they derived a benefit which reflects the purest lustre on the character of Chosroës. He required that the seven sages, who had visited the court of Persia, should be exempted from the penal laws which Justinian enacted against his Pagan subjects ; and this privilege, expressly stipulated in a treaty of peace, was guarded by the vigilance of a powerful mediator. Simplicius and his companions ended their lives in peace and obscurity ; and, as they left no disciples, they terminate the long list of Grecian Philosophers.”

It is by no means the purpose of the present essay, nor do I feel myself at all competent to undertake the task, to give a general view of the principles of the Platonists, respecting the universe and the nature of the Deity, and the human soul. That they involved some great truths cannot be denied, although broken by metaphysical subtleties and obscured by visionary speculations. Even the very dreams of their philo-

sophy were frequently sublime, and led the imagination to wander in an inscrutable abyss, or tended to elevate the soul above the grosser corruptions of a material nature. Their morality was generally pure. The great distinction between the morality of Platonism and of Christianity is, that the former is founded upon the theory, that the soul, being an emanation from the Deity, was pre-existent in his essence, and in an unembodied state; that its union with a corporeal nature is the consequence and punishment of some previous corruption; that a material life is in itself essentially evil; that the good of the soul consists in its liberation and separation from its influence; and that the perfection of its nature will be a restoration to a state of existence purely intellectual. *The sentiment is beautifully expressed by Heraclitus, in speaking of unembodied souls: "We live their death, and we have died to their life." Pythagoras is said to have considered sleep as an intermediate state, not between a material life and material death, but between that intellectual death which is the same as a material life, and the intellectual life of unembodied souls. Clemens Alexandrinus, to whom we owe this tradition, has preserved also a passage of the Pythagorean Philolaus†: "Both the ancient theologists and prophets also testify, that for the sake of some punishments the soul has been joined with the body, and, as it were, buried in this body." This doctrine was fully adopted by the later Platonists. According to Plotinus‡, "when man is generated, he participates of evil; for he is generated altogether in the region of dissimilitude, where, having entered into dissimilitude, he will have fallen into dark mire." And again, soon after: "It dies, therefore, as a soul would die; and its death, even while it is still merged in the body, is to descend into matter, and be filled with it; and when it has come out, to lie there, until it ascend, and somehow raise its light from the mire; and this it is to descend into Hades and there fall asleep." Nothing, therefore, in Christianity gave so much offence to this sect as the doctrine of the resurrection, and the opinion that man, in his essence, consists of both body and soul, and that the perfection of his nature will be found in the perfection of both. It was not only from the open opposition of Platonism that Christianity suffered; but its tenets, especially on this subject, insinuated themselves under the pretence of greater purity and spirituality, and corrupted the simplicity of the faith. Of this the

* The following quotations have been taken at second-hand from the modern disciple of the Platonists, Mr. Thomas Taylor, although his translations have not been always adopted.

† Strom. l. iii. p. 413.

‡ Ennead, i. lib. viii. p. 80.

great Origen is a memorable instance. The evil spread widely; and even at this day, many professed Christians speak of a future state as if they looked rather to the intellectual existence expected by the Platonists, than to the immortality promised by Revelation. These errors particularly distinguished the heresies of the Gnostics. It is singular that the Platonists should have been, in any instance, the allies of the church; but in this case they were. The Gnostics, as we have before mentioned, had made a coalition of Christianity with the Platonic philosophy, and the theogony and cosmogony of the eastern nations, to the exclusion of the Egyptian. The Alexandrian school were hostile to them, not merely as Christians, but as a sect of rival syncretists; and Plotinus wrote a treatise against them, which is still preserved*.

The recollection of these sentiments of the Platonists, upon the opposition of mind and matter, will furnish a clue to their allegorical explanations of several mythological fables. Some of these are elegant. Olympiodorus, in a commentary on the *Gorgias* of Plato, which is still unpublished, explains the descent of Ulysses into Hades. "Tantalus," he says, "he saw in a lake, and that there were ripe fruits upon the trees, and he was wishing to pluck them, and the fruits were vanishing away. But this signifies the life, according to sensible appearances; and the lake itself signifies its gliding, and liquid, and quickly evanescent nature." And Plotinus† tells us, that, "as Narcissus, by catching at the shadow, merged himself in the stream, and disappeared; in the same manner, he who attaches himself to beautiful bodies, and does not let them go, will descend, not with his body, but with his soul, into depths dark and joyless to the mind, where, remaining in Hades blind, both here and there he is conversant with shadows." This interpretation is expanded by Thomas Taylor, in his ingenious explanation of Claudian's *Rape of Proserpine*, in perfect accordance with the spirit of his models‡. "By Narcissus falling in love with his shadow, appearing in the limpid stream, we may behold a beautiful representation of a soul vehemently gazing on the flowing condition of a material body, and, in consequence of this, becoming enamoured with a corporeal life, which is nothing more than the delusive image of the true man, or rational and immortal soul. Hence, by an immoderate attachment to this unsubstantial mockery and gliding semblance of the real soul, such an one becomes at length wholly changed, as far as is possible to his nature, into a plural condition of being; into a beautiful but transient flower;

* Enn. ii. lib. ix.

† Enn. i. lib. vi.

‡ Dissertation on the Mysteries, p. 105.

that is, into a corporeal life, or a life totally consisting in the mere energies of nature. Proserpine, therefore, or the soul, at the very instant of her descent into matter, is, with the utmost propriety, represented as eagerly engaged in plucking this fatal flower; for her energies at this period are entirely conversant with a life divided about the fluctuating condition of body." Sallust, the Platonic philosopher, in his work on the gods and universe, relates, in a similar manner, that "Discord, at a banquet of the gods, threw a golden apple, and that a dispute about it arising among the goddesses, they were sent by Jupiter to take the judgment of Paris, who, charmed with the beauty of Venus, gave her the apple in preference to the rest. In this fable the banquet denotes the supermundane powers of the gods, and how they subsist in conjunction with each other: but the golden apple denotes the world, which, on account of its composition from contrary natures, is not improperly said to be thrown by Discord or Strife. But again, since different gifts are imparted to the world by different gods, they appear to contest with each other for the apple. And a soul living according to sense (for this is Paris), not perceiving other powers in the universe, asserts that the apple belongs only to the beauty of Venus." One more illustration may be permitted. Olympiodorus, in a MS. commentary on the *Gorgias* of Plato, says: "It is necessary to know that the Fortunate Islands rise above the sea. They call therefore the condition of being which has risen above life and generation the Islands of the Blessed. And the Elysian plain is the same thing. On this account, therefore, Hercules accomplished his last labour in the Hesperian regions; signifying, that he overcame the dark and terrestrial life, and afterwards lived in day, that is, in truth and light." It is not within our present purpose to enter into the Platonic doctrines respecting the Deity and the universe, or even into the explanation of the Orphic Theology, and the emanation of Intellectual, Intelligible, Demiurgic, Supermundane, and Mundane Gods. It is worth while, however, to observe, that the Platonists supposed an Intelligible Archetype of the sensible world, all the parts of which had a real intellectual existence, although they were only the ideas of the great god Phanes, the father of the universe: thus, in the most familiar example, Apollo was in the intelligible world what the sun was in the sensible world. After the interpretations of poetical fables that have been already adduced, the reader will not be surprised at their visionary refinements upon the popular opinions concerning the gods. According to Proclus, in *Plat. Repub.* p. 97, Proteus, though inferior to the primary gods, is immortal: and though not a deity, a

certain angelic mind of the order of Neptune, comprehending in himself all the forms of things generated in the universe. Homer little thought of the mystery that was involved in the marriage and amours of Venus. According to the same Proclus, in *Repub.* p. 388, Vulcan adorns by his artifice the sensible machine of the universe; but he requires the assistance of Venus, that he may invest sensible effects with beauty, and thus cause the pulchritude of the world. Mars perpetually discerns and nourishes, and constantly excites the contrarieties of the universe, that the world may exist perfect and entire from all its parts; but he requires the assistance of Venus, that he may insert order and harmony into things contrary and discordant. These allegories are reason itself compared with many of the extravagant fancies of these visionary triflers. The English reader, who wishes to enter more deeply into their unmeaning speculations, must consult Thomas Taylor's *Translations of Sallust and of the Hymns of Orpheus*, and his *Dissertations on the Orphic Theology and on the Eleusinian and Bacchic Mysteries*. But he must not be surprised, if he is bewildered in contradictions and inconsistencies. If we may use the words of Gibbon*, as the traditions of Pagan mythology were variously related, the sacred interpreters were at liberty to select the most convenient circumstances; and as they translated an arbitrary cipher, they could extract from *any* fable *any* sense, which was adapted to their favourite system of religion and philosophy. Thus the fable of Atys and Cybele had been explained by Porphyry; but his labours served only to animate the pious industry of Julian, who invented and published his own allegory of that ancient and mystic tale. But this freedom of interpretation, which might gratify the pride of the Platonists, at the same time exposed the vanity of their art.

We have seen that all the philosophers of the Platonic chain were, in a greater or less degree, professors of Theurgic science. The first leaders of the sect indeed, although they claimed the power, yet affected to despise the exercise of it; or rather sought to attain a more exalted grade in it. According to the most favourable theory, the Theurgic magic was supposed to depend upon intercourse with dæmons and the inferior gods; but Plotinus and Porphyry, and some among even their later followers, aspired by meditation and mental discipline to a far higher communion. Plotinus no less than four times achieved a philosophical *ecstasis*; in which his intellect was united with the One Supreme Intellect, and he was sensible of the presence of God, not by any sensible form, but by his influx upon his mind. Yet even Plo-

* Chap. xxiii.

tinus condescended to Theurgic and Magical arts. He supposed himself under the guidance of a familiar dæmon; and by sacred rites in the temple of Isis, he evoked the visible presence of this tutelary divinity; and, to the great gratification of his philosophical pride, discerned at once that he was not a common dæmon, but a god of a superior order. He has left a treatise upon familiar spirits. Olympius, his fellow disciple, when he contested with him the succession in the school of Ammonius, employed against him magical arts; but the superior sanctity and knowledge of Plotinus turned the devices of his adversary against himself; and he was enabled even to tell his followers at Rome, while Olympius was at Alexandria, that at that very moment the body of the pretender was shrivelled up like a leathern bag. Porphyry declared his opinion, that theurgic rites enabled the spiritual part of the soul which receives the ideas of matter, to hold intercourse with dæmons and inferior gods; but did not at all assist the intellectual part of the soul in its communion with the Supreme Mind. In his Epistle to Anebos, the Egyptian Prophet, the doubts, which he suggests in the modest form of inquiries, show great scepticism upon the whole subject, and a disposition, not indeed to deny the reality of theurgic operations, but to refer them to the agency of evil dæmons. His opinions, however, on this point appear to have been altogether unsettled. He attained once, in his sixty-eighth year, to that presence and union with the Supreme God, which his master Plotinus enjoyed repeatedly. The only exercise, however, of theurgic power, which is related of him, is casting out a dæmon named Causanthes, who infested a bath.

His successor Iamblichus was the great professor of theurgic science. He has left an elaborate work in ten sections upon the Egyptian Mysteries, which, under the form of an answer to the epistle of Porphyry to Anebos, includes the whole theory of gods, dæmons, and heroes, their invocations, their rites, their sensible appearances, the mode of their operation, and all the art of divination and magic.—Eunapius declines to relate many miracles that were reported of him, because their credit rested upon uncertain evidence. He mentions, however, that he used scrupulously to seclude himself for the purpose of prayer; and that some of his followers, who watched him, discovered, that, when he prayed, his body was raised into the air, and underwent a transfiguration which caused it to shine like gold. It is singular that the same preternatural elevation of the body in prayer is narrated of Ignatius Loyola. Upon another occasion, Iamblichus, with some of his friends who doubted his supernatural power, visited the springs of Gadara, in Ituræa; and there,

from two fountains, which bore the names of Eros and An-teros, called forth their presiding genii. They appeared in the form of two beautiful boys, and clung to Iamblichus as to their natural father, and at his command descended again into the waters. Both Porphyry and Iamblichus wrote the life of Pythagoras; and, apparently, to enhance the glory of the philosophy which they professed to have derived from him, they fearlessly ascribed to him miraculous powers, and studiously collected and even amplified all the marvellous traditions that were current respecting him. According to their romances, his golden thigh, which he showed to Abaris, at Olympia, was among the least of his wonders. He was saluted in a human voice by the river Caucasus; he was favoured with visions of the gods; he called down an eagle from the air; by his incantations he tamed a bear which spread terror over the country, and sent it back to its woods and hills; by a whisper he made an ox so much of a Pythagorean as to abstain from beans; he wrote in characters of blood upon the disc of the moon; and on the same day appeared at Metapontum, in Lucania, and at Tauromenium, in Sicily. When such fables were gravely narrated in the life of the Samian philosopher, we cannot wonder that his enthusiastic disciples supposed themselves also possessed of the mighty secrets of the theurgic art, or at least were willing to impress that belief upon their followers.

The emperor Julian worked no miracles in vindication of his apostasy; but he was repeatedly honoured with visions of his favourite gods. According to Libanius he became so familiar with them, that he knew their forms and could distinguish their several voices. He did not leave his retreat at Athens, till they had in person signified their will to him; and his confidence was derived from the persuasion that Minerva inspired all his actions, and that he was protected by an invisible guard of angels, whom for that purpose she had borrowed from the sun and moon. He asserted that he should not have consented to accept the dignity of Augustus, if the Genius of the empire had not appeared to him, and commanded his compliance. At Vienna the death of Constantius was revealed to him in a vision; and, shortly before his end, the Genius of the empire once more appeared before him, covering his head with a funeral veil, and slowly retiring from his tent. It is related by the Christian historian, Sozomenus, that, when the dæmons were evoked in his initiation at Eleusis, the terrified apostate made the sign of the cross, and that they had instantly vanished. The priests attributed the interruption of the mysteries to his use of an impious symbol detested by the gods. While each party thus admitted the

miracles of the other, and only sought to invalidate their authority by referring them to evil spirits, we cannot wonder at the frequency of the claim, on the one hand to miraculous gifts, on the other to theurgic power. But Julian, like Plotinus and Porphyry, rose above the mysteries of common theurgy, and upon Mount Casius in Syria, was admitted to communion with the Supreme God.

We have already seen that Julian was attracted to Maximus Ephesius, by the report which Eusebius Myndius made of his theurgic power. He related, that, in the temple of Hecate, Maximus by incantations, accompanied with the burning of a few grains of frankincense, caused the image of the goddess to smile, and lightning to descend and set fire to the torches in her hands. Under the Christian emperors, as long as the Platonic sect was strong enough to be an object of suspicion, theurgists were compelled to conceal their rites and operations. Proclus at last laid claim to all the powers of his predecessors. By his prayers, offered in the temple of Æsculapius, the daughter of Asclepigenia was revived from the very point of death. In one vision the spirit of Plutarchus appeared to him, and revealed the term of his life; and in another, Syrianus forbade him to write commentaries on the Orphic hymns. In his youth, when he was dangerously ill, Apollo Telesphorus appeared to him, and restored him to health by touching his head, and so vanished; and in his later life, Æsculapius came and kissed his knees in a fit of the gout, and the disease never returned. This instance of Divine favour, Proclus could never relate without tears. By incantation and the use of the magic iynx, he relieved Attica from drought; he stopped an earthquake; and, as a symbol of the divinity of his exalted nature, Rufinus, a man of rank, upon casually entering his school, saw his head surrounded with a glory. Isidorus, one of the last teachers of the Platonic sect, was one of the last monuments of its magic. He was bathing with his friend Asclepiodotus in the Mæander, and they were carried away by the stream: but Asclepiodotus found means to turn his eyes to the sun, and utter an invocation to Mithras, and they were immediately conveyed to land.

It is not at all our purpose to assume the Platonic chair, and to become teachers of the theurgic art. Its principles and details may be found in the work of Iamblichus upon the Mysteries. In the second section, especially, he explains the different modes in which Gods, Archangels, Angels, Dæmons, Archons, Heroes, and Spirits, appear; and enters at great length into the variety of their forms, and the different degrees and species of light with which their apparitions are

accompanied. It is even amusing to see his familiarity with all sorts of superhuman beings. Of the nature and offices of these beings, there is a tolerably lucid account translated from Porphyry, in Taylor's Dissertation on the Orphic Theology, pp. 58—64.

Note.—This Essay was originally designed for an Introduction to the Romance of Eros and Anteros; but it has gradually grown into a separate article of no inconsiderable length. The Romance was suggested by a display of magical power, related in the life of the Philosopher Iamblichus, where he is said to have raised from two fountains Eros and Anteros, or the Genii of Love and Reciprocal Love; and it was thought advisable to prefix to it some illustrations of the philosophy and superstition of the last age of Paganism.

H. M.

EROS AND ANTEROS,

A Platonistic Romance.

"He who from out their fountain dwellings raised
Eros and Anteros at Gadara."—LORD BYRON'S *Manfred*.

EUMOLPUS and Eucharis were a youth and virgin of Grecian descent, whose parents dwelt in Palestine, in the city of Tiberias. Eucharis was the fairest of the maidens, and Eumolpus the most beautiful of the youths. They were born in contiguous houses, and in infancy had played together on the terraced roofs. Together they had amused themselves with the mimicry of labour amidst the festivities of the vintage; or, while Eucharis sat nestling in the bowers formed by the low and spreading vines, Eumolpus wandered among the rows to cull the richest clusters for her little basket. He wove garlands of vine-leaves for her hair, and twined for her a little thyrsus; and then with shouts and laughter they sported like the Bacchanals, whom Eucharis had seen embossed upon her father's wine-cups. Hand-in-hand the children wandered along the shore of the smooth and limpid lake*; and Eumolpus picked up the little twisted shells, and strung them into necklaces and bracelets for his beautiful companion. Their parents delighted to see them dance together in the evening; and when Eucharis had braided her long raven hair, and stained with crimson dye the nails of her

* See an account of the *Buccinum Galilæum*, found on the shores of the lake of Tiberias, in Dr. Clarke's *Travels*, Part ii. chap. xiv p. 473.

hands and naked snow-white feet, she twined round her ancles the chains of shells which Eumolpus had given her, and listened with childish pleasure as their ringing kept time to her light and graceful motions. Eucharis was still a child, when Eumolpus had almost passed the age of boyhood. He was distinguished by his grace and agility in the exercises of the Grecian Palæstra; but he had acquired also the accomplishments of eastern countries. With a slight bridle he could manage the most fiery horse, and suddenly stop or turn him in the midst of his impetuous career. At full speed he could hurl the javelin with unerring certainty; and his delight was to astonish Eucharis by the strength with which he drew the bow, and the ease with which his arrows overtopped the highest palms. His thirst of knowledge was insatiable. He mastered with facility all that could be taught him by the sagest instructors of Tiberias; and he came home in the evening to amuse his little wondering play-fellow with Plato's golden dreams of the Elysian Fields, the Atlantic Island, or, the Music of the Spheres. His tutors predicted that he would be a great philosopher; and that so promising a genius might not want cultivation, his parents resolved that he should receive the instructions of wisdom in the schools of Antioch. He bade farewell to his friends at Tiberias; and tears stood in the eyes of the graceful youth, not only when he parted from his parents, but when the little girl, with whom he had spent so many happy childish hours, flung her arms round his neck, and, kissing him for the last time, told him to come back soon, that they might again ramble together on the borders of the lake.

Eumolpus went, but he returned not soon. Eager in the pursuit of knowledge, he became dissatisfied with the philosophers of Antioch, and passed to Greece and Rome. He mused over the visions of the Athenian Mystic by the banks of the Ilissus, and beneath the plane-trees of the Academy; and perused the sceptical speculations of his Roman rival amidst the ruined porticos of the deserted Tusculan. When he had satiated himself with the collected wisdom of the capital of the world, he sailed for Asia, and his parents with eagerness awaited his return. Eumolpus, however, came not; and years were added to his absence, before he arrived in an Alexandrian vessel at Cæsarea, and bent his way to his humble birth-place. He had bewildered himself in the mysterious speculations which Pythagoras and Plato had borrowed from the wisdom of the east; and he had resolved himself to accomplish the mighty pilgrimage to the sources of the troubled and polluted stream of divine and human knowledge. He had watched the stars in the ancient Chaldee land, and, amidst

the ruins of Babylon, had gathered from the remnant of a scattered race the relics of their forgotten science. He had deciphered the characters of elder time engraven in the half-burnt and blackened temples of Persepolis. He had worshipped with the Bactrian Magi at the fountains of eternal fire, and had been initiated in the secret wisdom of Zoroaster. From the Brachmans he had learned the three-fold mystery of the Creator*, the Preserver, and the Destroyer; and he had beheld their gigantic figures†, older than all traditional antiquity, rudely sculptured in the depths of the holy vaults of Elephanta: or, on the banks of the Ganges, he unrolled the silken scrolls which enfolded the speculations of Vyasa‡, till he doubted whether this material world, with all its pomp and beauty, were aught but an idea of the One Universal Mind. With the merchants of Taprobana and Barygaza, who conveyed to the western world the spices and the gems of their unknown regions, he had crossed the Erythræan ocean, and had inhaled the balmy odours of the Sabæan shore. He had shared the perils of their voyage amidst the coral rocks of the Arabian Gulf: and weary of his wanderings, after worshipping in the temples of Isis and Serapis, he returned from Alexandria to that home, and those friends, whose memory he had fondly cherished in his voluntary exile.

Eight years had passed since Eucharis wept at his departure; and they had changed the little playful girl into a woman of majestic beauty. Her forehead was high and thoughtful; her laughing eyes were saddened into a look of sweet austerity; the habitual expression of her delicately-formed mouth seemed calm but pensive silence; her figure was tall and stately; and every step and action was full of graceful dignity. Upon him also eight years had worked their changes. He was no longer the beautiful youth, who, in the wantonness of boyish frolic had assumed a female garb, and mingled undiscovered in the choral dances of the grove of Daphne. His cheek was pale, his brow bronzed; and his vigils and his wanderings had left on it the traces of thought and suffering. His figure was moulded with all the firmness and precision of manly strength. His short black beard curled strongly round his haughty lips; and there was a restless flashing in his dark and overshadowed eyes, betokening thoughts which he held not in common with other men. Eucharis had

* Brahma, Veeshnu, and Seeva.

† The cavern of Elephanta bears no resemblance to any other Hindoo works; but the three figures in its recess are supposed to represent the three great divinities.

‡ See a beautiful sketch of the philosophy of Vyasa, in Mr. Grant's Poem on the Restoration of Learning in the East,

dwelt in his memory only as the play-thing of his boyish fondness; from her mind, amidst the habitual intercourse of domestic affection, the remembrance of the beautiful youth had been almost obliterated. They met with even more than the strangeness of strangers; and parted with a coldness that formed a painful contrast to their last farewell. But Eumolpus was determined to love; and soon began to trace in the beautiful woman a resemblance to the girl whose image had remained impressed upon his mind. All the lineaments of that image, to which there was no longer an answering reality, became fainter and fainter in his fancy; and he thought of Eucharis only as he now saw her, in all the loveliness of womanly beauty and reserve. He did not indeed forget their childish fondness; but he loved her with all the passionate ardour of his enthusiastic temper. Eucharis was terrified by his vehemence; and the more earnest the expression of his feelings, the more reserved and cold she seemed to become. She might at first, perhaps, shrink instinctively, when one who was now a stranger, assumed the language of an object of early and familiar affection. There might, perhaps, be a mixture of feminine caprice and pride in the disdain with which she regarded the young philosopher, whose researches and adventures had made him the theme of every tongue. She would not seem even to shun him. With indifference she beheld his approach and his departure. With indifference she mingled with him in general society. With indifference she listened to the vows, which with low melodious voice he breathed into her solitary ear. She would not even seem to perceive that she was the envy and the wonder of all the virgins of Tiberias. It was in vain that Eumolpus spoke of their childish sports. It was in vain that he told of all his wanderings; of the gorgeous cities and the beautiful wildernesses in which he had sojourned; of temples, towers, and palaces; of endless groves of spices, and islands of perpetual bloom; of rivers, to which Jordan was but a bubbling rill; and mountains at whose feet Libanus with all its cedars would be scarcely distinguished from the plain. It was in vain that he called up the wild sweet airs of many a distant land upon * the slant chords of the Syrian harp, and adapted to their various harmony the praises of his beautiful mistress. Even the music of the spheres could not move her now; and he gained nothing but a cold and weary smile, when his philosophical enthusiasm betrayed him into an encomium of the wisdom of the † Zendavesta, or the institutions of the Indian

* *Juven. Sat. iii. v. 63.*

† *The Manual of the Philosophy of Zoroaster.*

Minos*. But there was a mixture of disdainful incredulity in her smile, when he told her, how in the fondness of his boyish remembrance, before he quitted Antioch, he had consulted the oracle of Daphne†. The Priestess of Apollo plucked a leaf from the sacred laurel, and murmured over it her mystic incantations; it was immersed in the Castalian fountain; and, when it was withdrawn, it bore interlaced in Syriac characters the names of Eucharis and Eumolpus. Eucharis refused to believe, and spoke of the virtues of the prophetic fountain in language at which the votaries of the Daphnic Temple would have shuddered. But when Eumolpus solemnly asserted the reality of the oracle, and assured her, that, if she would deign to accompany him to the hot springs of Gadara, even he could show her fountains imbued with powers yet more marvellous, her female curiosity was awakened; and half credulous, yet ashamed of the appearance of belief, she at last granted his request; and triumphed in her anticipation of the failure of his pretensions to superior knowledge.

On the following day Eucharis arose from her mid-day slumber, and with two female attendants was conducted by Eumolpus to the boat that was to transport them across the lake. Not a cloud relieved the deep and sparkling azure of the sky; and the light breeze, that filled their sail, scarcely ruffled the surface of the waters‡. They were clearer than the clearest crystal, and the white shells and shining pebbles were distinctly visible at the bottom. Before them lay those beautiful and majestic mountains that rise from the eastern border of the lake. On their projecting declivities forests of ilex and cedar shone brightly in the sun, or fell back into shadow in their undulating recesses; while along their bare and rugged summits all the clefts and gullies could be distinguished in the strong light. At first they saw not on their right the southern termination of the lake; for it winded away among the hills, till it opened into the valley of the Jordan. But it gradually expanded, as they approached the middle point of their voyage; and soon by the difference of colour they distinguished the stream of the river, flowing through the lake

* Some ingenious writers have endeavoured to show that the Grecian Minoas is the same as the Indian Menu.

† See a description of the grove of Daphne in Gibbon's *Decline and Fall*, chap. xxiii. The Emperor Adrian had his destiny foretold in this manner;—*Paradise Lost*, Book iv.

— Nor that sweet grove :
Of Daphne by Orontes, and the inspired
Castalian Spring —

‡ See Josephus de Bell. Jud. lib. iii. cap. 18. Dr. Clarke describes with enthusiasm the beauties of the lake of Tiberias.

without mingling with its waters*. Eucharis, more beautiful and more haughty than she had ever seemed before, sat in the stern of the vessel between her two attendants, and Eumolpus placed himself at her feet. To him she scarcely deigned a word or look, but listened carelessly to the prattle of her Egyptian slave, who told her that there was a secret communication between the lake of Tiberias and the waters of the Nile†, for that the same fish were found in both, and were found no where else. Eumolpus sat in silence; and sometimes it seemed as if there sparkled in his eyes an ill concealed expression of triumph and delight; and sometimes he smiled as he looked around, and remembered how vast this lake had once seemed to him, and how the hills were shrunk from the dimensions which they had assumed in his recollections of his childhood. At last they reached the opposite shore. The lake preserved its depth to the very edge‡; and from the boat they ascended a steep rocky hill, in which many caves were hollowed out, once the sculpchres of the ancient inhabitants of the land, but now not unfrequently the haunt of banditti and maniacs, and all the outcasts of society§. On the summit camels were waiting for them, on which Eucharis and her attendants were placed, while Eumolpus accompanied them upon one of those fleet mares that are bred in the Arabian desert. The country which they crossed rose with gentle ascent; and sometimes they saw the peasants carrying home their millet harvest, on the backs of camels; and sometimes in wilder spots they startled herds of antelopes, that bounded away, and turned to gaze, as their company passed by. At the end of seven miles they reached Gadara. Hence they were to proceed to the springs on foot; and Eumolpus suffered no one to attend them but the female slaves. Eucharis seemed unwilling even to be supported by his arm as they descended by a winding path down a steep declivity into the glen of the river|| Hieromax. The river ran foaming and dashing in its rocky channel; and on each side precipices rose at once to the height of a hundred feet, and hemmed in the narrow valley¶. On the lower part of their declivity the pine and ash had twined their roots among fragments of

* Clarke's Travels, Part II. c. 14. p. 474.

† This was a vulgar opinion. See Hasselquist's Voyage in the Levant, p. 157. Lond. 1766.

‡ Burckhardt's Travels in Syria, p. 276.

§ Dr. Clarke, p. 463.

|| Plinii Nat. Hist. Lib. v. cap. 18.

¶ This description of the valley of the Hieromax is taken chiefly from Burckhardt's Travels in Syria, p. 276. He gives a minute account of the Hot Springs.

rock, and fern grew high and strong in the broken hollows. But, above, their bare black splintered summits looked desolately wild, and formed a strong contrast with the bright blue sky. Between the precipice and the river winded a narrow strip of land, which in this sheltered situation preserved a perpetual verdure. Sometimes it widened into a little meadow, and sometimes by projecting rocks was narrowed almost to a foot-path on the edge of the stream. Here at intervals boiling springs gushed out; and baths had been constructed, where the waters of the most abundant were received into marble basins. Here Eumolpus directed the female slaves to await their return, and proceeded with Eucharis along the banks of the river.

Higher up the stream, in a sequestered nook seldom visited by the foot of man, arose two fountains, to which the tradition of the country had given the names of Eros and Anteros. Cold as ice by day, it was said that by night they glowed with all the heat of the other springs, and only resumed their coolness with returning light. The streams, which issued from them, met at a little distance from their sources, and ran together murmuring to the river. There was no legend to account for the names; but the spot seemed to have been hallowed by ancient superstition. Overgrown with moss and lichen, and half concealed by the clustering branches of the tamarisk, were the ruins of a little temple of Astarte, the Syrian Queen of Night and Love*; and on one stone of antique sculpture the figure of the goddess was still visible, standing on the prow of a vessel, crowned with the crescent moon, bearing in her right hand the head of Osiris, and in her left a spear. It might be doubted how much credit should be attached to the story of the varying temperature of the waters; for their margin was fresh and green; the delicate fern†, to which the name of the Hair of Venus has been given, hung over the edge its half-transparent films; and the lotus, the eastern emblem of the eternal principle of life, floated on the surface of the limpid pool. All around was cool, and moist, and verdant; beautiful flowers of every species blossomed secure from the withering sun; and nothing was heard but the murmurs of the fountains and the river, the hum of bees around the scarlet‡ honeysuckle, and the twitter of the bee-catcher as he watched his winged prey.

Eumolpus prostrated himself on the turf; then took from each of the fountains a little water in the hollow of his hand; and, muttering an incantation, flung it in the air. Presently

* The goddess is thus represented on Galilæan medals. Dr. Clarke, p. 472.

† *Adiantum Capillus Veneris*, found by Hasselquist in Solomon's Well.

‡ Hasselquist, p. 282. The *Merops Apiaria* is a native of Palestine.

from each fountain a mist seemed to rise, and the vapour gradually shaped itself into a dim and shadowy resemblance of two beautiful children. Eucharis shrieked with terror; and clinging almost convulsively to Eumolpus, yet turned to gaze upon the vision. The phantoms slowly approached each other; and when they embraced, suddenly their lineaments became more distinct, and their hues more vivid; and they stood before them, two beautiful boys, their cheeks glowing; their eyes sparkling, and their hair waving, with all the reality of life. They stood entwined in a close embrace, the arms of each locked round the other. They were naked, and their tender limbs shone with all the radiance of youthful health. They were crowned with jasmine; but their auburn ringlets flowed over their shoulders in intermingled curls. One seemed a little younger than the other, and clung half-fearfully to the caress of his companion; and they gazed upon each other as if they lived only in one another's eyes. They spoke not; they moved not; and Eucharis half recovered from her terror, as she looked upon so lovely a sight. Eumolpus beckoned them to approach; and Eucharis pressed his arm more strongly, but did not tremble, although they stood close before her. Eumolpus bent and kissed the forehead of the elder boy, and smiled, and bade Eucharis do the same. Half afraid, yet encouraged by his example, she stooped, and drew back, stooped again, and kissed the younger. But no sooner had she touched his lips, than suddenly the boys were no more seen; and Eucharis turned and looked at Eumolpus, flung her arms around his neck, and hid in his bosom her blushes and her tears. How long she wept she knew not, or what words of delicious rapture Eumolpus murmured in her ear, or what burning kisses he pressed upon her lips and neck. He placed her on the turf to recover her exhausted strength; and, taking a water-lily from the fountain, he twined its long and flexile stem around her jetty hair, while the snow-white flower shone like a star upon her majestic forehead. Then he kissed again his beautiful bride, and raised her from the ground; and slowly, and in silence, and in delicious meditation, they passed along the banks of the river, till they rejoined her attendants at the baths.

When they again reached the lake, the sun had just set; but his rosy hues still lingered on the summits of the mountains, and on the mists that were gathering around them. The glassy surface of the lake glowed with the same ethereal colours; and amidst the radiance of the western sky twinkled the evening star—the star of silence, and solitude, and love. The wind had died away; and, as the swarthy boatmen rowed them home, the dull plash of their oars kept time to a

low and melancholy song in the ancient language of their country, a song of the departed glories of their people, a song of captivity and woe. Eucharis lay in the bosom of Eumolpus, and, without voice or motion, seemed to drink in the beautiful repose of all around her. But sometimes her dark eyes were filled with tears; and she turned them on her lover with a look which they know who have been loved, and they alone. Not many days had passed before the streets of their native city were merry with the sound of dulcimer, and tabor, and cymbal, and all the pomp of wedding festivity; and long was it the prayer of the youths and maidens of Tiberias, that in their marriage they might be as happy as Eumolpus and Eucharis.

H. M.

CRITICISMS ON THE PRINCIPAL ITALIAN WRITERS.

No. I. DANTE.

"Fairest of stars, last in the train of night,
If better thou belong not to the dawn,
Sure pledge of day, that crown'st the smiling morn
With thy bright circlet."—MILTON.

In a review of Italian literature, Dante has a double claim to precedency. He was the earliest and the greatest writer of his country. He was the first man who fully described and exhibited the powers of his native dialect. The Latin tongue, which, under the most favourable circumstances, and in the hands of the greatest masters, had still been poor, feeble, and singularly unpoetical, and which had, in the age of Dante, been debased by the admixture of innumerable barbarous words and idioms, was still cultivated with superstitious veneration, and received, in the last stage of corruption, more honours than it had deserved in the period of its life and vigour. It was the language of the cabinet, of the university, of the church. It was employed by all who aspired to distinction in the higher walks of poetry. In compassion to the ignorance of his mistress, a cavalier might now and then proclaim his passion in Tuscan or Provençal rhymes. The vulgar might occasionally be edified by a pious allegory in the popular jargon. But no writer had conceived it possible that the dialect of peasants and market-women should possess sufficient energy and precision for a majestic and durable work. Dante ventured first. He detected the rich treasures of

thought and diction which still lay latent in their ore. He refined them into purity. He burnished them into splendour. He fitted them for every purpose of use and magnificence. And he has thus acquired the glory, not only of producing the finest narrative poem of modern times, but also of creating a language, distinguished by unrivalled melody, and peculiarly capable of furnishing to lofty and passionate thoughts their appropriate garb of severe and concise expression.

To many this may appear a singular panegyric on the Italian tongue. Indeed the great majority of the young gentlemen and young ladies, who, when they are asked whether they read Italian, answer "yes," never go beyond the stories at the end of their grammar,—the Pastor Fido,—or an act of *Artaserse*. They could as soon read a Babylonian brick as a canto of Dante. Hence it is a general opinion, among those who know little or nothing of the subject, that this admirable language is adapted only to the effeminate cant of sonnetteers, musicians, and connoisseurs.

The fact is that Dante and Petrarch have been the *Oromasdes* and *Arimanes* of Italian literature. I wish not to detract from the merits of Petrarch. No one can doubt that his poems exhibit, amidst some imbecility and more affectation, much elegance, ingenuity and tenderness. They present us with a mixture which can only be compared to the whimsical concert described by the humorous poet of Modena :

"S' uodian gli usignuoli, al primo albore
E gli asini cantar versi d'amore.*"

I am not, however, at present speaking of the intrinsic excellencies of his writings, which I shall take another opportunity to examine, but of the effect which they produced on the literature of Italy. The florid and luxurious charms of his style enticed the poets and the public from the contemplation of nobler and sterner models. In truth, though a rude state of society is that in which great original works are most frequently produced, it is also that in which they are worst appreciated. This may appear paradoxical, but it is proved by experience, and is consistent with reason. To be without any received canons of taste is good for the few who can create, but bad for the many who can only imitate and judge. Great and active minds cannot remain at rest. In a cultivated age they are too often contented to move on in the beaten path. But where no path exists they will make one. Thus the *Iliad*, the *Odyssey*, the *Divine Comedy*, appeared in dark and half-barbarous times: and thus of the few original

* *Tassoni Secchia Rapita. Canto I. stanza 6.*

works which have been produced in more polished ages we owe a large proportion to men in low stations and of unformed minds. I will instance in our own language the Pilgrim's Progress and Robinson Crusoe. Of all the prose works of fiction which we possess, these are, I will not say the best, but the most peculiar, the most unprecedented, the most inimitable. Had Bunyan and Defoe been educated gentlemen, they would probably have published translations and imitations of French romances "by a person of quality." I am not sure that we should have had Lear if Shakspeare had been able to read Sophocles.

But these circumstances, while they foster genius, are unfavourable to the science of criticism. Men judge by comparison. They are unable to estimate the grandeur of an object when there is no standard by which they can measure it. One of the French philosophers, (I beg Gerard's pardon,) who accompanied Napoleon to Egypt, tells us that, when he first visited the great Pyramid, he was surprised to see it so diminutive. It stood alone in a boundless plain. There was nothing near it from which he could calculate its magnitude. But when the camp was pitched beside it, and the tents appeared like diminutive specks around its base, he then perceived the immensity of this mightiest work of man. In the same manner, it is not till a crowd of petty writers has sprung up that the merit of the great master-spirits of literature is understood.

We have indeed ample proof that Dante was highly admired in his own and the following age. I wish that we had equal proof that he was admired for his excellencies. But it is a remarkable corroboration of what has been said, that this great man seems to have been utterly unable to appreciate himself. In his treatise *De Vulgari Eloquentia* he talks with satisfaction of what he has done for Italian literature, of the purity and correctness of his style. "*Cependant,*" says a favourite * writer of mine, "*il n'est ni pur, ni correct, mais il est créateur.*" Considering the difficulties with which Dante had to struggle, we may perhaps be more inclined than the French critic to allow him this praise. Still it is by no means his highest or most peculiar title to applause. It is scarcely necessary to say that those qualities which escaped the notice of the poet himself were not likely to attract the attention of the commentators. The fact is, that, while the public homage was paid to some absurdities with which his works may be justly charged, and to many more which were falsely imputed to them,—while lecturers were paid to expound and

* Sismondi Littérature du Midi de l'Europe.

eulogize his physics, his metaphysics, his theology, all bad of their kind,—while annotators laboured to detect allegorical meanings of which the author never dreamed, the great powers of his imagination, and the incomparable force of his style, were neither admired nor imitated. Arimanes had prevailed. The Divine Comedy was to that age what St. Paul's Cathedral was to Omai. The poor Otaheitean stared listlessly for a moment at the huge cupola, and ran into a toyshop to play with beads. Italy, too, was charmed with literary trinkets, and played with them for four centuries.

From the time of Petrarch to the appearance of Alfieri's tragedies, we may trace in almost every page of Italian literature the influence of those celebrated sonnets which, from the nature both of their beauties and their faults, were peculiarly unfit to be models for general imitation. Almost all the poets of that period, however different in the degree and quality of their talents, are characterized by great exaggeration, and, as a necessary consequence, great coldness of sentiment; by a passion for frivolous and tawdry ornament; and above all, by an extreme feebleness and diffuseness of style. Tasso, Marino, Guarini, Metastasio, and a crowd of writers of inferior merit and celebrity, were spell-bound in the enchanted gardens of a gaudy and meretricious Alcina, who concealed debility and deformity beneath the deceitful semblance of loveliness and health. Ariosto, the great Ariosto himself, like his own Ruggiero, stooped for a time to linger amidst the magic flowers and fountains, and to caress the gay and painted sorceress. But to him, as to his own Ruggiero, had been given the omnipotent ring and the winged courser, which bore him from the paradise of deception to the regions of light and nature.

The evil of which I speak was not confined to the graver poets. It infected satire, comedy, burlesque. No person can admire more than I do the great master-pieces of wit and humour which Italy has produced. Still I cannot but discern and lament a great deficiency, which is common to them all, I find in them abundance of ingenuity, of droll naïveté, of profound and just reflection, of happy expression. Manners, characters, opinions, are treated with "a most learned spirit of human dealing." But something is still wanting. We read, and we admire, and we yawn. We look in vain for the bacchanalian fury which inspired the comedy of Athens, for the fierce and withering scorn which animates the invectives of Juvenal and Dryden, or even for the compact and pointed diction which adds zest to the verses of Pope and Boileau. There is no enthusiasm, no energy, no condensation, nothing which springs from strong feeling,

nothing which tends to excite it. Many fine thoughts and fine expressions reward the toil of reading. Still it is a toil. The *Secchia Rapita*, in some points the best poem of its kind, is painfully diffuse and languid. The *Animali Parlanti* of Casti is perfectly intolerable. I admire the dexterity of the plot, and the liberality of the opinions. I admit that it is impossible to turn to a page which does not contain something that deserves to be remembered; but it is at least six times as long as it ought to be. And the garrulous feebleness of the style is a still greater fault than the length of the work.

It may be thought that I have gone too far in attributing these evils to the influence of the works and the fame of Petrarch. It cannot, however, be doubted that they have arisen, in a great measure, from a neglect of the style of Dante. This is not more proved by the decline of Italian poetry than by its resuscitation. After the lapse of four hundred and fifty years, there appeared a man capable of appreciating and imitating the father of Tuscan literature—Vittorio Alfieri. Like the prince in the nursery tale, he sought and found the Sleeping Beauty within the recesses which had so long concealed her from mankind. The portal was indeed rusted by time:—the dust of ages had accumulated on the hangings;—the furniture was of antique fashion;—and the gorgeous colour of the embroidery had faded. But the living charms which were well worth all the rest remained in the bloom of eternal youth, and well rewarded the bold adventurer who roused them from their long slumber. In every line of the *Philip* and the *Saul*, the greatest poems, I think, of the eighteenth century, we may trace the influence of that mighty genius which has immortalized the ill-starred love of Francesca, and the paternal agonies of Ugolino. Alfieri bequeathed the sovereignty of Italian literature to the author of the *Aristodemus*—a man of genius scarcely inferior to his own, and a still more devoted disciple of the great Florentine. It must be acknowledged, that this eminent writer has sometimes pushed too far his idolatry of Dante. To borrow a sprightly illustration from Sir John Denham, he has not only imitated his garb, but borrowed his clothes. He often quotes his phrases; and he has, not very judiciously as it appears to me, imitated his versification. Nevertheless, he has displayed many of the higher excellencies of his master, and his works may justly inspire us with a hope that the Italian language will long flourish under a new literary dynasty, or rather under the legitimate line, which has at length been restored to a throne long occupied by specious usurpers.

The man to whom the literature of his country owes its

origin and its revival, was born in times singularly adapted to call forth his extraordinary powers. Religious zeal, chivalrous love and honour, democratic liberty, are the three most powerful principles that have ever influenced the character of large masses of men. Each of them singly has often excited the greatest enthusiasm, and produced the most important changes. In the time of Dante all the three, often in amalgamation, generally in conflict, agitated the public mind. The preceding generation had witnessed the wrongs and the revenge of the brave, the accomplished, the unfortunate Emperor Frederic the Second,—a poet in an age of schoolmen—a philosopher in an age of monks,—a statesman in an age of crusaders. During the whole life of the poet, Italy was experiencing the consequences of the memorable struggle which he had maintained against the Church. The finest works of imagination have always been produced in times of political convulsion, as the richest vineyards and the sweetest flowers always grow on the soil which has been fertilized by the fiery deluge of a volcano. To look no further than the literary history of our own country, can we doubt that Shakespeare was in a great measure produced by the Reformation, and Wordsworth by the French Revolution. Poets often avoid political transactions; they often affect to despise them. But, whether they perceive it or not, they must be influenced by them. As long as their minds have any point of contact with those of their fellow-men; the electric impulse, at whatever distance it may originate, will be circuitously communicated to them.

This will be the case even in large societies, where the division of labour enables many speculative men to observe the face of nature, or to analyze their own minds, at a distance from the seat of political transactions. In the little republic of which Dante was a member, the state of things was very different. These small communities are most unmercifully abused by most of our modern professors of the science of government. In such states, they tell us, factions are always most violent: where both parties are cooped up within a narrow space, political difference necessarily produces personal malignity. Every man must be a soldier; every moment may produce a war. No citizen can lie down secure that he shall not be roused by the alarum-bell, to repel or avenge an injury. In such petty quarrels Greece squandered the blood which might have purchased for her the permanent empire of the world, and Italy wasted the energy and the abilities which would have enabled her to defend her independence against the Pontiffs and the Cæsars.

All this is true: yet there is still a compensation. Mankind

has not derived so much benefit from the empire of Rome as from the city of Athens, nor from the kingdom of France as from the city of Florence. The violence of party feeling may be an evil; but it calls forth that activity of mind which in some states of society it is desirable to produce at any expense. Universal soldiership may be an evil; but where every man is a soldier there will be no standing army. And is it no evil that one man in every fifty should be bred to the trade of slaughter; should live only by destroying and by exposing himself to be destroyed; should fight without enthusiasm and conquer without glory; be sent to a hospital when wounded, and rot on a dunghill when old? Such, over more than two-thirds of Europe, is the fate of soldiers. It was something that the citizen of Milan or Florence fought, not merely in the vague and rhetorical sense in which the words are often used, but in sober truth, for his parents, his children, his lands, his house, his altars. It was something that he marched forth to battle beneath the Carroccio, which had been the object of his childish veneration; that his aged father looked down from the battlements on his exploits; that his friends and his rivals were the witnesses of his glory. If he fell, he was consigned to no venal or heedless guardians. The same day saw him conveyed within the walls which he had defended. His wounds were dressed by his mother; his confession was whispered to the friendly priest who had heard and absolved the follies of his youth; his last sigh was breathed upon the lips of the lady of his love. Surely there is no sword like that which is beaten out of a ploughshare. Surely this state of things was not unmixedly bad; its evils were alleviated by enthusiasm and by tenderness: and it will at least be acknowledged that it was well fitted to nurse poetical genius in an imaginative and observant mind. Nor did the religious spirit of the age tend less to this result than its political circumstances. Fanaticism is an evil, but it is not the greatest of evils. It is good that a people should be roused by any means from a state of utter torpor;—that their minds should be diverted from objects merely sensual, to meditations, however erroneous, on the mysteries of the moral and intellectual world; and from interests which are immediately selfish to those which relate to the past, the future, and the remote. These effects have sometimes been produced by the worst superstitions that ever existed; but the Catholic religion, even in the time of its utmost extravagance and atrocity, never wholly lost the spirit of the Great Teacher, whose precepts form the noblest code, as his conduct furnished the purest example, of moral excellence. It is of all religions the most poetical. The ancient superstitions furnished the fancy with beautiful images, but took no hold on the heart. The

doctrines of the Reformed Churches have most powerfully influenced the feelings and the conduct of men, but have not presented them with visions of sensible beauty and grandeur. The Roman Catholic Church has united to the awful doctrines of the one what Mr. Coleridge calls the "fair humanities" of the other. It has enriched sculpture and painting with the loveliest and most majestic forms. To the Phidian Jupiter it can oppose the Moses of Michael Angelo; and to the voluptuous beauty of the Queen of Cyprus, the serene and pensive loveliness of the Virgin Mother. The legends of its martyrs and its saints may vie in ingenuity and interest with the mythological fables of Greece; its ceremonies and processions were the delight of the vulgar; the huge fabric of secular power with which it was connected attracted the admiration of the statesman. At the same time, it never lost sight of the most solemn and tremendous doctrines of Christianity,—the incarnate God,—the judgment,—the retribution,—the eternity of happiness or torment. Thus, while, like the ancient religions, it received incalculable support from policy and ceremony, it never wholly became, like these religions, a merely political and ceremonial institution.

The beginning of the thirteenth century was, as Machiavelli has remarked, the era of a great revival of this extraordinary system. The policy of Innocent,—the growth of the inquisition and the mendicant orders,—the wars against the Albigenses, the Pagans of the East, and the unfortunate princes of the house of Swabia, agitated Italy during the two following generations. In this point Dante was completely under the influence of his age. He was a man of a turbid and melancholy spirit. In early youth he had entertained a strong and unfortunate passion, which, long after the death of her whom he loved, continued to haunt him. Dissipation, ambition, misfortunes had not effaced it. He was not only a sincere, but a passionate believer. The crimes and abuses of the Church of Rome were indeed loathsome to him; but to all its doctrines and all its rites he adhered with enthusiastic fondness and veneration; and, at length, driven from his native country, reduced to a situation the most painful to a man of his disposition, condemned to learn by experience that no food is so bitter as the bread of dependence, and no ascent so painful as the staircase of a patron,—his wounded spirit took refuge in visionary devotion. Beatrice, the unforgotten object of his early tenderness, was invested by his imagination

* "Tu proverai sì come sa di sale
Lo pane altrui, e come è duro calle
Lo scendere e'l salir per l'altrui scale."

Paradiso, Canto XVII.

with glorious and mysterious attributes: she was enthroned among the highest of the celestial hierarchy: Almighty Wisdom had assigned to her the care of the sinful and unhappy wanderer who had loved her with such a perfect love *. By a confusion, like that which often takes place in dreams, he has sometimes lost sight of her human nature, and even of her personal existence, and seems to consider her as one of the attributes of the Deity.

But those religious hopes which had released the mind of the sublime enthusiast from the terrors of death had not rendered his speculations on human life more cheerful. This is an inconsistency which may often be observed in men of a similar temperament. He hoped for happiness beyond the grave: but he felt none on earth. It is from this cause, more than from any other, that his description of Heaven is so far inferior to the Hell or the Purgatory. With the passions and miseries of the suffering spirits he feels a strong sympathy. But among the beatified he appears as one who has nothing in common with them,—as one who is incapable of comprehending, not only the degree, but the nature of their enjoyment. We think that we see him standing amidst those smiling and radiant spirits with that scowl of unutterable misery on his brow, and that curl of bitter disdain on his lips, which all his portraits have preserved, and which might furnish Chantrey with hints for the head of his projected Satan.

There is no poet whose intellectual and moral character are so closely connected. The great source, as it appears to me, of the power of the Divine Comedy, is the strong belief with which the story seems to be told. In this respect, the only books which approach to its excellence are Gulliver's Travels and Robinson Crusoe. The solemnity of his asseverations, the consistency and minuteness of his details, the earnestness with which he labours to make the reader understand the exact shape and size of every thing that he describes, give an air of reality to his wildest fictions. I should only weaken this statement by quoting instances of a feeling which pervades the whole work, and to which it owes much of its fascination. This is the real justification of the many passages in his poem which bad critics have condemned as grotesque. I am concerned to see that Mr. Cary, to whom Dante owes more than ever poet owed to translator, has sanctioned an accusation utterly unworthy of his abilities. "His solicitude," says that gentleman, "to define all his images in such a manner as to bring them within the circle of our vision, and to subject them to the power of the pencil,

* "L'amico mio, e non della ventura."—*Inferno*, Canto II.

renders him little better than grotesque, where Milton has since taught us to expect sublimity." It is true that Dante has never shrunk from embodying his conceptions in determinate words, that he has even given measures and numbers, where Milton would have left his images to float undefined in a gorgeous haze of language. Both were right. Milton did not profess to have been in heaven or hell. He might therefore reasonably confine himself to magnificent generalities. Far different was the office of the lonely traveller, who had wandered through the nations of the dead. Had he described the abode of the rejected spirits in language resembling the splendid lines of the English poet,—had he told us of—

"An universe of death, which God by curse
Created evil, for evil only good,
Where all life dies, death lives, and Nature breeds
Perverse all monstrous, all prodigious things,
Abominable, unutterable, and worse
Than fables yet have feigned, or fear conceived,
Gorgons, and hydras, and chimæras dire"—

this would doubtless have been noble writing. But where would have been that strong impression of reality, which, in accordance with his plan, it should have been his great object to produce? It was absolutely necessary for him to delineate accurately "all monstrous, all prodigious things,"—to utter what might to others appear "unutterable,"—to relate with the air of truth what fables had never feigned,—to embody what fear had never conceived. And I will frankly confess that the vague sublimity of Milton affects me less than these reviled details of Dante. We read Milton; and we know that we are reading a great poet. When we read Dante, the poet vanishes. We are listening to the man who has returned from "the valley of the dolorous abyss *;"—we seem to see the dilated eye of horror, to hear the shuddering accents with which he tells his fearful tale. Considered in this light, the narratives are exactly what they should be,—definite in themselves, but suggesting to the mind ideas of awful and indefinite wonder. They are made up of the images of the earth:—they are told in the language of the earth.—Yet the whole effect is, beyond expression, wild and unearthly. The fact is, that supernatural beings, as long as they are considered merely with reference to their own nature, excite our feelings very feebly. It is when the great gulph which separates them from us is passed, when we suspect some strange and undefinable relation between the laws

"La valle d'abisso doloroso." *Inferno. Canto iv.*

of the visible and the invisible world, that they rouse, perhaps, the strongest emotions of which our nature is capable. How many children, and how many men, are afraid of ghosts, who are not afraid of God. And this, because, though they entertain a much stronger conviction of the existence of a Deity than of the reality of apparitions, they have no apprehension that he will manifest himself to them in any sensible manner. While this is the case, to describe super-human beings in the language, and to attribute to them the actions, of humanity may be grotesque, unphilosophical, inconsistent; but it will be the only mode of working upon the feelings of men, and, therefore, the only mode suited for poetry. Shakspeare understood this well, as he understood every thing that belonged to his art. Who does not sympathize with the rapture of Ariel, flying after sunset on the wings of the bat, or sucking in the cups of flowers with the bee? Who does not shudder at the caldron of Macbeth? Where is the philosopher who is not moved when he thinks of the strange connexion between the infernal spirits and "the sow's blood that hath eaten her nine farrow?" But this difficult task of representing supernatural beings to our minds, in a manner which shall be neither unintelligible to our intellects, nor wholly inconsistent with our ideas of their nature, has never been so well performed as by Dante. I will refer to three instances, which are, perhaps, the most striking—the description of the transformations of the serpents and the robbers, in the twenty-fifth canto of the *Inferno*,—the passage concerning Nimrod, in the thirty-first canto of the same part,—and the magnificent procession in the twenty-ninth canto of the *Purgatorio*.

The metaphors and comparisons of Dante harmonize admirably with that air of strong reality of which I have spoken. They have a very peculiar character. He is perhaps the only poet whose writings would become much less intelligible if all illustrations of this sort were expunged. His similies are frequently rather those of a traveller than of a poet. He employs them not to display his ingenuity by fanciful analogies,—not to delight the reader by affording him a distant and passing glimpse of beautiful images remote from the path in which he is proceeding,—but to give an exact idea of the objects which he is describing, by comparing them with others generally known. The boiling pitch in Malebolge was like that in the Venetian arsenal:—the mound on which he travelled along the banks of Phlegethon was like that between Ghent and Bruges, but not so large:—the cavities where the Simoniacal prelates are confined resembled the fonts in the church of St. John at Florence. Every reader of Dante will recall many other illustrations of this description, which add

to the appearance of sincerity and earnestness, from which the narrative derives so much of its interest.

Many of his comparisons, again, are intended to give an exact idea of his feelings under particular circumstances. The delicate shades of grief, of fear, of anger, are rarely discriminated with sufficient accuracy in the language of the most refined nations. A rude dialect never abounds in nice distinctions of this kind. Dante therefore employs the most accurate, and infinitely the most poetical mode of marking the precise state of his mind. Every person who has experienced the bewildering effect of sudden bad tidings,—the stupefaction,—the vague doubt of the truth of our own perceptions which they produce,—will understand the following simile :—
 “I was as he is who dreameth his own harm,—who, dreaming, wishes that it may be all a dream, so that he desires that which is as though it were not.” This is only one out of a hundred equally striking and expressive similitudes. The comparisons of Homer and Milton are magnificent digressions. It scarcely injures their effect to detach them from the work. Those of Dante are very different. They derive their beauty from the context, and reflect beauty upon it. His embroidery cannot be taken out without spoiling the whole web. I cannot dismiss this part of the subject without advising every person who can muster sufficient Italian to read the simile of the sheep, in the third Canto of the *Purgatorio*. I think it the most perfect passage of the kind in the world, the most imaginative, the most picturesque, and the most sweetly expressed.

No person can have attended to the *Divine Comedy* without observing how little impression the forms of the external world appear to have made on the mind of Dante. His temper and his situation had led him to fix his observation almost exclusively on human nature. The exquisite opening of the eighth* canto of the *Purgatorio* affords a strong instance of this. He leaves to others the earth, the ocean, and the sky. His business is with man. To other writers, evening

* I cannot help observing that Gray's imitation of that noble line

“Che paia l'giorno pianger che si muore,”—

is one of the most striking instances of injudicious plagiarism with which I am acquainted. Dante did not put this strong personification at the beginning of his description. The imagination of the reader is so well prepared for it by the previous lines, that it appears perfectly natural and pathetic. Placed as Gray has placed it, neither preceded nor followed by any thing that harmonizes with it, it becomes a frigid conceit. Woe to the unskilful rider who ventures on the horses of Achilles.

οἱ δ' ἀλεγείνοι

ἐνδράσι γε θνητοῖσι δαμήμεναι ἴδ' ὀχέεσθαι,

ἄλλο γ' ἢ Ἀχαιῶν τὸν ἀθανάτων τέκε μήτηρ.

may be the season of dews and stars and radiant clouds. To Dante it is the hour of fond recollection and passionate devotion,—the hour which melts the heart of the mariner and kindles the love of the pilgrim,—the hour when the toll of the bell seems to mourn for another day which is gone and will return no more.

The feeling of the present age has taken a direction diametrically opposite. The magnificence of the physical world, and its influence upon the human mind, have been the favourite themes of our most eminent poets. The herd of blue-stocking ladies and sonneteering gentlemen seem to consider a strong sensibility to the “splendour of the grass, the glory of the flower,” as an ingredient absolutely indispensable in the formation of a poetical mind. They treat with contempt all writers who are unfortunately

nec ponere lucum

Artifices, nec rus saturnum laudare.

The orthodox poetical creed is more Catholic. The noblest earthly object of the contemplation of man is man himself. The universe, and all its fair and glorious forms, are indeed included in the wide empire of the imagination, but she has placed her home and her sanctuary amidst the inexhaustible varieties and the impenetrable mysteries of the mind.

In tutte parti impera e quivi regge

Quivi è la sua cittade e l'alto seggio.*

Othello is perhaps the greatest work in the world. From what does it derive its power? From the clouds? From the ocean? From the mountains? Or from love strong as death, and jealousy cruel as the grave? What is it that we go forth to see in Hamlet? Is it a reed shaken with the wind? A small celandine? A bed of daffodils? Or is it to contemplate a mighty and wayward mind laid bare before us to the inmost recesses? It may perhaps be doubted whether the lakes and the hills are better fitted for the education of a poet than the dusky streets of a huge capital. Indeed, who is not tired to death with pure description of scenery? Is it not the fact, that external objects never strongly excite our feelings but when they are contemplated in reference to man, as illustrating his destiny, or as influencing his character? The most beautiful object in the world, it will be allowed, is a beautiful woman. But who that can analyze his feelings is not sensible that she owes her fascination less to grace of outline and delicacy of colour, than to a thousand associations which, often unperceived by ourselves, connect those qualities with the source of our existence, with the nourishment of our in-

*. *Inferno, Canto I.*

fancy, with the passions of our youth, with the hopes of our age, with elegance, with vivacity, with tenderness, with the strongest of natural instincts, with the dearest of social ties?

To those who think thus, the insensibility of the Florentine poet to the beauties of nature will not appear an unpardonable deficiency. On mankind no writer, with the exception of Shakespear, has looked with a more penetrating eye. I have said that his poetical character had derived a tinge from his peculiar temper. It is on the sterner and darker passions that he delights to dwell. All love, excepting the half-mystic passion which he still felt for his buried Beatrice, had palled on the fierce and restless exile. The sad story of Rimini is almost a single exception. I know not whether it has been remarked, that, in one point, misanthropy seems to have affected his mind as it did that of Swift. Nauseous and revolting images seem to have had a fascination for his mind; and he repeatedly places before his readers, with all the energy of his incomparable style, the most loathsome objects of the sewer and the dissecting-room.

There is another peculiarity in the poem of Dante, which, I think, deserves notice. Ancient mythology has hardly ever been successfully interwoven with modern poetry. One class of writers have introduced the fabulous deities merely as allegorical representatives of love, wine, or wisdom. This necessarily renders their works tame and cold. We may sometimes admire their ingenuity; but with what interest can we read of beings of whose personal existence the writer does not suffer us to entertain, for a moment, even a conventional belief? Even Spenser's allegory is scarcely tolerable, till we contrive to forget that Una signifies innocence, and consider her merely as an oppressed lady under the protection of a generous knight.

Those writers who have, more judiciously, attempted to preserve the personality of the classical divinities have failed from a different cause. They have been imitators, and imitators at a disadvantage. Euripides and Catullus believed in Bacchus and Cybele as little as we do. But they lived among men who did. Their imaginations, if not their opinions, took the colour of the age. Hence the glorious inspiration of the Bacchæ and the Atys. Our minds are formed by circumstances; and I do not believe that it would be in the power of the greatest modern poet to lash himself up to a degree of enthusiasm adequate to the production of such works.

Dante alone, among the poets of later times, has been, in this respect, neither an allegorist nor an imitator; and, consequently, he alone has introduced the ancient fictions with effect. His Minos, his Charon, his Pluto, are absolutely ter-

rific. Nothing can be more beautiful or original than the use which he has made of the river of Lethe. He has never assigned to his mythological characters any functions inconsistent with the creed of the Catholic Church. He has related nothing concerning them which a good Christian of that age might not believe possible. On this account, there is nothing in these passages that appears puerile or pedantic. On the contrary, this singular use of classical names suggests to the mind a vague and awful idea of some mysterious revelation, anterior to all recorded history, of which the dispersed fragments might have been retained amidst the impostures and superstitions of later religions. Indeed the mythology of the *Divine Comedy* is of the elder and more colossal mould. It breathes the spirit of Homer and Æschylus, not of Ovid and Claudian.

This is the more extraordinary, since Dante seems to have been utterly ignorant of the Greek language; and his favourite Latin models could only have served to mislead him. Indeed, it is impossible not to remark his admiration of writers far inferior to himself; and, in particular, his idolatry of Virgil, who, elegant and splendid as he is, has no pretensions to the depth and originality of mind which characterize his Tuscan worshipper. In truth, it may be laid down as an almost universal rule that good poets are bad critics. Their minds are under the tyranny of ten thousand associations imperceptible to others. The worst writer may easily happen to touch a spring which is connected in their minds with a long succession of beautiful images. They are like the gigantic slaves of Aladdin, gifted with matchless power, but bound by spells so mighty that when a child whom they could have crushed touched a talisman, of whose secret he was ignorant, they immediately became his vassals. It has more than once happened to me to see minds graceful and majestic as the Titania of Shakespear, bewitched by the charms of an ass's head, bestowing on it the fondest caresses, and crowning it with the sweetest flowers. I need only mention the poems attributed to Ossian. They are utterly worthless, except as an edifying instance of the success of a story without evidence, and of a book without merit. They are a chaos of words which present no image, of images which have no archetype:—they are without form and void, and darkness is upon the face of them. Yet how many men of genius have panegyricized and imitated them!

The style of Dante is, if not his highest, perhaps, his most peculiar excellence. I know nothing with which it can be compared. The noblest models of Greek composition must yield to it. His words are the fewest and the best which it

is possible to use. The first expression in which he clothes his thoughts is always so energetic and comprehensive that amplification would only injure the effect. There is *probably* no writer in any language who has presented so many strong pictures to the mind. Yet there is *probably* no writer equally concise. This perfection of style is the principal merit of the *Paradiso*, which, as I have already remarked, is by no means equal in other respects to the two preceding parts of the poem. The force and felicity of the diction, however, irresistibly attract the reader through the theological lectures and the sketches of ecclesiastical biography, with which this division of the work too much abounds. It may seem almost absurd to quote particular specimens of an excellence which is diffused over all his hundred cantos. I will, however, instance the third canto of the *Inferno*, and the sixth of the *Purgatorio*, as passages incomparable in their kind. The merit of the latter is, perhaps, rather oratorical than poetical; nor can I recollect any thing in the great Athenian speeches which equals it in force of invective and bitterness of sarcasm. I have heard the most eloquent statesman of the age remark that, next to Demosthenes, Dante is the writer who ought to be most attentively studied by every man who desires to attain oratorical eminence.

But it is time to close this feeble and rambling critique. I cannot refrain, however, from saying a few words upon the translations of the divine comedy. Boyd's is as tedious and languid as the original is rapid and forcible. The strange measure which he has chosen, and, for aught I know, invented, is most unfit for such a work. Translations ought never to be written in a verse which requires much command of rhyme. The stanza becomes a bed of Procrustes, and the thoughts of the unfortunate author are alternately racked and curtailed to fit their new receptacle. The abrupt and yet consecutive style of Dante suffers more than that of any other poet by a version diffuse in style, and divided into paragraphs, for they deserve no other name, of equal length.

Nothing can besaid in favour of Hayley's attempt, but that it is better than Boyd's. His mind was a tolerable specimen of fillagree-work,—rather elegant and very feeble. All that can be said for his best works is that they are neat. All that can be said against his worst is that they are stupid. He might have translated Metastasio tolerably. But he was utterly unable to do justice to the

“ rime e aspre e chioce

“ Come si converrebbe al tristo buco*.”

* *Inferno*, Canto XXXII.

I turn with pleasure from these wretched performances to Mr. Cary's translation. It is a work which well deserves a separate discussion, and on which, if this article were not already too long, I could dwell with great pleasure. At present I will only say, that there is no other version in the world, as far as I know, so faithful, yet that there is no other version which so fully proves that the translator is himself a man of poetical genius. Those who are ignorant of the Italian language should read it to become acquainted with the *Divine Comedy*. Those who are most intimate with Italian literature should read it for its original merits; and I believe that they will find it difficult to determine whether the author deserves most praise for his intimacy with the language of Dante, or for his extraordinary mastery over his own.

T. M.

RECOLLECTIONS OF ABRAHAM GENTIAN, Esq.

"——— Trivial fond records
"That youth and observation copied."

SHAKESPEAR.

AND so poor Gentian is gone at last! I pity the sides of the people in the next world if he has preserved his identity. But he ought to have staid here. We can do without Homer as long as we have the *Iliad*; we can spare even the divine Shakespear while we have his immortal plays, though we would have given the world to make one of the Boar's Head parties; but of Gentian Posterity cannot have the remotest idea—it is impossible to reduce him to print. People thought this a defect in him: Nonsense! it was a defect in language, which can only give the mere skeleton of his jests. Is it a defect in a beautiful landscape that you yawn over the best description of it? A love scene and a good dinner are capital things in real life, but sad mawkish reading. I am afraid that whenever you can gain adequate notions of objects by words, they are by nature dry and uninteresting; for instance, a bill of lading gives one a very perfect idea of sugars, cottons, log-woods, and tobaccos; and yet, of the two, you would rather read the *Classical Journal* than an abstract bill of lading; to be sure, if you mix up any associations of profit or loss with the cargo, it is another matter, and does not fall within the limits of my philosophy. Indeed I am sorry for poor Pos-

terity when I think how many good things it must inevitably lose;—the endless catalogue of Munden's faces, the nightingale echo of Catalani, the *Listoniety* of Liston, and the sublimity of Grimaldi. But, after all, Gentian is the great loss: if I could make a bargain for posterity, I would preserve him, and give up in his stead a hundred bales of German metaphysics, modern poetry *ad libitum*, Bishop Marsh and his questions, and Mr. Irving's four orations; if, indeed, posterity has any title in these things to dispose of. Gentian was the modern Yorick, and if Shakespear thought it wise to keep Yorick behind the scenes, who shall dare to produce Gentian.

There are parts in the very frame work of society which require mending. For many kinds of talent there is no market; they must be given away. Gentian ought to have been a rich man; and so he would, if he could have exercised his abilities in an established profession. We have rat-catchers, pig-killers, and men-slayers; nay, the latter *genus* is so numerous that it has been divided into species, as soldiers, banditti, physicians, and Jack Ketches; why not, then, a blue-devil-killer. Gentian would have been a dead shot. It was no matter where he found you, or in what temper. I would give you leave to be in a sick bed or a spunging-house; it might be the night your first play was damned; you might be going to have a tooth drawn, or have been reading your tailor's bill or Pen Owen or the dying number of the Liberal, or enduring a speech from Mr. Banks or a debate at the court of aldermen, or listening to a curtain lecture, or attending a friend while his leg was cut off; you might be dining with Duke Humphry or coming out of the cave of Trophonius; it was all the same to Gentian. He began, and unless you were both deaf and blind, it was Waterloo Bridge to a stepping-stone, York Minster to St. Pancras New Church, or Inigo Jones to Mr. Soane, but in five minutes your "lungs did crow like Chanticleer." He was irresistible; he attacked all, and conquered all. I have seen a lord, a poet, a hostler, a justice of the peace, a chambermaid, three political economists, a scholar, and a fine lady, all thrown into convulsions at one and the same time by one and the same joke. I knew a man of extraordinary talent and learning, and himself a wit, who had by dint of theorizing got an idea that Gentian's talk was all absurdity, and who was irritated at its effect. I have seen him labouring to keep his mind and his muscles in the true attitude of lofty contempt; by and by, he would find it necessary to help his resolution with his hands, and he would try to resist the attack, by mechanically preventing his mouth from giving way. But it was all in vain; it always ended by his throwing himself back in his chair, and conscientiously paying up his arrears of laughter.

It is said that Raphael never went from home without a train of pupils, who followed him to listen to his instructions,—so Gentian had always a tail as long as a Highland chief's. G. was very *catholic* in his society, and you might see him with an M. P. on one arm, and a banker's clerk on the other, each elbowing along determined to lose not a word of their oracle: these were favoured ones; the next in degree walked in the rear, and received the *bon mots* at second hand from their envied rivals—so that he could no more stir without laughter than a carriage without noise. And then he had still time to throw chance jokes at the hackney coachmen, apple-women, house-maids, &c. All of which told with the accuracy of a rifle. I have often amused myself in marking his progress down a long street by a perspective of grins, just as by the flutter of white handkerchiefs you can trace the passing of a popular man in a procession, long after his individual figure has ceased to be distinguishable.

Gentian in his capacity for adopting the dose of humour to the time he could command for administering it, rivalled Sterne's flatterer. I remember a glorious dinner with him at the Clarendon, and our going afterwards to the Cobourg. He had been successful even beyond himself. The conversation had been one long speech with a chorus of laughing. He was the only man I ever knew who could laugh with impunity at his own jests: in him it was an additional recommendation. He had used to wait till the first peal had almost died away, and then he went off himself with such a burst of sincere enjoyment, that his audience inevitably followed the signal.

When we arrived at the Cobourg, Gentian offered a wager that he would walk straight into the theatre without a *cheque*,—the bet was accepted, and having paid our money, one of us took the cheques, and G. putting himself at our head we marched up stairs. The performance had begun some time, and the cheque-taker seeing G. about to pass him with a degagé air, humming a waltz, stopped him, and asked, in a business-like tone, "if he had been in before?" "Why," says Gentian, chucking him under the rib, "You deep one, you know I have!" whereupon the fellow was so tickled with the humour of his antagonist, and with his own unsuspected profundity, that he quietly gave up the contest, and Gentian walked in victorious. This will convey to the reader no idea of G.'s drollery; I never supposed it would, as I have said, I might as well attempt to write down the flavour of a glass of Champagne; but it is one of the daily and hourly instances of his power. His face and manner were an "*open sesame*."

G. was *arbiter elegantiarum* to all his friends—furnished them with tailors and hair-dressers—many an ouran-outang

has he humanized to my knowledge—it was his pride to take a student from the Temple who had pored over Coke upon Littleton until the hair of his head was as long as my Lord Petersham's whiskers, and the tie of his cravat a dozen sets of fashions behind the world. These poor fellows whom he designated by the title of his elegant Hottentots, he followed up with such unceasing, yet good humoured banter, that it was in vain to resist it.

The nearest conception I can give the reader of my departed friend, is to compare him with Baron G——. My friend was in society what G—— was at the bar. You felt that the powers of each were inimitable, because they had not been attained by study, and had themselves no prototype. You could not take their efforts to pieces, and see how they were composed. Sir Humphrey Davy has resolved the *Alkalies*, but no philosopher will ever shew us how to compound such speeches as G——'s, or such talk as Gentian's. Reader, did you ever see G—— cross-examine a witness? He would march up to him, and say almost in so many words, Sir, you are a rogue, and take notice I am going to make you eat your evidence.

Other advocates wait like cats for an opportunity to spring unawares on their prey; he was the rattle-snake, his eye charmed the unhappy victim who involuntarily walked into his jaws: so Gentian never lay *perdue* in the corner of a room, waiting for a happy moment to say a good thing. He seized on the conversation, and carried all in triumph before him. His eye, his rotund figure, his compressed lips, his hands, his feet, the whole man, gave the fullest information that laughing was to be the order of the day, and laugh all the world did; until, spent with fatigue, they feared a jest more than a whipping, and prayed in sincerity of heart for dullness and relief; then came my turn to speak.

MARTIN DANVERS HEAVISIDE.

WHAT YOU WILL.

No. II.

EDITED BY PATERSON AYMÉR, SUB-EDITOR.

NUMBER III. of the Quarterly Magazine is almost drawing to a close, as the year 1823 is making his exit. It has been an eventful year to me;—it introduced me to public life upon a most conspicuous stage. It sent me into the haunts of wits, and poets, and scholars, and philosophers, as a sheep amongst the wolves. From these gentlemen I have received a great deal of kindness, a few quips and cranks, some 'paper bullets of the brain,' and some heedless contempt of my comforts and convenience. They spoil my Christmas, and keep me out of bed. I have them in my power, for the editor has left me in the lurch; and I will have some revenge. Of the sonnets, and love songs, and other 'small deer' before me, I am expected to say something piquant and civil. I shall do no such thing. I shall discharge my duty in the most inventory-taking manner in the world. Thus, then:

A piece of passion, by Davenant Cecil :—

TO ANNA.

There is a blush upon thy cheek;
 There is a trouble in thine eye;
 Thy voice is low, and when I seek
 To know thy soul thou dost not speak,—
 And yet I heard thee sigh.
 This trembling hand,—that starting tear,—
 Oh! is it love, or maiden fear?
 Or can it, Anna, can it be—
 And have I grieved or anger'd thee?
 Then chide me, if thou needs must chide,
 But do not, do not turn aside.

I know I have been over bold
 And all too quickly have confess'd
 What better I had *never* told,
 The hopes and wishes manifold
 That passion'd in my breast.
 I should not, Anne, have sought to know
 What lurk'd beneath thy gentle woe;
 I should not, Anne, have dared to guess
 The meaning of thy tenderness.
 But, oh! I could no longer bear
 That timid look, and tender air.

What you Will.

Now, could I read thy virgin heart
 With more than all a lover's art,
 It's every wish I'd copy out,
 And write them into mine ;
 What then I saw might put to rout
 A thousand hopes, but fear and doubt
 Would perish too :—I'd not repine,
 Or not repine aloud ;
 I'd veil my sorrows in a silent shroud,
 And cherish, as my best relief,
 The mournful certainty of grief.

I would not twine about my brow,
 As lovers use, the willow bough,
 Lest I should seem to think of thee
 As one who had forsaken me.
 I'd rather think that thou wert dead,
 That gentle sigh thy parting breath,
 And bind the *cypress* round my head,
 As thou wert lost to me in death.
 So should I fondly hope to inherit
 An heavenly marriage with thy spirit !

Nay, fly not, Anna, fly not hence,
 And leave me in this wild suspense.
 That choking sigh, those flooding tears,
 Have filled my soul so full of fears,
 That I am madly driven to borrow
 From an exaggerated sorrow,
 A strange perverse alleviation,
 To this soul-shaking agitation.
 So moved am I, that to be still,
 I'd sink beneath a deadlier ill,
 And bid my brightest hope depart,
 To quell the fever of my heart.
 For, oh ! I can no longer bear,
 This terror, which is *not* despair !

Two Enigmas, by Vyvyan Joyeuse :—

ENIGMAS.

My first's an airy thing,
 Joying in flowers,
 Evermore wandering
 In Fancy's bowers,
 Living on beauteous smiles
 From eyes that glisten,
 And telling of Love's wiles
 To ears that listen.

But if, in its first flush
Of warm emotion,
My second come to crush
Its young devotion,
Oh! then it wastes away,
Weeping and waking,
And, on some sunny day,
Is blest in breaking.

II.

On the casement frame the wind beat high,
Never a star was in the sky;
All Kenneth Hold was wrapt in gloom,
And Sir Everard slept in the Haunted Room.

I sat and sang beside his bed;—
Never a single word I said,
Yet did I scare his slumber;
And a fitful light in his eye-ball glisten'd,
And his cheek grew pale as he lay and listen'd,
For he thought, or he dream'd, that fiends and fays
Were reckoning o'er his fleeting days,
And telling out their number.

Was it my second's ceaseless tone?
On my second's hand he laid his own:
The hand that trembled in his grasp,
Was crush'd by his convulsive clasp.

Sir Everard did not fear my first;
He had seen it in shapes that men deem worst
In many a field and flood;
Yet, in the darkness of his dread,
His tongue was parch'd, and his reason fled;
And he watch'd, as the lamp burned low and dim,
To see some Phantom gaunt and grim
Come, dabbled o'er with blood.

Sir Everard kneel'd, and strove to pray,
He pray'd for light, and he prayed for day,
Till terror check'd his prayer;
And ever I mutter'd clear and well
"Click, click," like a tolling bell,
Till, bound in Fancy's magic spell,
Sir Everard fainted there.

What you Will,

And oft, from that remembered night,
 Around the taper's flickering light
 The wrinkled beldames told,
 Sir Everard had knowledge won
 Of many a murder darkly done,
 Of fearful sights and fearful sounds
 And Ghosts that walk their midnight rounds,
 In the tower of Kenneth Hold!

Three Sonnets, by Gerard Montgomery:—

TO ROSINE.

LADY! I know three poets who know thee;
 And all write sonnets, in the which they swear
 That thou art most superlatively fair,
 Meek, silver-voiced—and so forth. As for me,
 Not having seen thee, I am fancy-free;
 And, pretty lady, little do I care
 Whether thou art indeed beyond compare,
 A being to whom Bards must bow the knee,
 Or a mere woman, with good face and shape.—
 I only know that I'm so tired of hearing
 The list of thy perfections, that I gape
 Sometimes, instead of duly sonnetteering;
 And therefore am I called brute, bear, and ape,
 And other names past mentioning or bearing.

March, 1892.

ON SEEING THE SAME LADY.

I look'd on the pale face which poets love,
 And scann'd its sweetness with a steadfast eye;
 I listen'd to the eloquent witchery
 Of her low, plaintive song:—awhile she wove
 Her cobweb meshes round me, and did move
 My soul to a wild worship. Then did I,
 By the strong aid of wakeful Memory,
 Whose sprites for ever at Love's bidding rove,
 Summon Ianthe from her silent cell.
 Sudden, in all the glory and the pride
 Of intellectual beauty, at my side
 She stood, and on my soul her bright eyes fell,
 Beaming with earnest thought.—I heard one tone
 Of her far voice—and straight that phantom pale was flown.

Nov. 1892.

TO THE SAME.

Oh! not for worlds, thou simple-sou'd Rosine,
Would I be loved by thee.—Yet I confess
That thou dost wear a deeper loveliness
Than the most lovely whom these eyes have seen,
Save One—and she is of a different mien ;
Wild-eyed, and how wild-hearted!—yet no less
Fit than thyself a poet's love to bless—
My Gloriana bright, my Faery Queen!
Thou, Lady, in thy meek, affectionate eyes,
Bearest such magic as, I well believe,
Few can resist ; to me the charms they weave
Spring from thy gentle wedded sympathies :
And couldst thou less adore thy wayward mate,
Oh! I should hate thee with a poet's hate!

Five Sentimentalities, by Edmund Bruce:—

SONNET.

Written in the first leaf of Keats's Poems.

SWEET harp, whose tones like dews of heaven descend,
Go, win her heart, whom Nature's self hath taught
To love thy strains, with living genius fraught ;
To many a lonely hour soft pleasure lend,
And with the deepest moan of sorrow blend
Thy soothing music, that the soul, o'er-wrought,
Haply, by care, or pain, or anxious thought,
May bless thee, as its comforter and friend.
If, with light step, thro' morning dews she fly,
Thy measures, like the lark's, to joy be given ;
At sultry noon, in languid sweetness die
On her charm'd ear, and when resplendent Even
Lights up her star of beauty in the sky,
Thrill her rapt soul, and raise it all to heaven.

DESPAIR.

..... I'll lard
My groaning stanzas, just to eke my strains out,
With gloom enough to blow six Frenchmen's brains out.
MOULTRIE.

THE moonless night envelopes wood and vale,
Monotonously deep the waters roll :
And the low clouds are gloomy as my soul ;
While the far screech-owl's melancholy wail
Seems my return to these lone groves to hail,
Where, undisturbed, she holds her sad controul ;
Alas! to those who sit at sorrow's goal,
A meeter minstrel than the nightingale!

What you Will.

Bird of ill omen ! Thy funereal strain
 Suits my dark fate. With no foreboding care
 I dread thee, as the *Herald* of Despair,
 But greet thee as the *Laggard* of his train :
 Leaving me nought to hope, and nought to fear,
 Sternly proclaiming his *completed* reign.

SONG.

My heart was once a garden fair,
 As ever courted Spring's glad showers ;
 And many a bud, unfolding there,
 Gave promise of a world of flowers.
 Beneath the Summer's vivid blaze
 Those flow'rs their brightest hues display'd ;
 But, ah ! the same too-ardent rays,
 Which bade them open, bade them fade !
 Yet many a graceful tint, and soft,
 Mark'd their autumnal slow decline,
 And Memory from their relics oft
 A melancholy wreath would twine.
 Now, o'er those scenes of past delight,
 If aught of radiance seem to glow,
 'Tis but the snow, which, coldly bright,
 Conceals the wintry waste below.

TO M——

O ! mirk and drear is the starless night,
 And the wind howls in the tree ;
 But, dearest, there needs no beacon-light
 To guide my thoughts to thee !
 Silent travellers, swift they go
 On the wings of the wintry blast ;
 O'er the rush of the stream, through the drift of the snow,
 Till they rest with thee at last.
 Dost thou not feel my kisses prest
 Warm on thy lip and cheek ?
 The clasp of my arms, and the throb of my breast,
 Too deeply happy to speak ?
 Oh, can these vivid thoughts impart
 A real bliss to me,
 Yet die unknown in my lonely heart,
 And be as nought to thee ?

Oh, that the silence around thee now
Could my burning thoughts reveal!
Breathe into life, and intensely glow
With all I vainly feel!

Oh, that the struggling soul could break
The barriers around it thrown;
And to those it visits, in thought could make
Its power and presence known.

With a shadow of things that may not be,
Let sleep my bosom thrill—
Good night to all the world but thee,
In dreams thou art with me still.

TO M——

Oh, ask me not how long thy gentle love
Hath dwelt on me;
I only know 'tis long enough to prove
Thy constancy.

I cannot pause to number months, or days,
I know alone,
If to be faithful be Love's highest praise,
Thou wear'st the crown.

Oh, thou hast loved me long enough to shew
Thou canst not range;
And long enough to bid experience know
How *others* change.

Oh, long enough for the upbraiding thought,
That ne'er till now,
I prized thy love's rich treasure, as I ought,
My all below.

Yes, I have seen full many a dream depart
With faithless speed;
And some, who should have gently used my heart,
Have made it bleed.

And I have rued Affection's broken vow,
And felt the chill
Of Friendship's alter'd eye—but, dearest, thou
Art faithful still.

Two Sonnets, by Hamilton Murray :—

SONNET TO ELINORE.

I CAME a pilgrim to thy pleasant land,
 And was a stranger in thy father's hall ;
 And sounds were there of feast and festival ;
 But dearer far to me the greeting hand,
 And smile of welcome, to your mirthful band :
 And when I ponder'd what might me befall,
 That my fond dreams perchance were madness all,
 And I no more might in your circle stand,
 No more for me those smiles of kindness play ;
 There seem'd but sorrow in the voice of mirth,
 And tears half started as I turned away :
 But tears from sweet or bitter springs have birth :
 And now I weep for gladness, to behold
 Smiles of the heart, which never will grow cold.

TO ———, ON HER BIRTH-DAY.

FORGIVE me, if my melancholy lay
 Seem little suited to thine hour of mirth.
 To me, the light that beam'd upon thy birth
 Is holier than the light of common day ;
 And with more solemn earnestness I pray,
 That when thou feel'st, as thou hast felt, the dearth
 Of all this weary wilderness of earth,
 Still Hope may cheer thy unrepining way ;
 And smiling show beyond the desert sand
 The distant verdure of a happier land.
 A few more years of mingled smiles and sighs ;
 A few more drops to earthly sorrow given ;
 And thou beyond this vale of grief wilt rise,
 And be an angel in a tearless heaven.

Sept. 19.

The Harp of Denmark, by Edward Hazelfoot (not warranted modern) :—

TO THE HARP OF DENMARK,

HARP of Denmark, farewell ! in thy pine-grove reclining,
 I found thee, swept o'er by the north-wind alone ;
 And thy chords, as they sigh'd, seem'd in wonder repining,
 That an accent so sweet had been murmur'd to none :

Till I seiz'd thee, and spread the rich charms of thy strains
 To hearts that can burn, and to souls that can feel;
 And Britain heard soft, through her wond'ring plains,
 The voice of her mother* in melody steal.

They had heard of thy notes in the ages of yore,
 When the Scald and the Warrior swept o'er thy string,
 When the bands of the Raven yell'd wild o'er the shore,
 And Death flew around them on wavering wing:
 But they knew not thy sweeter, thy loftier tone,
 That sung of fair Denmark all kingdoms above;
 And the hope of the brave by no tempests o'erthrown,
 And true-hearted friendship, and soul-thrilling love.

Harp of Denmark, farewell! but if happier men
 Awake thee again from thy shadowy pine,
 (And who that has heard would not hear thee again,
 Though sway'd by a touch e'en more feeble than mine!)
 Forget not the hand that awaken'd thee first,
 To pour thy soft notes on the gales of his birth,
 And bade, from thy golden strings, joyously burst
 The song of affection, of glory, and worth!

June, 1815.

A first attempt, by a Lady:—

DAWN IN LONDON.

THE morn approaches—darkness wanes away—
 The heavy clouds, their dim and sombrous forms
 Move slowly on—In vain I seek the charms
 Of breaking day—no mead with flow'rets gay,
 Or pearly dew-drop glitt'ring on the spray;
 No simple rustic cot, or cultured farms,
 Or field with waving grain, my fancy warms:
 Nor little warbler welcomes in the day
 With cheerful matin song—the twilight hour
 Dawns here on cumbrous street with chimney'd top,
 And misty river's broad expanse, and tow'r,
 Raising its giant form that seems to prop
 The labouring sky—and all is silent, save
 The quick plash of the rower, who skims, half-seen, the wave.

M. H.

* So called in a Poem of Oehlenschläger.

Another fair morçeau, by Gerard :—

TO A LADY.

In heaven "are many mansions"—what if thou,
Free as thou art from speck or taint of sin,
By paths untrod by me, shouldst chance to win
Some *separate* Paradise?—The hope which now
Soothes my bruised heart, and calms my sleepless brow,
Oh ! must it perish?—when the stormy din
Of life is o'er, shall we not meet within
The halls of heaven, as once my soul did vow?
Oh ! not for centuries of happy years
Would I endure that thought!—'twere hell to know,
Beloved Friend, that all our hopes and fears,
Yearnings, and dreams of future joy and woe,
Hung upon different creeds!—With fervent tears,
I'll kneel, and pray that it may not be so!

More Sonnets from Davenant Cecil :—

I. TO A. M.

Now, Lady, rest thee in this quiet nook,
And we will give our souls to Poesy,
Nature is all in all to such as thee,
And natural Wisdom, which hath not forsook
His early haunts; nor in the running brook,
May we not spell of many a mystery,
Of Life and Death and of Eternity,
Quietly reading with a pensive look.
My stream is near its source; yet, e'er the Deep
Receive it, 'twill, I trust, prove medicinal;
For even now its happy waters sleep
Beneath a myrrh-tree, which dost o'er them weep
Heavenliest balms, impregning them with all,
Giving them virtues strange, of power in sickness' thrall.
1819.

II.

And so men say, I love thee! hence thy eye
Meets mine so coldly, and thy little hand
Drops from my timid grasp so passively;
Hence that unlook'd-for air of meek command,
With which thou check'st at my ill-dissembled sigh,
As if e'en I forgot the sacred band
Thou wear'st so well, and would not rather die
Of grief, heart-broken, in some distant land:

It is most true I love thee,—love thee more
Than aught on this green earth—'tis a sad truth ;
And I shall lose the best years of my youth
In a fond sorrow, with no better lore
Sought or acquired than the poor minstrelsy
With which I sing to sleep my restless love for thee !

1821.

III.

There was a time when every wilder thought
Or gently-trembling movement of my breast
Sorrow, or joy, or hid love's sweet unrest,
Its own true note, its proper music, brought
From the far realms of Poesy—unsought,
Almost unwished for—and my eye confest
Unearthly shapes in robes of Faery drest,
Speaking a language by no mortal taught.
'Tis gone—'tis gone—and inwardly I bleed—
My wing of thought is clipt, my spirit quench'd.
Time, and the world—and care, and hopeless need,
And the unloveliness I see, have blench'd
All that was bright within me,—fitting meed,
I water'd not the flower—I did not pluck the weed.

1821.

IV.

Oh! not in madness shall I see thee now ;
I shall not melt beneath thine eyes' soft ray ;
Thy sweet tones will not steal my soul away
To chain it to thy lips. Thy saintly brow
Methinks high Truth and Innocence endow
With a bright glory that hath power to sway
E'en the least pure, and draw them to obey
The heavenly Love,—and at her altar bow.
Time too hath done its work ; and in my veins
No fever burns—yet think not love hath past
Quite from my heart ; still, Lady, still remains
A holy love,—a joy—and some sweet pains—
A vague faint hope—or else the heart were waste ;
And true it is that mine is wasting fast !

P. S.—The printer wants a yard of copy. So here goes for a delicious plunge into "St. Ronan's Well." Her Spirit comes in the very nick of time,

"Sleeking her soft alluring locks."

Bah—I was a fool—taken in at my years by a title-page. While my head was running out pilgrims and votaries—History falsified in facts only that she might be made true in feelings and principles—behold, I stumbled on a mere modern watering-place. St. Ronan's Well turns out to be little better than Bagnigge Wells. Seriously this won't do, Sir Walter. It is true, your lees are better than any other man's wine; and I am not comparing you with any body else, when I say you have not done well. You were never famous for your plots; but this is worthy of the Minerva Press. The public shall be judge. Two half-brothers, sons of Lord Etherington, are sent to Scotland, where one—the true man—falls in love with a young lady, whom we do not envy him: the other treacherously personates our hero, and is married in *his* name. There are no Monimia doings; and yet somehow the thing drives the heroine mad, and the hero melancholy; these two wise heads having determined that the mistake cannot be rectified, upon some German idea about "the nuptial benediction having fallen on the head of a brother!" By and bye, the bad man having, for divers good reasons, let the lady alone for some years, wishes to marry her over again; then come plots and counter-plots, blood and wounds as plenty as in *Logan*, and finally the heroine wanders about very mad indeed, and dies just in time to close the last volume. There is an amusing—that is, rather amusing—old landlady, and a nabob who is pretty well. The wicked man is a second-hand Lovelace, somewhat the worse for wear, who sits down quietly (for the benefit of the reader) to tell his intimate friend, in a long treble letter, that he, said Lovelace, is a great rascal. In our minds it is decidedly the worst of the Scotch novels.

More copy ! Thou insatiable Press !—thou ‘ iron mother’—
thou cormorant—thou ‘ daughter of the horseleech,’—Well,
take this—but I grudge it thee—an *extempore* song, which
I had carefully committed to memory for our next Club :—

HERE's to young Vyvyan's exquisite puns,
Here's to old Heaviside's lead, sir,
Here's to pert Paterson's bold ‘ elder-guns,’
And here's to poor Frazer, that's dead, sir.
Let us all troll
Joy to each soul,
I warrant he'll prove an excuse for the bowl.

Here's to sage Murray, whose learning we prize,
And here's to poor Medley, who's none, sir,
Here's to great Hazelfoot's wise peering eyes,
And to Willoughby's most devout fun, sir.
Let us, &c.

Here's to Montgomery's Muse of delight,
And to blue-devil'd Davenant's dreams, sir ;
Here's to grave Haller's political flight,
And to Merton's most eloquent streams, sir.
Let us, &c.

For let us be ripe, sir, or let us be green,
Sage or witty, I care not a pen, sir,
So fill to the sale of the great Magazine,
And a bumper to all her brave men, sir.
Let us, &c.

PATERSON AYMER.

Given at my Chambers,
30th December, 3 A. M.

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KNIGHT'S QUARTERLY MAGAZINE.

THE EDITOR.

No. III.

MY DEAR PUBLIC.

THE inward satisfaction I derived from my Christmas address to you—a satisfaction which good faith and sincerity will always ensure, has determined me regularly to keep up our quarterly correspondence, and to allow no intermission in the periodical discharge of my debt of gratitude and friendship.

On this occasion, my dear Public, I have to address you with no complaints, but a few regrets. I have not to inveigh against VYVYAN'S idleness, but I have to deplore his head-ach, —I have not to accuse his volatility, but I have to lament over his wisdom. He has produced "A second Folly," but he will not print it; and he vows he will play the fool no more.—My constant MONTGOMERY has suffered a pause in his inspirations, and therefore you will see no more of the beauties of "La Belle Tryamour" till they come with the roses in the summer's lustihood. Our MURRAY too, the most elegant of scholars, has been summoned from his academical quiet to the bustle of the world; and we therefore, my Public, must wait for our classical delights till he again woos the study and "the cloister pale." These disappointments do us all service, and teach us to set a proper value upon our enjoyments.

I have, however, my Public, secured some new allies, and those of a most promising metal. Of their merits, I leave you to judge without any invidious particularity on my part.

One of the great mortifications that an Editor has to sustain is the difficulty of dealing with contributors who come too late, or come too long;—who bring you a capital article on the eve of publication, or produce three sheets, when you had speculated upon three pages. The difficulty of retaining good

writers under *such* contingencies is only to be exceeded by the trouble of getting rid of bad ones under *any* circumstances.

It was this morning only, the 29th of March, that I received a capital review on the condemned passages of Mr. Shee's "Alasco." The author observes, that "out of the whole play these are the only lines that possess the slightest interest, and that these are valuable, not from their poetry or their political economy—not for their literary fire, or their public spirit—but as proofs of the necessity of locking up for ever the powers of the licenser, when such "a dish of skimmed milk" could move the veteran Mr. Colman, the younger, to their exercise. In this age of national prosperity and public tranquillity, is the very chaff of liberalism, such as Mr. Shee has scattered, to be dreaded by the representative of the British court, as if it might by possibility contain one grain of sedition, to grow up into another Revolutionary Tree of Liberty? The notes of Mr. Shee are running over with the self-complacency of one who has endured persecution; and we can almost see him striding through his *atelier*, exclaiming with Lord Grizzle,

"Zounds, I'll be a rebel."

There is only one way to account for the secret of Mr. Colman's rejection of the tragedy. He had a friendship for the author, and knowing the oblivious pit into which he would fall, if his play had ordinary treatment, he magnanimously sacrificed his good reputation to his kindness, in lending it, by its rejection, that temporary currency which, as a work of art alone, it could never acquire."

So far our Reviewer. His remarks are somewhat hard, but I think the whole absurdity of the affair, on all sides, is fully established by the terror occasioned by such windy nothings as the following lines, which were dashed out by the Licensor, and which Mr. Shee prints in *Italics* :

"Tyrants, proud lord, are never safe nor should be."

"Our private injuries yield to public wrong,
The avenging sword;—we strike but for our country."

"To brook dishonour from a knave in place."

"Our country's wrongs unite us."

"May every Tarquin meet a Brutus still,
And every tyrant feel one."

"'Tis virtue to avenge our country's wrongs,
And self-defence to strike at an usurper."

PAPÆ! The Lord Chamberlain's Licenser frightened at a cracker! Mr. Colman and Mr. Shee deserve, however, the thanks of the country. They have made a ridiculous power—at one time intrusted to a saint, at another to a sinner—at one time discovering pruriency in every pun, at another hearing sedition in every rhapsody—they have made this ridiculous power too ridiculous to be much longer tolerated.

It is with great regret, my Public, that I am debarred from giving you a capital article, called "My Sick Room." It is full of natural and tender associations. With one part, however, we have been particularly struck;—it is the description of a dream—"Ægroti vana somnia",—but delineated with such truth and power that the Opium-Eater could not have dreamed better;—at the same time we must premise, that we are as sick of the name of the great subject of the dream, as we are of that of Bonaparte:—

"My first anxiety was naturally how to pass my time. Books?—Yes, but one cannot always read—and, besides, I am just now rather difficult in my choice. One great symptom which always attends me when I am ill—or, rather, I may say, a medicine which I invariably prescribe as my mental diet at such times, is a course of *trashy novels*—"one degree above Mr. Newman's," as I wrote to my librarian. I say *trashy novels*,—because good ones are apt to contain real pathos, or strongly-painted horrors, or at least something likely to agitate the mind, or *people the dreams* of one weakened and rendered sensitive by suffering and illness. I have had, indeed, a shrinking fear of any thing calculated to operate the latter effect. When under the action of strong fever, I read a detailed account of the late trials and execution at Hertford; and, for night after night, those wretched men haunted me in a manner which it makes me uneasy even to recollect. They were to me what the crocodile was to the Opium Eater's visions. There was no quitting them or making them quit me. Death even seemed to have no power to release me,—for, over and over again, I dreamed that I was the unhappy victim whom they murdered. I felt the death-struggle, and the horrible sense of being overmatched, and then overpowered in the conflict.—I experienced the agony of those dreadful blows in the brain, of which I had read so minute a description. I underwent even the bitterness, and felt the choking gasp of death, and yet the next moment, by one of those "changes" which "come over the spirit" of dreams, I was again alive, and again in their hands and power. Neither did *their* death, even, free me from them,—or rather the death of my chief tyrant and torturer, the murderer himself;—for I fancied myself present

at his execution, and gazing at that strange and stone-like imperturbability, which seemed almost too unmoved for courage, and yet had none of the characteristics of the moral numbness of despair. But as soon as the horrid crisis was over, and the "death-ruckle" had passed,—he was again in full life and strength, and I was once more at his mercy, or rather at his will. There was also another way in which these people mingled in my dreams, which was, perhaps, the most painful of all. I fancied that I occupied a house which had once belonged to one of them, and that I was in consequence, (the sleeping mind is not very logical,) implicated in the accusation. I have still before me the leering look of malicious triumph which the wretch turned upon me, knowing my innocence, but seeing I could not exculpate myself, as I struggled under that inability to articulate a word, which all dreamers must have felt, and which may be denominated a mental night-mare. In these agonies,—for truly they were so,—I would awake with the sweat streaming from my brow, and would turn to the woman, who watched beside me during the height of my disorder, with almost frenzied supplications for protection and support."

I have many compunctions in mutilating an Essay on "CHEAP POPULAR LITERATURE," which is too long for insertion. But I have no remedy. The author thus commences:—

"It is somewhat more than twelve years, since the system of educating the children of the working classes upon a broad and almost universal scale, has been in activity amongst us. It may not be too much to assert, that the tendencies of that system were not, at its outset, very accurately calculated by any of the parties who were either foremost in its advancement, or most opposed to its introduction. There was, indeed, on the one hand, a strong, though somewhat vague, conviction of the advantages of a general diffusion of knowledge; on the other, there was an equally powerful, and more indistinct prejudice against the admission of the people to a participation of that intelligence which has so long constituted the peculiar strength of the middle and more elevated classes of the community in this country. The system, like many other of those discoveries, which have largely influenced the destinies of mankind, owes very much of its success to fortuitous causes, which, even at this short distance of time from its origin, appear very inadequate to the production of its great results. National Education is indebted for a large portion of its extension, and not an inconsiderable measure of its right direction, to the spirit of party. And, this very circumstance

furnishes a splendid testimony to the value of its principles. It is not within our purpose, and fortunately at the present day the merits of the question do not depend upon such accidents, to determine whether the Church of England or any body of sectaries have the best claim to the high honour of originating the system of mutual instruction. But it is of importance to bear in mind, that, however the application of the principle may have been condemned and vilified by individuals of every denomination, the Church of England as a body, and the most illustrious and influential and sagacious of her adherents, at once saw the impossibility, and therefore the danger, of resisting its extension; and consequently, in its very earliest stages, applied themselves, not to smother or counteract it, but to give it that direction which they considered most consonant with the established interests of this country, whether of a religious or a civil nature.

From this view of the circumstances attending the introduction of National Education, it may be inferred, that the zeal which, from two very opposite quarters, was committed to its establishment, was too much engaged in the direction of the new machine to look very extensively, or very accurately, at the probable course of its wide and complicated motions. It is perhaps only upon this principle to be understood how the most warm, the most enlightened advocates of National Education for a long time regarded the question as one affecting only the interests of boys and girls. As far as those interests were limited, these benevolent persons did their duty well. They inculcated sentiments which would make the rising generation of the working classes peaceful subjects and sober Christians, as far as education can secure these qualities of the good citizen; but they did not provide, nor was it exactly in their province so to do, for the growing appetite for knowledge which they had created; they did not calculate upon the cravings for intellectual food of these children when they should be grown up into men and women; they did not see how impossible it was to assign limits to the desire for improvement, when a whole population should be excited by the same discipline to the same ends. We do not object this as a fault of the promoters of National Education, but as one of the many evidences of the inadequacy of human calculation to attain the greatest results. The whole frame-work of civilized society has twice been changed by accident—by the discovery of Gunpowder, and by the invention of Printing; and we can yet form no perfect idea of the consequences which may be produced, by what originally appeared a scheme for writing on sand instead of

paper, of substituting the fool's cap for the rod, and of bringing down the discipline of an army to the regulations of a parish school.

However imperfectly the results of National Education may have been calculated by its supporters, and however accurately in a certain degree they may have been predicted by its enemies, it is a fact, and we most unfeignedly rejoice in it, that a new power has been created in the social state of England. This power is the power of the working people (we of course allude to the more youthful, and consequently the more active and important part) to read, and therefore to think; to compare opinions, and therefore to throw off the sway of prejudices; to desire intellectual excitements, and therefore to reject the coarser stimulants of physical debauchery. It will be the object of this paper to shew the provision which has been made to satisfy this new appetite, and to point out, as far as we may, the duty which still weighs upon those who see the connexion of an intelligent population with national prosperity, of not wholly leaving to chance the future course of the new power which they have so mainly contributed to call forth."

He next proceeds to take a rapid view of the provision for popular knowledge a few years since. He describes, in somewhat strong terms, the puerile trash which was then circulated amongst the poor, in relations and arguments which were adapted to the meridian of the South Sea Islands, rather than to British mechanics and labourers. He assigns the great merit of introducing a more rational mode of dealing with an intelligent population, to the authors of the Plain Englishman. He hails the re-publication of the national portion of that work, in a cheap and attractive volume; and he proceeds to describe upwards of fifty cheap publications, the greater part of an innocent tendency, if not of a very didactic form, which are at present enjoying a circulation amounting to several hundred thousands each week. These are important facts, and must have a great influence on the future condition of society. The writer of this paper, finally, calls upon those who anxiously watch over the destinies of this nation, to apply their wealth and their industry to keep the sources of popular knowledge, as far as possible, unsullied; and he concludes by a description of the necessary union of intelligence with morality, which it is essential constantly to have in view, when we speak of National Education:—

"The morality of a nation, if morality that can be called which, enlightened by no ray of intelligence, is an abstinence from evil, rather than a choice of good, may exist under a

bigotted priesthood, or an arbitrary government ; it may be derived from custom, or convenience, or the authority of preceding ages ; it may slumber through a long course of time, clinging to prescription in the place of reason, rejecting improvement, and sanctifying error. The popular intelligence, on the other hand, which spurns the sober guidance of moral principle, is the hurried and incautious speed of innovation ; the arrogance of superficial acquirements ; the blindness of mere mortal wisdom ; the collision of new theories with existing institutions. The abstract influence of the one principle renders a nation inert, poor, powerless ; the preponderance of the other stamps a government daring, ambitious, profligate. It is the popular union of morality and intelligence, of methodical virtue and aspiring intellect, of civil obedience and personal freedom, of temperate practice and bold speculation, of public simplicity and private elegance, which builds up or maintains a good government. It is the same union in that government, of respect towards the popular rights, and the proper tenaciousness of its own privileges ; of inflexible purity in its religious observances, but of universal toleration to other creeds ; of caution in violating the peace of the world, and promptitude in revenging its own wrongs ; of tenderness to the oppressed, and of hatred to the oppressor,—which lifts a nation above the storms of tyranny, preserving to its people their integrity, happiness, and prosperity."

I have two other productions, my Public, which I regret the necessity of curtailing. They are some Verse Letters from the Metropolis, which contain some tolerable passages. We must be content with two extracts.—The first on *PUFFS*—the second on *PLAY-HOUSES* :—

I sat musing awhile,
 With my lips slightly curl'd 'twixt a sneer and a smile,
 To think how Fame's grown quite a jade meretricious,
 With her kiss for the common-place, stupid, and vicious ;
 I ponder'd and groan'd till my eye-lids were closing,
 And quietly went on to dreaming from dozing :—
 Then the *GENIUS OF PUFF* rose up in ill-humour,
 And said, " I'm the bastard of Fame and of Rumour ;—
 And shalt thou, saucy stripling, presume to decry
 My power, when no God is so worshipp'd as I ?"
 I gaz'd on her state ;—she had wings like old Fame,
 And her head was half-veiled with a cloudy-like flame ;

But her pinions were rotten as sheets of wet paper,
 And the light peep'd from out the dull mist, like a taper.
 Her robe was a patch-work of fustian and foil,
 Bespatter'd all over with honey and oil;
 The trump at her mouth was a long tube of tin,
 And her voice almost rivall'd it's impudent din.
 In wonder I stood :—with a sycophant leer

The harlot drew forth from her vestment a glass ;—
 “ Believe, shallow sceptic ! admire me, and fear,
 And note well my pageants as onward they pass.”

I look'd on the mirror ;—it shewed me a quack
 With holes in his hose, and a patch on his back ;—
 On the walls as he pass'd by he chalked Dr. E—— ;
 His purse grew more heavy, his coat grew less seedy ;—
 Madam Puff blows her horn—the gulls all approach,
 And the quack, o'er their bodies, steps into his coach.

Again I beheld ;—'twas a scene of affright—
 A play-house quite cramm'd on a fatal first night ;
 Such cat-calls and hisses astounded my ears,
 That I tingled all o'er with an Authorling's fears ;—
 “ Hey Presto !” cried Puff—on the walls she inscrib'd
 “ The new play was hailed with most rapturous shouts.”
 The newspapers praised—for the manager bribed,
 And the house fill'd again with the well tickled trouts.

“ Look now,” she exclaimed :—in an arrogant frame
 Was a picture soliciting money and fame ;—
 'Twas a daub which would one of Art's journeymen shame.
 The first gazers doubted—the second decried—
 The third laugh'd outright—but my good-natured Puff
 Fill'd the poor artist's pockets, and flattered his pride,
 To the old tune of “ Raphael, Corregio, and stuff.”
 The critics assented—the mob cried “ Divine !”
 And ***** stood first in th' historical line.

The pageant was changed ;—in the depth of the Row
 Were bales of new verses—a dreary show,—
 Some vapid, some loose, some affected, some dull,
 As their muse was a dowdy, a minx, or a trull.
 Puff sounded her trump—in a moment a knot ;
 Of Critico-poets rush'd forward, all hot,
 And with rhyming and praising, and praising and rhyming,
 They made such a wonderful clatter and chyming,
 That the world was astonished, and thought itself wrong
 In most of its orthodox notions of song,
 Nor recovered its reason till all the mad books
 Were fairly consign'd to the chandlers and cooks.

I look'd once again—but my senses grew dim,
 And the pageants began on my vision to swim,
 In endless confusion—an ill-sorted train
 Who seem'd to have ate of the root insane,
 There were givers of dinners—and venders of pills—
 And poets—and writers of lottery-bills—
 And statesmen profound—and compounders of blacking—
 And tailors—and critics—and blue-stockings clacking—
 And painters of portraits—and makers of stays—
 Subscribers to charities—drawers of teeth—
 And a legion besides!—each an eater of praise,
 And each blushing under his own dutch-gilt wreath.
 On her throne sat the Goddess—they join'd in a shout,
 And I woke at the din of that coarse-feeding rout,

* * * * *

But see—a procession ;—ay, now you will know
 How Elliston shines in the tricks of dumb show.
 There are soldiers and soothsayers, maidens in white,
 And boys bearing censers that stink as they light ;
 And warriors in armour that draw *real* swords,
 And horses ! O wonder ! that prance on the boards.

How they march up and down, till they 've gone three times round !

How the kettle-drums clatter, and shrill trumpets sound !
 How the dutiful soldiers, with months of hard drilling,
 Stand each in his place, at the cost of a shilling !
 How the priestesses squeak !—There's a roll of the drums—
 As sure as a gun, Sir, the hero now comes ;—
 He comes in a car, and he drives all about,
 While the misses cry La ! and the galleries shout—
 And now, Sir, do look how the hero gets out ;—
 He goes to the altar, and prays loud for ease,
 With a stare at the gods, and an oath on his knees ;
 And when he has gone through the oath and the stare,
 The warriors and vestals for marching prepare ;
 And back they all trudge, for no reason on earth
 But to show how much Elliston's wardrobe is worth ;
 There, the car prances off—come now,—take a last peep
 At the Drama's delight—Zounds, Sir, you're asleep !

O ! my friend, when we read of the poor tatter'd robe,
 And the dirty red curtain, the pride of the *GLOBE*,
 To *FAWCETT* and *ELLISTON* yield we the praise
 Of vamping-up old, and inditing new Plays,
 By the carpenters', scene-painters', dress-makers' art,
 With the help of a kiss, and a scream, and a start.
 They are wise in their way ;—they have benches to fill,
 With the puffs of the press, and an impudent bill ;—
 And as Fashion and Taste have long fled from their sphere,
 And their overgrown houses forbid us to hear,
 They let Humour and Fancy obliviously lie,
 And conspire for the fools who are caught by the eye.
 Though their Romans in toga and helmet look big,
 While Barry and Quin flamed in surtout and wig,
 I would gladly dispense with the tinsel and stole,
 To catch from the actor some glimpses of soul.
 We must sigh that the reign of the Muses is o'er,—
 At one house their statues are outside the door ;

At the other, as guiltless of wit or of feeling,
The sisters are raised from the stage to the ceiling.

But if taste has thus fled from the Drama's sad doom,
And Apollo weeps over the Muses' gay tomb,
The managers kindly have each built a shrine,
For the thick swarming vot'ries of lust and of wine.
"They make clean the outside;" no words of offence
Meet the titter of Folly, the frown of Good Sense;
But the virgin oft shrinks from the — at her side,
For wantonness reigns here with insolent pride.
Behold the Saloon—there Shakspeare looks down
On all the hot vice of a most vicious town.
O! shame, that here Crime should establish her mart,
Where Genius should hold its proud sway o'er the heart;
That Lust here should madden the pulses of youth,
Where Wisdom should speak with her lessons of truth!
Ascetics, ye triumph!—I blush for the stage,
And COLLIER and OWEN are right in each page.

WE have one observation to make on a Poetical Address (in "What you Will") written by Willoughby, with much needless gallantry, on a journey in the Cambridgeshire Fly.—To see what lies *travellers* will tell! I was present myself on the occasion to which he refers, and I can assure the reader, that, so far from taking a leading part in the debates about Rossini, Miss Stephens, Lord Byron, Thurtell, Croly, Bombastes Furioso, the Cambridge Review, the new Refuge for the Destitute, &c. he was in fact the only silent person of the party; only venturing every now and then a peep from his corner at the laughter-loving novelty, and uttering some hackneyed remark. Does he remember the chilling "Sir?" with which his observation on a honeysuckle was received, and which froze him to silence for the rest of the evening? People who write essays ought to have more conscience.

Amongst the articles which we, true to our principles, were under the necessity of rejecting on account of their personality, we have to regret the loss of "Sketches of Real Life." We have, however made free with the following compendium

which it contains, of the requisites for a successful exercise of the noble Science of *Toadying*.

Imprimis.

To be a good listener.

This qualification needs no comment, but a mere reference to every person's heart.

2ndly. To be able to assume a sympathizing air.

The higher degree of excellence in the art is, for the countenance to vary through all the shades of pleasure, astonishment, &c. See No. 3.

3rdly. To have a proper stock of suitable exclamations.

Remark. Great attention must be paid to adapting their tone, manner, kind, and frequency, to the joyous, depressing, wonderful, indignant, surprising, apologetical, conjectural, or asseverative nature of the supposed recital.

4thly. A *small* number of *opposite* observations.

N.B. Here caution is so absolutely necessary that this number might be more safely confined to mere illustration or assent.

5thly. A few suggestive hints.

These ought *almost* invariably to point towards the fomenting, and maintaining of anger, jealousy, enmity, suspicion, or contempt. *Very seldom*, these auxiliary hints might assume a placable aspect; but, whatever be their form, they must be strictly calculated to elicit arguments tending to bring forward triumphant confirmation of the opinions which they may, at first, *seem* to oppose.

N.B. This item depending almost entirely upon native genius, cannot be illustrated by any farther explanation.

6thly. A *large* assortment of complimentary speeches.

Regard to *expediency* alone need be recommended.

There is no occasion to be too particular in propriety of adaptation. Correctness also unnecessary.

7thly. To avoid all kind of competition whatever.

It is only necessary to observe that this article possesses considerable influence over the success of all the preceding ones. It is, therefore, an excellent general maxim, and indeed must be kept constantly in mind.

By the by, I had nearly omitted some Stanzas—(I am almost sick of Stanzas) that Bruce sent me. They must be crammed in here, though somewhat out of place or Bruce will be as valorous with me, as he of Bannockburn:—

STANZAS.

I love thee with a thrilling fear,
For, gazing on a pensive cheek,
I see decay too busy there,
Or tremble at the hectic streak.

Thy holy thoughts and looks reveal
That touching and unearthly charm,
Where early death has set its seal
Almost too gently for alarm.

When gazing on eve's parting smile,
We scarcely mark the ebb of day,
Nor heed that night steals on the while,
Till fades the latest tint away.

Or, wandering where the forest weaves
Her fairy bowers, by Autumn drest,
We half forget that autumn leaves
Fall, when their hues are loveliest.

Thine eyes are fixed upon me oft
So fondly, that I scarce can bear
Their sad expression, calmly soft,
As that which pitying angels wear.

Oh look not, lest my tears should start
So mournfully—so tenderly,
As if the thought were in thy heart,
What I must bear bereft of thee!

As if thou didst anticipate
My lonely lot divorced from thine,
And sadly didst forebode thy fate—
Not for thy own dear sake—but mine!

And now, my dear Public, I must make a rapid adieu. May you be as happy as a warm Spring and a quiet Session of Parliament can make you ;—may you laugh with unabated glee at Mr. Mathews ; and crowd with fresh ardour of connoisseurship, to the exhibitions which are preparing to delight you, by the R. A's—and the B. A's—May the next Scotch novel put you again in humour with your old favourite. May King Leigh, who is arrived from Italy, inspire new life into your land of Cockayne.—May your fools all be good-humoured on the first of April, and your chimney sweeps all magnificent on the first of May.

Your's ever affectionately,

PATERSON AYMER.

London, March 30th. 1824.

P. S. Talking of Mr. Mathews, just now, tempts me to say a word, my dear P. of what *we* think about his new 'At Home'. A judicious friend writes me thus:—"As I partly anticipated, I have, in good truth, nothing to say about him ; and, therefore, I think it best to say nothing. It is all very well to go and laugh at, but there is nothing to write about—unless one were to concoct a regular "theatrical criticism"—full of common-places about England and America, &c. &c.—which will be sure to be, in every magazine and periodical, and which is not worth putting into any. I laughed a good deal ; but not so much as at his former pieces—for the merit, or rather the pleasure, of such things is the familiarity of the illusions and imitations ; and, never having been across the Atlantic, I cannot either enter so keenly into the spirit of his jokes, or judge how far they are coloured. But it is very amusing nevertheless. There is no inconsiderable quantity of Joe Millars, with here and there a happy hit interspersed. I brought the following away with me, which is new, as far as I recollect—though, perhaps, I may be like old Bray (one of the characters) in thinking so. A person speaking to a very deaf man, and getting angry at his not catching his meaning, says,—“Why it is as plain as A, B, C.”—“Ay, Sir, but I am D, E, F.”

RECOLLECTIONS OF BARBARY.

THERE is a sort of impressive gloom, bordering upon horror, which is spread over almost every thing connected with Africa. Its trackless sands, its mysterious rivers and doubtful mountains, the ebony race which inhabits the principal part of its continent, the ferocious animals that range in its vast solitudes, its climate, even its vegetable productions, all have a character of wildness, which becomes easily linked in our minds with the ideas of ferocity and destructiveness. To an inhabitant of the shores of the Mediterranean sea, Africa is chiefly known as the land of slavery, where thousands and thousands of Christian captives have pined, and toiled, and died in fetters. To an Italian, a Sicilian, a Provençal, or a Spaniard, the sound of the name of Barbary carries therefore with it an impression almost of terror. This was more particularly the case before the last peace, when Algiers, Tunis, and Tripoli were filled with Christian slaves from almost all the countries in Europe, and when the seafaring people of most of the Italian states ran daily the risk of being taken there to swell the number.

With these impressions, imbibed from infancy, the writer of the following sketches happened to visit Barbary during the late war. He left Italy, then under the military sway of Napoleon, and sailed in a Ragusian vessel, with French colours, bound for Tunis. Two other young men, who were leaving their country in order to avoid the oppressive conscription, were on board. The vessel being under the French flag had nothing to fear from the Barbary privateers, but it ran great risks of being taken by English cruisers; and the loss of ship and cargo, and captivity in one of the forts of Malta, although not so bad as slavery in Algiers, were still serious threats to a poor captain and his crew. The Ragusian vessel was met between Sardinia and Barbary by an English frigate: the poor captain cursing the moment in which Ragusa became a French province, thought himself lost; however he steered for the uninhabited island of Galita, with the intention of running on shore if the frigate pursued him. The latter made some demonstrations to that effect, but, as the Ragusian sailed very swiftly, and soon got to the leeward of the high land of Galita, the frigate, who was apparently escorting a convoy to the westward, took no further notice of our merchant vessel.

We sailed close under the cliffs of Galita, a cluster of rocks opposite the coast of Tabarca, and stood in for the land. The frigate pursued her course to the westward, and our captain, having thus escaped this danger, thought it more prudent not to proceed to the bay of Tunis, his original destination, as he knew that privateers under English colours, fitted out at Malta and Mahon (a sort of enemies more to be dreaded by a vessel like his than a man-of-war) hovered about Cape Carthage. We therefore kept close in shore, and availing ourselves of the night breeze, passed Cape Serra, and coasted the land between that and Cape Bianco. Next day we cast anchor in the roads of Biserta.

The vicinity of the land afforded me an opportunity of examining it attentively. It is a gloomy savage shore ; nature has marked it with a forbidding character—dark naked rocks, without any appearance of inhabitants or cultivation. Where the coast is low, the scene changes to vast tracts of white sand, reflecting the burning rays of an African sun. That luminary seems here to have lost its beneficent qualities : it does not warm and illuminate as in Europe,—it scorches and blinds ; it is no longer a friend, a protector, but a tyrant that mercilessly darts its fires upon the parched soil. The inhabitants of northern countries can form no idea of the dismal sensation produced by the continual sunshine of southern latitudes, where, during six or seven months of the year, every successive day brings about the same dazzling glare, the same brazen sky, the same suffocating heat, lasting fourteen or sixteen hours without interruption,—without a single cloud to rest your eyes upon, to screen you for a few hours from the deluge of light and of fire which is perpetually pouring upon you, and in which every object is enveloped,—without a single drop of rain to refresh the parched earth and the burning atmosphere. Natives of more temperate climes would not believe that a continual sunshine and clear heaven can become at last as gloomy and depressive as the clouds and fogs of northern latitudes ; such however is the case. Man is not able to relish perpetual splendour, and this is true in a physical as well as in a moral sense ; it staggers, it consumes, it enervates him. How delightful, after six or seven months drought, is the sight of the first autumnal clouds, those welcome visitors appearing just above the horizon, piling up slowly their fanciful forms, first fleecy and transparent, then attaining a darker hue, and at last shadowing the whole visual hemisphere of the heavens, and concealing that terrible pitiless sun from the view ! And then the first drops of rain ! how refreshing ! one feels instinctively impelled to go out, in

order that the whole body may participate of the reviving moisture. I have seen persons stretching themselves on the ground, and lying on their backs with their mouths open, in order to catch the falling drops. To the north of the tropic, in Barbary and Malta for instance, this practice is not attended with danger to the health, as in the West Indies. The night dew, however, is unwholesome in both regions.

Biserta (anciently called Hippozarytus or Diarrhytus) is a small town of the kingdom or regency of Tunis, built at the mouth of a lake which communicates with the sea. This estuary forms a sort of harbour for small vessels; those of larger dimensions remain in the roads, where there is good anchorage. The town, seen from the sea, appears like a heap of lowly ruins of a whitish colour, from the midst of which arise the minarets of a few mosques. Its aspect resembles the idea we form of a city half destroyed by a bombardment. This appearance, which is common to other towns on the same coast, is occasioned by the houses being low, flat-roofed, and of a chalky whiteness, built irregularly, without any taste or ornaments, with few windows on the outside, and those few looking more like loop-holes, grated with wooden lattices,—the first sign of that unnatural jealousy, which is one of the demons of the land. Three or four houses on the quay, having a better appearance than the rest, are inhabited by the Vice-Consuls of European nations. These, with a wretched looking castle at the mouth of the harbour, where the Governor resides, and a battery which commands the roads, were the only marks of any thing resembling European civilization.

One circumstance, however, struck me at first as a pleasing singularity of this country. We sailed into the gulf, cast anchor where we pleased, furling our sails, put out our boat and went on shore, landed quietly, entered the town, and mixed with the inhabitants, and, wonderful to me! no one asked us any questions; no examination of passports, no police, no visitation from gend'armes or custom-house officers, no *prefecture* or *mairie* to dance attendance at, in short, no annoyance of any sort. His Highness the Bey of Tunis did not seem afraid of revolutions or conspiracies; at all events, he took no ostensible measures to prevent such calamities. There was no appearance of conscription, of *surveillance*, of state prisons; no drums beating, no soldiers, at least none that we could distinguish by their exterior from the rest of the people. To me, who had just arrived from polished Europe, from the civilized regions of Italy, then a portion of the French empire, where so many kind precautions were taken for the

tranquillity of the state, where I had been obliged to run the gauntlet through half a dozen anti-rooms and offices, and undergo the inquisitorial examination of a host of inspectors and *employés* before I could get permission to embark and bid them farewell—to me, who had not thought myself sure of my departure until I had fairly lost sight of the tri-coloured flag—to me, the ease and security of Barbary was peculiarly surprising and delightful. There are, thought I to myself, compensations even in Barbary; there are advantages even in this land of terrors, for as such I had been accustomed to look upon it from infancy; and I felt somewhat reconciled to the place of my exile.

The only drawback I experienced from this practical freedom, during the time I remained under the despotic government of a Moorish regency, proceeded not from the Moors or Turks, but from my own countrymen, from Europeans. The Consuls and Vice-Consuls, especially those of Imperial France, had brought along with them some of the appendages of civilization; some of the improvements which had taken place in their country. They had established a sort of inquisitorial police, in humble imitation of their great prototypes at home. They were very particular in exacting that foreigners of their respective nations should, as soon as landed, show their passports, and submit them to their *visa*; very careful that no conscript should lose the opportunity of serving the Emperor in the field of glory; in short, they were extremely tender of the honour and interests of their countrymen. They even went so far as to afford a safe lodging within the Consulate-house to those whom they suspected of being runaway conscripts, or persons who had escaped the tutelary eye of the police; and to indulge them with the attendance of their janizaries or Moorish guards, until they could be safely embarked on board some national vessel and restored to their native country. They also exercised the same sort of ungracious hospitality towards those sailors and passengers of any hostile nation who were captured by privateers, until they could be sent to swell the dépôt of prisoners in France. Thus, they were not only Consuls, but acted also as Commissioners of Police; they were obliged to do so by strict orders from home. It is true that their power, being necessarily limited, was often evaded; that prisoners escaped by the connivance of the Moors, who cared but little about French decrees; that travellers got passports from other agents: yet it was curious to see how that formidable engine, Napoleon's continental system, extended the range of its action even to a country so completely foreign to, and separated from, his empire as Barbary was. The Bey

of Tunis, who guaranteed to the Consuls an inviolable residence, and the attendance of his soldiers, for the safety of the Europeans who visited his country, was little aware that many of the latter would have dispensed with such protection in the present instance: but he was a barbarian, and uninitiated into the high mysteries of state policy.

These reflections, half ludicrous, half melancholy, like most of those which have occurred to me while comparing with one another the different families of men which are scattered over the globe, occupied my mind as we walked through the streets of Biserta, passing by the listless lazy Moor and the haughty supercilious Turk, on our way to the French Consulate. On arriving there, I found myself as it were transported to Europe again; the same etiquette, the same vexatious forms; but, as I had not the advantage of being a subject of the French emperor, my examination was short, and I left the Imperial representative with the earnest hope that this was the last time I should have the eagled seal affixed to my passport. My two companions, however, were not so easily dismissed; they were Tuscans, and *therefore* French; they were young, they might belong to the conscription list; the Vice-Consul had some suspicions on the subject. At last, they were allowed to proceed to Tunis, being recommended to the special care of the French Consul-General at that place.

Being now easy on this important point, I left the French Consulate-house with my two less fortunate comrades, who found themselves still within the grasp of power; and we sauntered about through the narrow crooked streets, or rather lanes, of Biserta. We went to the market-place, an open space, unsheltered and unpaved, where the venders sate cross-legged upon the sand, with their provisions in baskets spread before them. We asked the price of some fish, in *Lingua Franca*, a sort of bad Italian, which is understood all along the Barbary and Levant shores. The man, without looking up, mentioned a certain number of carroubes, a small Tunisian coin. "It is too dear," said the captain of our vessel, "I will not give you so much." The Moor half rose himself on his hams, darted a furious look at us, and cried out in the same vile jargon, in which the verbs are always put in the infinitive to facilitate conversation; "*Si voler, pigliar; si non voler, lasciar.*" After which he squatted himself down again, resuming his downcast look. "If you will have the fish (at the price I told you) take it; if not, leave it," and — but I will add no interpretations. This was laconic, and reasonable at the same time. We, therefore, gave him what

he demanded, and took the fish, without another word passing between us.

We then went to arrange matters for our departure, the captain having resolved to proceed to Tunis by land, and carry with him some of his most valuable goods. A caravan was going to set out next day in the evening. Bargains are easily made in that country, and in general punctually adhered to. We were to have each a conveyance of some sort or other, but whether in the shape of a camel, a mule, a horse, or a donkey, could not be ascertained until the number of travellers should be known. I was, however, determined to proceed, and cared but little about the manner. I felt elated with the novelty of a journey in Africa, although of forty miles only, the distance between Biserta and Tunis.

Having settled our bargain, we retraced our steps towards the shore, in order to return to our vessel. We passed by a handsome marble fountain, over which was an Arabic inscription. Several Moors were assembled around. A fountain or a well in Africa, as well as in southern Asia, is the place of general *rendez-vous*. In this, as in many other respects, those countries are still what they were in patriarchal times; for the habits of the people are there stamped by an imperious climate, and survive the overthrow of empires and dynasties, and even the total change of races. It is this immutability of features, that gives to the East a peculiar interest of solemnity and grandeur. There you see the primitive history of mankind developed before you as it were from its cradle, and closely connected with the history of nature; while, in other countries, man is become an artificial being, the creature of fashion, every thing about him as temporary and as changeable as his own mind.

The streets of Biserta, like those of other Barbary towns, are narrow, crooked, and unpaved. The dust and sand annoys you in summer, and in winter you struggle through pools of mud and rain. What surprised me was the appearance of total idleness in the people; there was hardly any stir of trade or industry. I saw but one or two small paltry shops; I remarked a manufactory of coarse woollen and cotton stuff, of which the Moors make their baracans or cloaks, which often constitute their only garment. Many of the natives are to be seen wrapped up in a sort of blanket, without any other clothes underneath. Like the *capota* of the Spaniard, the baracan serves both for winter and summer; it keeps away the burning heat as well as the chilling rain. With such an easy dress, and the extreme cheapness of the first necessities

of life, it is easy to account for the idleness in which these people indulge, relaxed as they are by the heat of the climate. A piece of bread dipped in oil, a few dates, or a melon, form the repast of a poor Moor. These are easily procured, and he has, therefore, full leisure to stretch himself at ease on the sand, under the shade of a wall, or on the banks of the river. Now and then, however, the apathy of these people is disturbed by sudden gusts of passion; they quarrel and pelt each other with stones, uttering dreadful yells, while the Turk, or superior Moor, stalks about gravely in his flowing silk robe, stern and silent, or sits cross-legged on a bench outside of the coffee-house, smoking his pipe, without any other interruption than that of having the bowl filled afresh, and the contents lighted by the crouching Jewish or Greek waiter. He alters not his posture for hours together, and hardly ever raises his eyes to notice what happens around him. Concentrated in themselves, do these beings indulge in meditations and dreams; or are they in that state of torpid apathy in which man can hardly be said to think, as the vague ideas that fleet through his brain leave no impression, and their recollection fades before the mind has had time to define and register them?

Woman's soothing countenance is never seen in this country. A few wretched females of the lowest cast, whose misery puts them either above or below the rigid rules of their nation, are to be met occasionally carrying burthens or going to the well for water; but their faces are always covered with a piece of black cloth, having two slits in it corresponding to the eyes.

The cheering sound of bells is never heard in Barbary; their place is supplied by the melancholy, but not inharmonious, sound of the muezzim's voice, when, from the spiral minaret, he summons the faithful to prayer. Heard at a distance in the dead stillness of night, through an atmosphere unruffled by breeze or mist, that shrill lengthened chaunt has a thrilling effect upon a stranger; it sounds, as if it were the voice of a departed spirit recalling man to the reflection of his passing existence, and reminding him of the omnipresence of his Creator. The words are simple, yet striking; Allah illah Allah! "There is only one God;" such is the impressive preamble—"adore him, come to prayers, for God is great!" I reverence these sounds, although proceeding from the mouth of a disciple of Islamism; and when he adds that "Mahomet is the prophet of God," although I grieve for the imposition, I bow in submission to the inscrutable views of Providence, who permitted an obscure self-instructed Arabian shepherd

to establish his creed over one half of mankind ; and to recal them by this means from the gross and degrading abominations of Heathenism to a belief far inferior to Christianity, but which in the purity and sublimity of its fundamental dogmas may be considered as next to it, although disfigured, as every other doctrine, by the interested interpretations of men.

No carriages are to be seen in Barbary ; camels, mules, asses, and a few horses, are the only modes of conveyance. Almost every object in this country appears new to an European ; bearded faces, heads either turbaned or closely shaved, with only a tuft of hair left at the top, necks and legs bare. Even the voice of man, which in general is pleasant to the ear, seems changed ; it resembles the hum of beetles, or the croaking of frogs, from the guttural sounds of the Arabic dialect which the Moors speak, and the low hollow tone in which they pronounce it. All the senses of an European are confounded by the strangeness of the objects presented to them. There is even a peculiar smell, which is remarked by foreigners as soon as they land in this country. It may be owing either to the constant use of the pipe, to the peculiar effluvia of the soil and of animal bodies, to the habits of the people and their want of linen, to the productions of the earth, perhaps to all these causes put together ;—but the fact is certain, the smell that you meet on Turkish land is unlike that of any other country.

This is then the land, thought I to myself, for which I have left the smiling regions of Europe, the verdant banks of the Arno, the sight of female beauty in all its loveliness, the mellow tones of soft Italy, the——— But *there are compensations even in Barbary*, reason quickly retorted, as I stepped carelessly into our boat.

As we rowed towards our vessel, we saw several *sandals*, a sort of large swift-sailing boat, with lateen sails, returning from their cruize. Their appearance reminded me that I was in the land of Christian captivity, and I felt an instinctive shuddering of horror in looking at the ruffian crew on board, who were a mixture of negroes and sallow-faced Moors. They appeared to me like so many fiends, their looks being hardly human, and their savage yells and gestures answering to the idea. The blood-red flag was the appropriate ensign of their inhuman trade. What a dreadful fate must be that of the poor captives who happen to fall into the hands of those demons ! To think of old men, of children, of helpless females, becoming their prey, being exposed to their taunts, their revilings, their ruffian outrages, left entirely at their mercy—the word is a misnomer, for mercy is a quality unknown to them,

Sordid interest, brutal lust, and fanatic superstition all join to make them sport with the miseries they inflict on their victims. Such is the retribution which one race of Africans unconsciously exact for the injustices committed by Christians against another race of their brethren of the same continent, a race more inoffensive, and *therefore* oppressed !

The Tunisian privateers at that epoch cruized only against the vessels of Sicily and Sardinia, because those two helpless countries and their exiled sovereigns had not the means of making their flags respected. A short time previously to my visit to Barbary, the Tunisian fleet had effected a landing on the coast of Sardinia, and had carried off the whole population of the little island of Sant Antioco, amounting to several hundred persons of both sexes, the whole of whom the king of Sardinia shortly after redeemed out of his exhausted treasury. This was the good Victor Emmanuel, now dead, and it is pleasing to record this trait of his real affection for his subjects.

The poor Moors, the indigenous race of Barbary, however, are not to be charged with the horrors of this traffic in human flesh. The country Moor is a harmless, industrious, frugal creature, himself oppressed by a horde of miscreants from all parts of the Levant, the refuse of Smyrna, Constantinople, Candia, and other places in the east, who proceed to the several states of Barbary in quest of fortune, enlist into the militia, and make the Beys themselves, who are generally of Moorish families, tremble before them. This assemblage is increased by bad characters of every sort, amongst whom are Christian renegadoes. They exert their power equally over the natives, the few Greeks, and the Christian captives. The Jews are the men of business, and money being their sole object, they are often concerned in the nefarious traffic of piracy. The privateers are fitted out either by the government, or by some of the ministers, or by a few unprincipled speculators. We should not therefore attribute to the whole population a crime of which most of them are guiltless.

The last rays of the setting sun were palely reflected by the sandy shores of Biserta when we arrived on board. I saw without regret that luminary sink behind the western hills, a tributary chain of the Atlas. We dined upon fish ; captain, sailors, and passengers, all together sitting round on the deck, a pleasing sort of familiarity which seems natural to Mediterranean seafaring people when far from their native countries. Then they feel more closely the links which attach Christians to one another ; the sympathy of a common faith is revived. But, alas ! when from Paynim shores they return to *Cristianità* (this is their emphatic expression for all countries

under the religion of the cross, in opposition to those under the dominion of the crescent,) those bonds of fraternity are relaxed again, and interest, selfishness, and envy resume their sway.

The chill and heavy dew of night succeeded to the burning heat of the day. The sensation produced is agreeable, but it is dangerous to indulge in it, for the rapid change of temperature may be injurious to a stranger. However, as our cabin was small and confined, and, like that of most Mediterranean vessels, infested with vermin, I found it absolutely impossible to sleep in it, and I did, as I had done during the voyage, lie down on deck, wrapped in a blanket. Awaking after midnight, I felt my blanket was completely wet, as if it had been exposed to rain. But at the same time a splendid sight presented itself to me. I never had seen the sky so pure, so deep in its hue, the stars so bright, their perpetual sparkling motion so vivid, too vivid for the eyes to be long fixed on them; and in the midst of them, in the immensity of space, shone the lovely queen of the heavens, the silvery moon; its calm lustre unstained by either cloud, or mist, or halo; the outline of its full broad disk detaching itself from the dark vault of the sky. I had seen the moon in Italy, seen it at Naples, where it is admired for its brilliancy; but I had never seen it in its full splendour before that night. It is in southern latitudes that the great works of nature appear in all their glory, and speak most intelligibly of their Maker. We therefore find the eastern poets most eloquent and grand upon those subjects. On the plains of Chaldea, in the vast solitudes of Arabia, or on the mountains of Syria and Palestine, there the language of the heavens is most intelligible; there in the silence of night man holds, as it were, converse with the stars; there he feels penetrated with the greatness of One Being, and with his own nothingness; and from these strong sensations that rich vein of poetical melancholy is derived which pervades eastern writers,—the melancholy of contemplation and solitude,—the melancholy of the heart, passionate and religious, very different from the melancholy of the mind, which is generally sceptical and misanthropical.

The most profound tranquillity reigned all around, hardly interrupted by the rippling of the water against the bow of our vessel. The pale low coast appeared to the leeward, but I could hardly distinguish the houses of Biserta from the surrounding sands.

Dawn appeared, and we prepared for our land journey. Our parcels being ready, the captain, myself, and two other passengers went on shore to the custom-house, a large building near the Tunis gate, where the caravan meets. Our goods

and trunks were quickly examined by the officers, who levy a moderate duty upon merchandise, and take it often in kind rather than in money. By and bye the caravan began to assemble; it consisted of about twenty Moorish carriers with their mules, two Barbary Jews with their wives, a janizary or soldier, and four Christians.

The arrangements were soon made, under the direction of the head of the caravan. The Jewesses, wrapped up and muffled like two mummies, were mounted upon camels; and the male passengers were accommodated with mules and donkeys. The rest of the cattle were loaded with goods, and the Moors and janizary walked alongside of them, armed with cutlasses, pistols, and one or two rusty guns, in order to defend themselves from the Bedouins, or robbers, who infest the country. We were warned by the janizary to keep together, and not remain in the rear; for the Bedouins, who are on the watch concealed in ambuscade, often fall upon the stragglers, and not only plunder them, but carry them to the interior, and either kill them or sell them as slaves. This memento shewed the wrong side of the police of Barbary, and I naturally cast my eyes on our Moorish companions, under whose care and protection we were going to intrust ourselves. Their physiognomies were little prepossessing, and they appeared to me to be as much to be feared as the Bedouins themselves. This surmise was, however, ill founded. These Moors, especially those of the lower class, have a wild expression in their looks, bordering on ferocity; but unless provoked they are harmless, and even honest to strangers. They are revengeful against their enemies, they are contemptuous towards Christians, but yet faithful to their engagements with them.

We left Biserta at five in the afternoon. The sun was declining and had lost its insufferable heat, but the wind of the desert had, unfortunately for us, began to blow that very afternoon. This southern wind is the same as the well known sirocco, whose influence is so overpowering on the coast of Italy; but the sirocco of Naples may be considered as a refreshing breeze compared to the same wind in Barbary. We now received it in its first strength from the great wastes of Lybia and Sahara, carrying with it all the burning vapours of those frightful regions. The horizon long after sunset appeared of a dusky red, and I felt as if I could hardly breathe through the suffocating atmosphere.

The effects of this wind in Northern Africa are very prompt. The skin of the face and hands becomes dry; the lips, tongue, and palate, are parched; and the sensations of continual

thirst and general lassitude extremely painful. This wind lasts generally three days, but returns frequently during summer. Further south, and in the Great Desert, where it takes the name of simoom, its effects are much more dreadful; but travellers have described them so often, that I need not say any more on the subject.

The environs of Biserta present some traces of cultivation, such as a few gardens and some date-trees; the road or path is bounded by Indian fig-trees, which grow here to a gigantic size. This monstrous unseemly plant, with its thick shapeless leaves, if leaves they can be called, grafted in lumps one upon another, seems congenial to the other features of the country,—huge, uncouth, exciting sentiments of surprise, disgust, and a sort of vague terror.

After two hours' journey we passed a miserable hamlet, called El Feineine, consisting of a few ruinous houses, in the midst of a thick plantation of Indian fig-trees. The wretched looking inhabitants seemed to scout us Christians as we passed. After this we entered into a plain totally deserted and uncultivated, bounded on one side by the sea, and on the other by a chain of hills. This plain is sandy, but strewed with dwarfish plants and shrubs; the path through it is hardly traced. The sun had set, but still the heat produced by the wind was oppressive. I felt the pains of thirst during this short journey more keenly than I ever did before or after.

On the road between Biserta and Tunis there are but two places where travellers can get water. The Jews had furnished themselves with jars and calabashes; but we Europeans, unacquainted with the country, were unprovided with these useful utensils. At last, after five hours' journey, we arrived at a well, where we halted. A well in Africa is the resting-place of the traveller, far more welcome than our splendid inns in luxurious Europe; and yet how often we complain of the accommodations of the latter, think them miserable, and grumble about them, while here the utmost extent of our wishes was to fill our hands and our mouths with water, and to sit ourselves down on the cool ground! Even the dripping noise of the water was a great luxury.

After a few minutes we resumed our march. Our Moors having refreshed themselves began to sing some of their native songs, which, although full of guttural sounds, had a pleasing melody, plaintive like most of the simple music of all countries. They expressed to us again by signs rather than by words, for they were unacquainted even with the wretched jargon spoken in the cities on the coast, the necessity of keeping together; as, favoured by the darkness of the

night, the Bedouins come sometimes close to the road, and conceal themselves, waiting an opportunity to fall upon the solitary traveller. The caravan does not stop for any one, and leaves stragglers to their fate. The government of the country is either too weak or too careless to extirpate these bands of robbers ; however, the then reigning sovereign, Hamuda Bey, a just, sensible, and spirited man, had lately taken measures against them ; a few had been apprehended and hung, and this had had a salutary effect ; murders and robberies had become less frequent. These Bedouins come from the interior. They are a distinct people from the Moors who inhabit the coast, and who cultivate the ground ; the Bedouins are shepherds, have no fixed habitation, and the hope of booty brings many of them into the open country, and near the towns. It is they, who when some ill-fated vessel has been shipwrecked on the coast of Barbary, far from any town, have fallen upon the unfortunate men escaped from a watery grave, and either have murdered them, or carried them into the interior. One may expect little more mercy from them than from their neighbours, the wild beasts of the desert. There are among them some wretches of various countries, runaway slaves, and criminals.

I was jogging on ; the wretched mule I strode was either vicious or tired ; it kicked and knelt on its fore legs repeatedly, and so suddenly that once or twice I was thrown over its head, as I had no stirrups to support myself. After easing itself of its burthen, the beast set off at a quick trot, and I pursuing after, to the great amusement of the Moors, who seemed to enjoy the sight of a Christian dog harassed and tormented by thirst and fatigue. The apostrophe *kelb !* (dog,) was often in their mouths. Having mounted my mule again, I followed in the rear of the caravan with the janizary, who was walking beside me. I was musing on this little specimen of African travelling. We had not met for several hours with a single trace of habitation ; we were in a vast solitude ; images of Bedouins were crowding on my fancy ; I felt how helpless civilized man is, when cast amongst barbarians ! I had no tie whatever to entitle me to the interest of the people about me ; no analogy of education, feelings, or principles. Amongst them I was a complete outcast ; my very dress, my language, and faith, prejudiced them against me ; if I should fall into slavery, I thought to myself, what would be my fate ? In the political circumstances of Europe at that period, I could hardly expect the protection of any Consul ; besides which, when once carried into the interior, what means could I have of making my situation known ?

Unused to hard labour, with a constitution far from robust, I could not be of much service to any one who might purchase me, and he would either sell me again at a loss, or vent his disappointment by blows. Whatever mental acquirements I was possessed of would only serve to render misery more poignant. The Moor, the Arab, like all primitive people, value only physical strength. The first thing a purchaser of slaves in Barbary examines about the person of the male is the palm of his hand, which if it looks soft and tender, the slave is often rejected. A callous hand is there the best recommendation. It is thus that our institutions, our education, serve to estrange us from the other races that inhabit the world; and the wretch who by accident is cast out of the pale of civilization, is the more miserable in proportion as he has been refinedly brought up.

These reflections were by no means, as some would imagine, out of place. They were not the offspring of a heated imagination, for I was then in a country where about two thousand of my countrymen, of Europeans, were dragging, at that time, the chains of slavery, and working under the lash. In Europe, we feel secure, and strut about with great consequence or indifference; but if we pass the narrow tract of sea which divides us from Barbary, what are we?—little better than beasts of burthen, perhaps less valuable. Man is there reduced to his animal worth, to the estimate of his physical powers; he becomes truly a degraded creature. How much work can he do? The answer to this one question comprises all his claims to live and to be fed. The property about him is no longer his own; it belongs as well as the surplus of his labour to those who are stronger than him. What a social code! And is this the natural code of man, as some have maintained?

Personal slavery, however ancient its practice, is a horrible state. An individual can judge of it more justly when he sees it in the persons of men of his own colour, of his own country; speaking his own language; when he touches as it were the evil with his own hand, as I have had occasion to do in Barbary. And if we think of the condition of females—of our own countrywomen,—and many there were at the time I am speaking of, who, from the kind protection of their Christian parents and relatives, had been all at once transported into Moorish captivity, to become the sport of the caprice, and the forced victims of the brutal instinct of their barbarous masters, who, by their religious prejudices, are taught to value women in general, even Mahomedan women, as little more than so many heads of cattle—the very idea is enough

to drive the mind to frenzy. What must it be to an Italian, a Greek, a Spaniard, whose daughter, or sister, or wife, has undergone this cruel fate? Of all the wrongs inflicted upon man, this is perhaps the only one he cannot forgive; it is sufficient to madden a whole population to despair and revenge.*

While thoughts of this nature filled my mind, I was proceeding, looking wistfully towards the hills on the right and the dusty plain intervening, almost expecting to see grim Bedouins starting from behind every bush, and now and then casting a glance on the sea, which was not far on our left; that sea which divided me from Christian land. Having repeatedly observed our janizary looking also towards the sea, and sighing deeply, I began to examine this man more attentively. His complexion was as dark as that of the other Moors; but I thought I perceived a peculiar expression of intelligence in his features. I felt there was something about this man less foreign to me than about the others. I spoke to him in Italian, and he answered me with an accent too familiar to my ears to be misunderstood. I was no longer in doubt upon the place of his birth; he had been a Christian! He was now a soldier of Mahomet, a renegade.

I was not sufficiently unprejudiced, as some persons would express it, to be unmoved by the impressions which the sight of this being, the first renegade I had ever seen, and in such a place, was calculated to produce. I felt no instinctive dislike towards Mussulmans in general; but the idea of a man forsaking the mild religion of Jesus, the creed of his fathers, for the stern and fierce doctrines of the Arabian impostor, had something in it repulsive. It excited grief, and at the same time curiosity. I continued to talk to this man. I found him communicative, and plain speaking. At last, I collected from his answers the whole of his little tale of misery.

It was a short simple history, the epitome of that of many of his brethren in woe. He was born in Sicily; and as he named his country he pointed out towards the sea beyond which it lay, with a look of deep regret. He had been taken

* These reflections apply to an epoch in which Christian captivity was in full practice all over Barbary. Lord Exmouth's expedition against Algiers has given a deadly blow to this detestable custom; yet it has been of late occasionally revived, and the war between the Turks and Greeks has filled again the bazars of Asia and Africa with human flesh. When will the time come when Mahomedan powers shall be obliged, in their wars with Christians at least, to treat prisoners like other civilized nations do, and not to insult nature any longer? This might, perhaps, be obtained by remonstrances from all the European powers united.

by the Barbary pirates while a sailor-boy on board a Sicilian felucca. Having been sold, he passed several years in the most oppressive slavery, ill-treated, beaten, and scantily fed. At the same time he was told by some zealous Mussulman that he might alter his situation for the better, by abjuring his religion and assuming the turban. He long resisted the temptation of Satan, as he expressed it; the struggle between faith and nature became every day more painful; at last in an evil hour he yielded, submitted to the rites of Islamism, became free, and was placed in the guards of the Bey. His pay was sufficient to his wants; he was now going to do duty at Tunis, after having been some time in garrison at Biserta.

The renegado said this in a manner that won my sympathy. He had fallen, but not without having first endured a severe trial. He was evidently a Christian in his heart; the tears were in his eyes as he confessed his apostacy, at the same time looking cautiously about him, that no one of our fellow-travellers should notice his grief. His wish, his only wish, he said, was to put his feet once more on the soil of his beloved country and die a Christian. "Oh," he exclaimed, "if I could but cross that arm of sea!" I asked him if there was no chance of effecting this? He said it was a most difficult and dangerous step, as renegadoes are always jealously watched by the native Mussulmans, who mistrust them, and who would have no mercy on him if he were caught endeavouring to escape.

I met the man again afterwards in a coffee-house in Tunis. He seemed grateful for the interest I had evinced in his favour. He had only exchanged one sort of captivity for another, for he was now a prisoner at large within the limits of Barbary. But at least he was no longer ill-treated, and he was sufficiently fed. I could not judge very severely of the poor man, considering the circumstances in which he had been placed; his image has often haunted me afterwards. I hope his fond wish of returning to Christian land may have been granted him by that mercy which alone knows how to judge us rightly.

After twelve o'clock we arrived on the banks of the river Mejerdah, the Bagradas of the ancients. Here I was again in a land of classical recollections. It was on the banks of the Bagradas that Regulus killed the enormous serpent by means of balistæ and catapultæ, as described by Roman historians, fond of the marvellous. Not far from the mouth of the same river once stood Utica, the last asylum of Cato and of Roman liberty.

We waded through the Mejerdah, and I was cautioned not

to drink of the water as being unwholesome. At the first light of dawn we arrived before a country-house of the Bey, a few miles from Tunis: we entered a spacious court, having a marble fountain in it, and there I took a copious draught of delightful spring water.

We soon resumed our journey. The morning was rapidly extending its light; we were approaching an ancient aqueduct resembling those in the neighbourhood of Rome. It was the aqueduct which once brought water to Carthage. We passed under one of its arches, not far from the ground where that proud city formerly stood. I saw on our left the hill upon which the famous citadel Byrsa was built. Nothing now remains of Carthage but the name; the point of land on which it stood is called *Capo Cartagine*.

A strange eventful history is this of our world! On contemplating the grave of that famous rival of Rome,—on seeing the silence and desolation which now reigns all around the spot where it was, and where once all was bustle, life, and splendour,—its harbour now filled up, its buildings utterly effaced from the surface of the earth, for no remains there are above ground, the aqueduct being the work of the Romans when they built the second Carthage;—when I recollected the like scene of desolation which surrounds the city of the Seven Hills, the eternal walls, which perhaps one day will become as completely destroyed and as indistinguishable as those of Carthage;—when I reflected upon all this, and then turned to my companions, and thought of the Sicilian renegade, of our individual miseries, I felt how insignificant they appear by comparison. Reflections of a similar nature must have animated old Marius, when he replied to the officer who brought him the order of the Prefect to quit the coast of Africa as being the enemy of Rome: “Tell him, thou hast seen Marius sitting amongst the ruins of Carthage.”

Yet our thinking slightly of individual misfortunes, when compared to the great calamities which befall nations, is after all rather a delusion of our imagination than a real philosophical reasoning; for what are the calamities of nations but an aggregation of the calamities of individuals? We ought to be on our guard against this too fashionable, too poetical, error, not merely because it is a logical error, but because it is apt to harden us against the distress of humble individuals. Those whose sympathy is only excited by the aspect of a city in ruins, or of a princess in tears, may at times forget that their next door neighbour is in want of bread to keep his family from starving.

On approaching Tunis we passed by a vast cemetery,
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strewn over with small tomb-stones, some of which are distinguished by a roughly-sculptured turban for the men, a rose or other flowers for the females. The Mussulmans devote a large extent of ground near their cities for their burial-places. The only being we met in these solitudes was a woman shrouded in black, who was sitting on one of the stones and muttering some prayers; one of the Moors gave her a small coin.

At last, at seven in the morning, we entered the gates of Tunis, after fourteen hours' journey, through which I had not seen a trace of habitation excepting one village we passed not far from Biserta. Harassed with fatigue, heat, and thirst, I was happy to find myself again in the haunts of men, though they wore turbans and beards, and spoke a strange, and to me unintelligible, language. Even the turbaned blacksmith, one of the first citizens we met in the suburbs of this Barbary metropolis, pleased me with his sooty but humourous features, as he grinned a *Shiem Alec* in return for the salutation of our conductors.

We proceeded through streets as narrow as those of Biserta, but much more crowded and animated; we passed by some rich shops and good buildings; we met superbly dressed Mussulmans, mounted on horses splendidly caparisoned; in short, we were again among the bustle of a great capital and of a commercial city, though very different from any Christian capital or sea-port town.

Our Ragusian captain, who had been here before, conducted me and my fellow-passengers to an inn, or *locanda*, kept by an Italian, in the district inhabited by the Franks, and not far from the mansions of the European Consuls; where I was glad to rest on a straw mattress after the fatigues of the night.

A. V.

NARENOR.—A TALE.

Some are so curious in this behalf, as those old Romans, our modern Venetian, Dutch, or French; that if two parties dearly love, the one noble, the other ignoble, they may not by their laws match, though equal otherwise in years, fortunes, and education, and all good affection. In *Germany*, except they can prove their gentility by three descents, they scorn to match with them. A noble man, must marry a noble woman, a baron a baron's daughter, a knight a knight's, a gentleman a gentleman's; as slaters sort their slate, so do they degrees, and family.—BURTON'S *Anatomic of Melancholy*, p. 340. Folio edition.

In the days of fairies and necromancers, (happy days! there is nothing like them now!) lived a peasant of the

name of Narenor, who dwelt in a lonely hut in the wildest part of a wild forest in Germany. How he got there I cannot tell you; his father and mother had been dead time out of mind, and not one relation had he that he knew of in the whole world. But what was worst of all, he was of an ugliness to inspire terror in all who saw him. No wonder that he had the forest all to himself, for woe to the unhappy wight who should see his ghastly visage peering out from the tangled branches there. He was sure to dream of goblins for several nights after; yet the savage of the Schelwer Forest, (for so he was called,) was of a very refined nature, and wished for nothing so much as to love, and to be loved again. I am afraid that he did not take proper measures to overcome the repugnance which his appearance caused in the female breast, and that his manners rather aided than softened the natural deformity of his person. At any rate, he had not the patience requisite for making himself agreeable, so he grew misanthropic, and wrapt himself up in a sort of proud despair, and in a wolf-skin, which did not at all improve his looks. But having mind, which *would* be fed somehow or other, and which could not be satisfied with the offals of every-day life, he turned his thoughts to studies of an uncommon nature for a peasant, especially to magic and alchymy. The hut in which he lived had been before tenanted by a hermit of rather questionable piety, who, indeed, might have been Dr. Faustus himself for any thing I know. Narenor had found him at the last extremity, and had received his dying injunction to bury his books and crucibles with him; but the hermit died before Narenor had made any promise to that effect, though I am not sure whether even a promise would have overcome his restless curiosity to read the prohibited volumes. Many choice secrets he found therein; but what he most eagerly, and hitherto in vain, sought for, was some beautifying elixir that might give him a little more resemblance to the human form, and afford him some chance of meeting with a fair partner of his (at present) joyless, solitary existence. One night, after he had combined some very powerful ingredients, and dissolved them in a crucible, as he was anxiously waiting for the result of his experiment, a thick vapour arose from the vessel, and gradually condensing, took the form of the old inhabitant of the cottage. Narenor, while he thrilled with fear at the presence of a disembodied being, was yet full of hope that his wishes were near their accomplishment. He was not disappointed; the hermit held forth in his fleshless hand a vial full of a bright sparkling liquid, and thus addressed Narenor—"Rash, daring mortal; thou

wouldst not obey my last command to destroy the records of an art, which never made *me* happy. I spoke in pity to thyself, but thy folly requires a sterner lesson. The wish of thy heart is granted thee. I come from the place of the dead to bestow on thee the Elixir of Beauty. Take it, but remember, that if ever thou give way to anger, thy person shall resume its natural unsightliness, until a fresh application of the elixir restore the comeliness which thou dost so immoderately covet." Having thus spoken, the old man gave the precious vial to Narenor, (who seized it with transport,) and then melted from his view, the folds of his dark garment blending with the smoke from the crucible, and the features fading into vapour, like the fantastic forms seen in autumn's evening cloud. "Is it a dream?" said Narenor: but the vial still remained in his hand, and he hastened to prove the reality of what had passed, by an application of its contents. He placed himself before a large mirror of burnished steel, which he had often used for magical purposes, and touched his face with the liquid. Instantly the little red sunken eyes, that moved in different orbits, expanded into a large dark pair of hazel, which could look the same way very amicably; the nose, if nose it could be called, that seemed to consist of nothing but a bunch of various coloured tubercles, subsided into a most legitimate Grecian; the negro lips, which failing to hit the centre, appeared to have a particular attraction towards the left ear, shrunk into a mouth which Phidias might have been proud to copy. Nor did the elixir prove less efficacious in embellishing the whole person of the happy Narenor. He stood a model of manly grace and beauty. After the first rapture of surprise and admiration was over, he determined to wander forth in quest of adventures, and a lady-love. Accordingly, early on the following morning, he locked the door of his hut, and taking with him nothing but a few books, a small stock of provision, and a change of raiment, left the cottage in quiet possession to the ghost of its late master. We will not say how often he looked at his taper leg, or made a mirror of the running brook, to take an exact inventory of his newly-acquired beauties; we pass on to more important matters. Just as twilight began to deepen the shades of the forest, shrieks as of a female in distress reached his ear. He made his way cautiously, but rapidly, to the spot whence the sound issued, and, screening himself behind the brushwood, beheld a band of robbers surrounding a coach, and in the act of dragging from it a lady richly apparelled. She resisted with all her feeble strength, and shrieked for help, but her cries grew every moment fainter.

"It were madness to attempt to rescue her by my single arm," thought Narenor; but taking advantage of his place of ambush, and the obscurity of evening, he called aloud in threatening terms, changing the tone of his voice as often, and as much as he could, and running from side to side, so as to deceive the robbers into a belief that a considerable band was approaching to the lady's rescue. The echoes were extremely kind on the occasion, and gave all the assistance in their power, doubling and redoubling the single voice of Narenor into an alarming multitude of sounds. Perhaps also the fairies might have something to do with it; but, however this was, the robbers were certainly seized with a panic, and fled, leaving the poor lady very uncourteously stretched on the ground in a swoon. Narenor hastened to raise her. The terror which closed her eyes did not prevent her extreme beauty from being apparent at the first glance. Perhaps the disorder of her fine dark hair, contrasted with the marble whiteness of her complexion, heightened the effect of her charms. At any rate, Narenor thought so, and already, while holding in his arms the fainting beauty, he drank deep draughts of love, or vanity. The lady at length recovered to a sense of her situation, and was profuse of acknowledgments to her youthful deliverer, whom her two maids, Marion and Christine, pointed out as such by their voluble and rapturous expressions of gratitude. *They* were not of sufficient rank to be entitled to faint away; but, as all attendant damsels ought, they went into very becoming hysterics, and clung round Narenor's neck, half crying, half laughing, and kissing him, but of course they did not know what they were about. Their mistress chid them very properly into a more decorous composure, and withdrew herself in rather a stately manner from the supporting arm of Narenor, saying—"The Countess of Ermengarde will be most happy to receive her deliverer within the walls of her own castle, until she can reward him, not according to the extent of his services, nor of her gratitude, but as far as lies in her poor power;"—a speech which Narenor interpreted in the most flattering manner, and intoxicated with hope and self-applause, he took the offered seat in the countess's superb carriage.

"Tramp, tramp, across the land they ride,

"Splash, splash across—"

not the sea, but whatever splashy places they chanced to meet with, until they arrived at a magnificent castle, with every appendage of ancient and feudal splendour. The retainers of the Countess thronged around her preserver with grateful acclamations, and amidst universal applause Narenor

was conducted to a gorgeous apartment, where lordly apparel was provided for him, and every luxury that could delight his proud heart. He seemed now to have nearly reached the summit of his wishes. A young and beautiful female, interested in his fate, and loading him with favours—it was but one more step—alas, how often is that *one more step*, one step too far! Day succeeded day, and Narenor was still immersed in a succession of pleasures, almost too bright for reality, and yet much too vivid for a dream. There were tournaments, and feasts, and dances in the lofty hall, in joy of the Countess's happy escape from her late peril, and of course he who rescued her from that peril was in the very central group of the pageantry. What heart could withstand it? His name was harped with hers by the minstrel at the banquet—her hand crowned him with flowers, amid the gay assembly—her hand had clasped around his neck a gold chain worth a dukedom—and had not her eye told tales? So Narenor thought. He trembled—he doubted—he almost quite believed. He now only sought for a favourable opportunity to declare his passion. Love had levelled all distinctions in *his* eyes. Would it not in hers? It was a lovely evening, when he was fortunate enough to meet with the Countess alone, in a bower of roses, and myrtles, leaning on her harp in pensive meditation, and occasionally touching the strings with half-unconscious fingers. He fell at her feet. He ventured to interpret in his favour the soft abstraction in which he had found her. He urged his love with all a lover's ardour. She was silent. He grew more eloquent, when just as he thought that her unclosing lips would bless him with the confession of a mutual passion, her words found their way in accents of scorn and indignation. "Wretch," she exclaimed, (while any thing but Love's tender fires darted from her eyes,) "can you have the boldness, the arrogance, the presumption, to talk to me of love? Was it not sufficient honour to rescue a Countess of the house of Ermengarde from a fate which, dreadful as it was, would have been far preferable to an alliance with a peasant like thee? Poor man! I pity you! (and she laughed insultingly) the splendour with which you have lately been surrounded has overthrown your reason! You! a creature, whom I took into my house out of charity! You, to whom, in the bounty of my heart, I purposed to espouse my favourite domestic, Marion! Go, and breathe forth your love-tales in *her* ear! I will do you the honour of being present at your nuptials." The proud soul of Narenor swelled even to bursting during this insulting speech, which he was about to return with one of equal bitterness—but scarcely had he begun, "W-

man, I despise thee!" when the Countess shrieked violently, and pressed both her hands before her eyes, as if to shut out some loathsome and terrific object, while alarm seemed to deprive her of the power of flight. Narenor looked around for the cause of this sudden emotion, and perceiving nothing remarkable, hastened to support the Countess, who again uttered a piercing shriek, saying, "Vile sorcerer, touch me not!" While she continued to call for help, Narenor became conscious that, (as the hermit had forewarned him,) his anger had caused him to return to his original deformity. He now felt that not a moment was to be lost in flying from the rage of the Countess, and withdrew precipitately from the harbour. He had scarcely passed the precincts of the castle, when he heard an uproar within its walls, which convinced him that he should soon be pursued, and perhaps dragged to a summary death. He contrived, however, to bury himself in the forest, on the skirts of which the castle stood; and, after hearing all day the shouts of his pursuers, and even the rustling of the boughs, as they passed close to the place of his concealment, he reached in the course of the night his own solitary cottage, and flung himself, exhausted with mental, no less than bodily weariness, on his bed.

Narenor was, for some days, in a state of such complete discouragement and confusion of mind, that he thought not of the Elixir of Beauty, and was indeed utterly unconscious whether his soul's outer raiment was the most unsightly, or the most comely, among the sons of men. As, however, he began to recover his tranquillity, and to become sensible to outward forms and objects, his former disgust of his natural deformity recurred by degrees, and at length (with the observation that he might as well, in passing the large magic mirror, behold a pleasing as a terrific object) he made a new application of the beautifying Elixir. But of what use, sighed he, is the perfection of these features, or the gracefulness of this form, without the great talisman of human life—riches. Fool that I was to imagine that poverty, in whatever guise, could be any thing but scorned. Oh, that I had the golden key, which alone can unlock all the treasures of happiness. Wealth can render even deformity endurable—but with personal endowments, such as mine, it could not fail of being irresistible. From this moment Narenor searched the volumes of the old anchorite with a new aim. He panted to discover that chemical secret, which should turn all it touched into gold. Again his laboratory was the scene of occupation; again his crucibles sent up the smoke, which alarmed the lonely traveller of the forest with fancied shapes and shadowy resemblances. Nor

did he fail to invoke the former inhabitant of the cottage, who had shewn so much superhuman power in granting his first request. His adjurations were heard. One night, after the most intense labours, just as his hopes were raised to their highest, the crucible, in which his precious materials were contained, burst asunder—but, almost ere he could vent his anger and disappointment, the form of the old man rose from amidst the encircling vapours. “Still,” he said, “O Narenor, you require to have your wishes granted, to learn their fallacy. I am permitted to teach you the humbling lesson. Behold the stone, whose wondrous touch converts the baser metals into gold and silver. But there is a condition annexed to the precious gift. Whenever you shall make a wrong or dishonourable use of the money, which you obtain from its talismanic touch, that money shall return to the substance of its original metal.”—“Bountiful Spirit,” replied Narenor, “I accept your gift with rapture, secure that nothing base or dishonourable exists in the heart of Narenor.” The shadowy form vanished with a smile of indefinable, yet peculiar, meaning, while Narenor hastened to make trial of the virtues of the talisman. They were in every respect answerable to his wishes. Once more he left his humble home, full of hope, joy, and confidence; at first, in disguise, lest he should meet any of the Countess of Ermengarde’s household—but at length throwing aside the poverty of his appearance, and having purchased an equipage befitting the heir of unbounded wealth, he entered the city of Cronstadt in princely pomp and splendour. Established in a magnificent house, or rather palace, with trains of servants, he drew universal attention, and nothing but the rich stranger was talked of, from the parlour to the kitchen, throughout the buzzing city. But the grand object of inquiry was, “Does his birth answer to his apparent nobility of pretension?”—for the inhabitants of Cronstadt were (in those days at least) as nice as the Ap-Shenkins in their pride of pedigree, and many of them could trace their origin as high as the Pre-Adamite Sultans. The old married ladies all said, without exception, “I must find out *who* he is, before I think of him for *my* daughter;” and the old unmarried ladies made the same wise determination on their own account. Dreadful would it have been to have tainted the blood, which had flowed unsullied from the Preadamites, with any ignoble mixture. There was one celebrated beauty, Lady Leonora Von Edelstein, to whom Narenor had been so fortunate as to render a trifling service, (her coach had been overturned, and he had conveyed her home in his own in a state of very pretty alarm,) who was determined to fathom

the mystery. She swore by her white arm and arched eyebrow, that she would dive into his genealogy, "and then," she said with a blush to her fair confidante, "Lady Wilhelmina, if I find him worthy, he shall not find *me* ungrateful." In the mean time Narenor moved in the first circles, for the human heart is not proof against an imposing appearance. All eyes were upon him, and Lady Leonora, whose pretty oath had been whispered in confidence to—on the best computation—eight hundred and sixty-three particular friends. When a young and beautiful woman is determined to make herself agreeable, what heart against which the battery is directed can withstand it? Narenor was in that season of life when, as Milton singeth,

"The young blood glows lively, and returns
Brisk as the April buds, in primrose season."

Besides, he was in search of a wife as determinately as Cœlebs. Lady Leonora saw and triumphed in her power. Already in anticipation she heard the avowal tremble on his lips—already she heard him confess himself the chief "of a long line of noble ancestors"—already she exulted in fancy over the baffled malice of her *friends*, who began to see that her heart was not altogether uninterested in the question. Narenor, on his side, perceived that the Lady Leonora did not regard him with indifference, and seized the first opportunity of ascertaining her sentiments more unequivocally by a declaration of his own. As he knelt at her feet, and ardently pleaded his passion, the graces of his person, and the gallantry of his appearance, almost effaced from Leonora's mind the recollection that a cloud hung over his origin, which it was her task to remove. "He must be noble," she thought within herself. "That mien, which seems to dignify that splendid attire—that majestic brow—he must be noble." She sighed, she looked assent—but ere she had confirmed it with her lips,

"The world, and its dread laugh
Which scarce the firm philosopher can scorn,"

rose to her remembrance. Again she sighed, but with a deeper meaning—drew back—hesitated.—Narenor interpreted this confusion as any thing but unfavourable. "Why trembles my dearest Lady Leonora?—May I—dare I hope——? One little word!" At length Lady Leonora's voice found its way from behind the screen of her fan, (that graceful emblem of the female heart, so light, so airy—and so full of folds—but, ah, how far more easily opened!) and, in becoming cadences, thus it murmured, "I am not insensible to the

honour done me by the most accomplished of men,—but”—
 “Oh crush not my budding hopes,” he exclaimed, “by that cruel monosyllable, which was only meant for the cold, calculating lips of age! Let me arrest on its very threshold the yet unuttered objection!” “Alas,” replied Lady Leonora, “would that I could yield to the dictates of my heart!—But we have a custom here, that may not be dispensed with. Each suitor must spread before the feet of his mistress the fair emblazoned roll of his armorial bearings, and the genealogical tree, whose branches must extend through centuries; and whose root must be deeply founded in years before the flood. Not that I doubt (continued the fair speaker in softer tones) of your being able to display a long line of noble ancestors—but (pardon me) it has not been your pleasure yet to declare your precise rank—and—the world, in short, the cruel, malignant world cannot appreciate that tenderness of heart, which would overlook all, but the merit of its object. (Here Lady Leonora glanced furtively from behind her fan.) But, good Heaven! you are pale—you are ill!” “A sudden dizziness; (Narenor with difficulty replied, and with still more difficulty forcing a distorted smile). I am well—quite well now. Empress of my heart, you shall be satisfied. To-morrow, I will lay at your feet the tablet of my genealogy, and Leonora shall know that she is not solicited to unite her fate with the representative of a mean or inglorious ancestry!”

“Thus spoke he, ——— vaunting loud,
 But racked with deep despair,”

and, with a profound obeisance, left the apartment.

Now Narenor had a strong suspicion that, even in the virtuous town of Cronstadt, any thing was to be had for money; and, though he at first gave way to feelings of despondency, yet the comfortable idea soon occurred, “I may buy, though I have not a genealogy.” So he hastened to the herald’s office, and begged to speak with Peter Breslau, “Garter King at Arms” of that city. Mynheer Peter was a little “round, fat, oily man,” with a visage as plump, and as red, as a crimson cushion; and a cushion it was, whereon care had never sate long or heavily enough to leave one crease, or wrinkle. Whenever he spoke, he smiled placidly, deranging not the smooth expansion of his cheeks, with a good-humoured twinkle of the eye, and a courteous wave of the hands, which seemed to imply the utmost readiness to oblige. And now he stood before Narenor seemingly prepared to acquiesce in the most impossible request that could be made him. At length, finding that Narenor spoke not, he said, with alacrity, “If your

Lordship will be pleased to step this way, I will shew your Lordship a most beautiful piece of blazonry; Argent on a cross sable, five estoiles Or; between four lions rampant, regardant gules vulned in the shoulder, with a beveled spear azure. Perhaps your Lordship would be so condescending as to give me an order to have your Lordship's arms executed in a similar manner." Narenor followed his little bustling guide into an inner apartment, and there informed the astonished Peter that he did not merely require his coat of arms to be emblazoned, but invented, Peter was somewhat staggered; he certainly had heretofore given scope to fancy in tracing the ramifications of an heraldic tree; but to cause one to sprout forth, branch upward, bud and blossom, from a merely imaginary root, seemed almost beyond the powers of even his creative genius. He put his hand to his forehead, where, for the first time, a wrinkle made its appearance, and mused awhile in unwonted perplexity—but soon a returning ray of joy serenened his countenance; he flew to an old iron chest in a corner of the room, and drew forth from its dusty depth a piece of parchment of the most satisfactory length, and duly adorned with seals and blazonries. "Is not your Lordship of the family of De Senliz! (he exclaimed.) That noble family has been indeed thought for many years to be extinct—but the cast of your countenance—all declares that it revives in you." "Oh, certainly! (replied Narenor,) and for so happy a discovery allow me to present you with this purse of gold. Complete the genealogy, for I am in haste, and concentre all the beams of its glory in the person of Narenor, Baron De Senliz."

With this irresistible addition to his merits, the newly-created Baron waited upon the illustrious Lady Leonora. "How vexed the spiteful creatures will be; (she thought to herself,) poor Adeline will die of mortification. She, who smiled yesterday so bitterly with anticipated triumph!" Then, with the sweetest expression of countenance, she gave Narenor to understand that she was all his own; listened with an air of the most engaging modesty to his rapturous expressions of gratitude; and, after a good deal of very pretty and proper reluctance, allowed him to reduce the ante-nuptial period—from a year—to six months—to three months—to one month—to a fortnight—a week—a day; and finally (as there was no good reason to the contrary) it was settled that the marriage should take place on the following morning. ("Dear me!" methinks I hear a gentle voice exclaim, "There was not time for Lady Leonora to have her lace night-cap made," "My dear girl, remember that Narenor

wielded the magic wand of wealth; and he had only to wave it to make the sky rain lace night-caps.”)

Fair dawned the sun on the nuptial morning, and shone brightly on the gay and busy streets of Cronstadt. The news of the wedding had spread like wild-fire—after Lady Leonora had communicated the intelligence to her dear friend, Lady Wilhelmina. Bells were ringing, garlands waving, tapestry was hung from the windows, and white ribbon displayed in the utmost profusion. Narenor had bought the acclamations of the mob by setting a river of wine afloat over the town, and giving orders that a few score of oxen should be roasted whole; so the air rang with shouts, and all were rushing, and scrambling to get a peep at the bonny bride, and munificent bridegroom. Lady Leonora was dressed in a robe of white satin, girdled with one broad cincture of oriental pearls. Her dark locks were confined by a wreath of artificial orange-blossoms, also wrought in pearl, and nestling among leaves of emerald. Already had the procession begun to wind along the flower-strewn streets;—when suddenly murmurs arose from a distant quarter of the crowd, and, like gathering thunder, rolling nearer and nearer, at length burst in audible sentences around the very chariot of the hymeneal pair. “He is an impostor—a swindler—a thief! Seize on him. Drag him to justice.” In vain the postillions brandished their whips—in vain Narenor raved against the unaccountable delay. The horses’ heads were seized, and the doors of the chariot forced open, by the enraged populace. Narenor soon perceived that the zeal of the mob was any thing but complimentary, and hastened to throw handfuls of money among them, as the huntsman tosses pieces of flesh to the hungry open-mouthed pack, which seem ready to devour him. But for once the universal panacea failed of its effect. “It is all forged! (they cried.) We will have none of it!” Entering at this critical juncture (as I once heard a schoolmaster say, who happened to pay me a visit while I was at *tea*) upon the scene, appeared an official band, armed with batons of authority, who made their way through the yielding mob, and politely—though in a manner that there was no resisting—requested Narenor to give them the honour of his company. “There is some mistake! There *must* be some mistake!” sobbed Lady Leonora between the pauses of her hysterical screams. “No, my Lady, there is no mistake! We are sure of our man, (replied the head of the police.) Come, Baron—or—Sir. I am really very sorry to separate you from this Lady—but she may thank me one of these days.”

Along those streets through which he had just passed in

triumph, followed by the blessings and admiring acclamations of the crowd, was Narenor now led in infamy, pursued by the curses and taunts of the fickle populace—many of whom were asking of one another the offence of their *ci-devant* idol. The place of destination was (as the reader may have supposed) a court of justice, where Narenor was somewhat surprised to find himself confronted with his little fat friend, Peter Breslau. “So Mynheer Breslau, (said the worshipful the Judge) you are ready to swear that you received this counterfeit money from the prisoner at the bar.”—“Yes, your Worship.”—“For what service on your part did you receive the money?”—“For drawing up a genealogy, please your Worship.” “And the prisoner assured you that he was of the noble family of De Senliz?” “Undoubtedly, my Lord—your Worship!” “A most fraudulent fellow, indeed! (exclaimed the serene Judge.) And, pray, did any one *see* his Baronship give you the purse?” “My son, here!” (replied Peter, pushing forward a little Peter, “the soften’d image of his fussy sire.”)—“My good lad, (said the Judge) can you swear that you saw that gentleman, or person, at the bar, give this money to your father?” “Yes, (replied the young Peter, manfully,) I’ll swear I did!” “A clear case, indeed! (pursued the learned Judge.) And pray, Mr. Baron, what have you to say in your defence?” “Nothing!” (exclaimed Narenor, proudly and indignantly) “Nothing!” “That’s good!—And pray, have you any reason to give why the law should not pronounce, and execute her just sentence upon you?”—“None! (cried Narenor, still more impatiently.) But if I am to be hanged—at least string up that Peter Breslau, by the side of me; for a greater knave never existed.” “Hold your profane tongue, wretch! (replied the very reverend the Judge.) Dare not to asperse an honest citizen of this honourable town, who is above reproach. Your doom is fixed!—Officers, carry him away! See that he is safely lodged in the Blue Tower, for to-night. To-morrow, the law pronounces, that he be hanged by his neck, like a common malefactor!”

Left alone, in chains, and in a solitary dungeon, Narenor gave way to all the bitterness of despair. The cup of happiness had been dashed from his lips at the very moment when he was about to quaff it mantling to the brim. He cursed his destiny, himself, the old man, and his fatal gift, of which the dishonourable use that he had been tempted to make had reduced him to his present situation. He now, too late, remembered the words of the old sage of the forest, who had warned

him that whenever he should employ to base purposes the transmuted gold, it should return to its original metal. "Fool that I was (he exclaimed, as he clanked his heavy fetters along the dully-echoing cell.) Oh, that I had been content with my native deformity and obscurity! And thou, vile old man!—why didst thou pamper my diseased appetites?—Oh that thou wert less of a shade, and that I had thee here to tear thee limb from limb!" "Narenor! you are unjust! (said the sage, who at that moment appeared) I gave you fair warning! Remember that it was only in compliance with your own earnest wish that I bestowed on you those wondrous endowments, of which you have made so bad a use. However, for once the conditions attached to my gifts will be of use to you. The fit of rage in which you have just indulged has caused your person to resume its natural conformation, and when the guards appear with to-morrow's dawn, to lead you forth to execution, they will take you for another; only be careful not to speak, nor even to seem to understand what is spoken; imitate the gestures and behaviour of one born deaf and dumb, and assume the unconscious gaze of harmless idiotcy. To-morrow, long ere this hour you will be free. Farewell! Though you are so much out of humour with me at present, I think that it will not be long ere you again require my services." "Never, never!" exclaimed Narenor, as the old man vanished into the depths of the dungeon's darkness! "Welcome this mis-shapen form, the mask of security—the herald of unambitious tranquillity! Welcome, my native poverty—the only true state of happiness!—the only part on the great theatre of life which is not all delusion and bitter mockery!"

END OF PART FIRST.

[To be concluded in the next Number.]

THE BROAD STONE OF HONOUR*.

THIS is in all respects an extraordinary work ; in matter, manner, and purpose, strongly contrasted with the generality of modern publications. Its object is to delineate at full the character of a gentleman, or man of honour, as it was understood in the ages to which it owes its origin, and as it has been defined by the best authorities ; to obviate the prevailing objections against the chivalrous system ; and by precepts, statements, and examples adapted to the purpose, to re-animate, as far as lies in the author, the almost extinct spirit of ancient chivalry. The opinions, again, which are here maintained on a great variety of subjects, are such as, though not altogether obsolete, are held by very few at this day to the extent they are here promulgated. Nor is the manner in which these doctrines are enforced less alien to modern ideas. There is no air of method, no laborious chains of reasoning, no sarcasm, no rhetorical paragraphs, or brilliant sentences ; none of those passages which the critic finds so convenient for quotation ; but which, when detached from the main work, are calculated to mislead the reader as to its general character. In place of these we have earnest and impassioned exhortations, simple enunciations of truth, appeals to authority, dogmatical assertions of general maxims, resting for their truth on an appeal to the heart and moral sense of the reader, and backed by an infinity of quotations from writers of all descriptions, many of which must at first sight appear equally novel in themselves and in their application. Finally, the style, in this age of exaggeration, is plain, unassuming, and even careless, so as to appear occasionally deficient in common connexion ; and the language is interwoven with obsolete words and phrases, so as to give a partially antique cast to the whole composition.

From the above description it may appear at first sight that the author is not entitled to any higher designation than that of a well-meaning, though somewhat wrong-headed, humorist—such as are to be found in all ages and situations, and whose eccentricities are calculated rather to gratify curiosity, than to awaken any more enduring kind of interest ; and that his book deserves notice, if at all, only as a phenomenon—a singular anomaly in modern literature—an embodied anachronism. Such an impression, however, would be far indeed from the

* *The Broad Stone of Honour ; or, Rules for the Gentlemen of England.* 2d. Edit. Rivington.

truth. Decision and self-consistence, in whatever cause, will command attention. There is something so congenial to the human mind in the assured possession of truth, that even the appearance of it in others excites interest, be the opinions what they may ; and he who speaks from a deep and full conviction, necessarily possesses a hold on the sympathies of his hearers, even in cases where the obnoxious nature of the communication renders this exertion of sympathy painful and revolting. Nor are the doctrines here delivered at all so extravagant and indefensible as the words may seem to imply. Chivalry, with the author, is not a thing of time, place, class, or circumstance, though it is affected in some degree or other by all these ; but one to which all may attain, and in which all are therefore interested. His idea of a gentleman, moreover, includes much more than is meant by the popular acceptation of that term. It is not, as the author of *Table-Talk*, with his usual mixture of acuteness and prejudice, of striking truth and wilful error, has defined it, a compound of certain vices and certain (so called) virtues, overlaid with a peculiar undefinable manner, forming a character of imperfect symmetry, founded upon no stable principles of reason, and originating in a certain state of society ; still less is he inclined to accede to the degrading definition of Paley : with him it is a perfect whole, comprehending in it all the various elements of excellence—all that is just in conduct, pleasing in manner, graceful in sentiment, or sublime in principle. Assuming the innate sense of honour for his basis, he deduces from thence a scheme of heart and conduct conformable in all points to its origin ; this he presents to us as the theory of honour, such as it was professed, and to a great extent acted upon, in the ages of chivalry ; and this he contrasts with the very opposite models laid down by those later moralists, upon whose dogmas the faith and manners of the modern world are either wholly or in part founded. A subject of such importance, touching the very springs of our duties, our feelings and our enjoyments, cannot be other than interesting, if treated with tolerable ability. The work before us is recommended likewise by its tone of morality, which is high and uncompromising, yet far removed from stoicism or vulgar prudery ; for the united copiousness and beauty of its quotations, in which it has no rival among modern publications ; for its sublime and pathetic incidents, and its living pictures of ancient manners. But its principal, or at least its distinguishing charm, is the view which it affords us of the author's own mind. It would be difficult to point out a work bearing so deeply the impress of benevolence and singleness of heart ; a work undertaken from motives so pure, so free from ambition, interest, vanity, or

the spirit of partisanship. It is indeed a striking example of the importance of being fully possessed by a great purpose. He is far from insensible to the ridicule with which opinions like his are accustomed to be received by the world in general ; he is fully awake to it, and yet it never shakes the tranquillity of his persuasion, or induces him to suppress or soften any the smallest article in his system. He has thus achieved the most difficult of all triumphs ; a triumph which the consciousness of a good cause is not sufficient to effect, unless when united with a deep and earnest zeal for its promotion. Nor is he less proof against the influence of talent, and the fascination of a name, when opposed to his own ideas of right ; and there is something even sublime in the contempt with which he regards mere intellect, even though indefinitely superior to his own, when dissociated from honour and religion. The same fixedness of purpose is visible throughout. Solicitous only about grand principles,—anxious for the sympathy of the reader, and not for a triumph over his understanding,—he is at no pains to establish unimportant points, or obviate petty inconsistencies. No one was ever less a stickler for minutiae ; no one was ever more averse to the controversial spirit, or more free from cant, pettiness, and egotism of all kinds. He is too full of his subject to think of himself. In this latter respect he stands remarkably contrasted with another writer, among the first of his age in point of intellect, if not the very first ; and the scope of whose writings is in some important respects the same, whose perpetual hesitations, qualifications, fears of giving offence, deprecations of calumny, and complaints of personal neglect, together with the eagerness with which he stoops to pick up every scrap of praise from writers far inferior to himself, harmonize but ill with the grandeur of his philosophy, the generosity of his sentiments, the magnificence of his conceptions, and the life-breathing beauty of his illustrations.

The above eulogy may perhaps appear a little exaggerated, owing to the difficulty which writers sometimes experience of expressing their whole meaning, without expressing more than they mean. Nor do we deny that our praise is subject to some considerable deductions, of which this is not the time to speak, as we are not now giving a character of the performance, but our reasons for considering it worthy of comment in a work necessarily so select in its choice of subjects for critical notice. For criticism, indeed, in the ordinary sense of the term, it is not well adapted. It speaks too much to the heart, and too little to the head ; it contains too few of those things on which criticism loves to expatiate, and of

those things with which the critic can sympathize; for, after all, the works on which a mere modern reviewer dwells with most complacency are perhaps those which indicate somewhat of a critical turn in the authors. Nor is it in the spirit of ordinary literary censors that we would approach this volume. It is difficult to assume, towards such a writer, the conventional forms and factitious style of a modern review. Such an assumption implies, or at least suggests, the idea of a temporary superiority over those towards whom we employ them. Our feelings, we are free to confess, are of a very different nature: we look to the present author rather as one to whom we ourselves owe deference, and from whom we are to learn; from whom if we differ it should be with unfeigned diffidence; and to whom the expression of a modern writer respecting Archbishop Leighton singularly applies—the most formidable of all disputants, on account of his piety. It is not our intention to enter into a formal discussion of any of the subjects here presented to us; our deficiency in the requisite information, the unfixed state of our own opinions (if a critic may be allowed to confess either doubt or ignorance on any subject) and the tenour of our predilections which, however such an avowal may startle the reader of the above pages, run for the most part in a current directly opposite to those of the author, would incapacitate us for such a task. We profess merely to give a general account of the work, with a brief abstract of its leading contents; and if, in the course of such an analysis, we should occasionally find it difficult to refrain from saying a word or two ourselves on the subject in discussion, we wish the reader to receive it for what it is meant, a transcript of the immediate impression made upon a mind not particularly profound, not particularly unprejudiced, by the perusal of the passages in question, and which he may take or leave as he sees fit.

To the circumstances of the author's birth and education, and the tenour of his early reading, as gathered from the work before us—to these causes, operating upon a disposition particularly adapted to receive the impression, we are disposed to attribute, if not his opinions, at least the peculiar tone of those opinions. Living, however, in an age when every thing is made matter of debate, and when no one can be allowed to enjoy his prejudices in quiet—an age in which the opinions above alluded to, more especially, are matter of scepticism, if not of positive disbelief and ridicule, to the greater part of mankind—it is natural that he should have been led, in self-defence, to investigate more maturely the grounds of his own belief. The result of such an investigation, conducted with all

the aids which a learned education, and a thorough knowledge of European antiquity, could supply to him, has been a full persuasion of the truth of two important facts ; first, that the faith, as well as the morals, of the middle ages have been the subject of the most flagrant misrepresentation by modern writers ; and secondly, that the system from which this faith and morals originated, considered in its essentials, is the only one conformable to true philosophy and genuine Christianity ; and that it is to the deviation from this standard that the degeneracy, in principle and practice, of later times is to be attributed. This conviction of the superior purity of ancient loyalty and religion was naturally accompanied with a desire to vindicate them from the aspersions of their modern calumniators ; and with this view, but above all, with the purpose of supplying a manual of instruction and example for the use of those who, from their station, were more especially called upon to practise these virtues, the "*Broad Stone of Honour**" was composed. A short previous statement of the author's theory on these much disputed subjects, will be indispensable towards a clear view of its contents.

We ought to premise, that the whole doctrine is founded upon that system of philosophy which maintains the existence of certain innate ideas of right and wrong within the human soul ; and which accordingly measures the rectitude of actions, in the first instance, not by their supposed expediency, but by their conformity to the law within, and to the dictates of conscience, enforcing submission to that law. We think it necessary to observe this, as it pervades his whole argument, and as it is productive of important practical differences. Proceeding, then, upon this foundation, the chivalrous character may be defined as the perfection of the rule of right, consisting in an undeviating obedience to the voice of honour or natural duty within, having the love of God for its origin, and producing as its fruits singleness of heart, self-abandonment, generosity, adherence to principle, benevolence, courtesy, a reverence for things sacred, and a devoted allegiance to lawful authorities. Such a disposition can only exist in its perfection under the influence of Christianity ; but a certain imperfect resemblance of it, or approach to it, may exist, and has existed in many instances, independent of positive religion, through the operation of favourable circumstances on a well-constituted mind. This natural honour (if it may so be called) is more especially visible in men of high rank ; in proof of which

* So called from the celebrated fortress on the Rhine, where no coward or traitor is said to have ever set his foot.

position the author appeals to the evidence of fact, to the acknowledged influence of birth and education, to the almost universal consent of nations, and to the opinions of the wisest men of all ages. This, however, is by no means necessarily the case : a man of rank may possess the disposition of a churl, and a peasant that of a gentleman ; and even where this disposition does not naturally exist, it may be implanted in the soul by the transforming power of religion, which alone is able to purify it, to render it consistent with itself, to fix it upon stable principles, and to direct it to its proper purposes. Thus all are eligible to the order, there being no distinction of ranks in this respect : “un gentilhomme n'est pas plus gentilhomme qu'un autre,” in reference to which our author quotes the memorable reply of a king of France, to a person who had requested to be made a gentleman, “I can make you a lord, but God alone can make you a gentleman.” “Who-e'er is wise and virtuous is a Roman ;” all who, in thought, word, and deed, conform to the law of chivalry, are essentially and *ipso facto* gentlemen, thus forming, as it were, an *invisible church*, altogether distinct from the body of persons who are styled in popular parlance gentlemen. Such (passing over his account of it as a temporal institution, which appears to us to be involved in some difficulty, at least in its relation to the former part of the subject,) is our author's theory of chivalry. We have only to add, that as its principles were best understood and practised in the ages nearest to those in which it originated, so it is in these ages that we are to seek for its best and most perfect examples ; from whence likewise a collateral deduction may be drawn in favour of the institutions, manners, and prevailing opinions of those ages, as compared with our own.

It will be obvious that the advocate of the above principles has to contend with an array of various, and even opposing, prejudices. Old opinions have been superseded by new ones, and new meanings have been affixed to old names. The component parts of the ancient system have been divided, and mixed with other matter. Chivalry and religion, which were inseparable in the ideas of our ancestors, have ceased to be so in ours. With us, a person may be of any faith, or none, without in the least forfeiting the title of a man of honour ; while, on the other hand, the piety of a large proportion of what is called the religious public is confessedly coupled with an indifference, in some cases a positive hostility, to the institutions of the country, as well civil as ecclesiastical. The very name of gentleman, though it has not altogether lost its *esoteric* meaning, has become in common acceptation, as Field-

ing says of *critic*, "like *homo*, an appellation common to the whole human race;" so that it is as difficult to determine who is, and who is not, entitled to the denomination, as to adjust the most perplexed question of official or family precedence. It has become little better than a common title of courtesy, under which every covert meanness, every petty act of ill-disguised sense, every thing, in short, which does not openly and offensively militate against the plainest principles of honour, may pass muster unchallenged. We must of course be understood with large qualifications; but that such an abuse of terms is far too prevalent, every one's experience will bear us witness. In the matter of loyalty, again, our author stands nearly alone. There is as much difference between him and a mere modern Tory, as between Milton and a mere modern radical. The name of loyalist, with a great part of those who profess it, is a mere party distinction; others have a certain vague notion that there is such a thing as loyalty, though what it is they cannot tell; they have been taught, and they believe, that they ought to be loyal; and they are angry in the same proportion as they are puzzled, with the arguments of those who would persuade them that it is a mere phantom of their imagination. To this must be added, in many cases, a motive which sometimes influences the belief, and at others overpowers its misgivings—that of interest. Hence whatever tends to support this shadow, this mere name of loyalty, however repugnant to the principles and feelings anciently associated with that name, is considered as sanctified by the end. With the calculating politicians, who prefer national interest to national honour—with those who advocate the necessity of corruption and dishonesty for the maintenance of institutions, of which honour was formerly considered as the life and soul—the patrons of coarse, indiscriminate, and merciless scurrility, in the cause of things established—the vulgar revilers, or slavish worshippers of royalty, as it suits their purpose—our author has nothing in common. His attachment is to the King as such, not to the individual or his ministers; to the Church, not to the church establishment. His obedience is the obedience of duty and affection, not of interest. Our reverence for our ancestors, too, has diminished; the virtues of the chivalrous age, more especially, are considered as in a great measure imaginary, and as subjects only for poetry or romance; and our philosophy has suffered a material change. The elevated tenets of Plato, in which our author has found so much that accords with his own system, are now almost universally exploded. The doctrine of utility is now the prevalent one, and the

change thereby effected in men's habits of thinking and acting necessarily renders it difficult for them to sympathize with a generation formed on so very different a model. Making all reasonable allowance for error or exaggeration in the above statement, and taking into account also the countervailing influences, which are neither few nor inconsiderable, still it must be allowed that such a state of things places great difficulties in the way of him who would revive the tone and spirit of times long gone by, and cast the present age anew in the mould of that to which it bears so little resemblance. Of this, indeed, the writer before us is perfectly aware; and he has endeavoured to obviate it by every variety of argument of which the subject is susceptible; by philosophical reasoning; by appeals to the better feelings; by opposing authority to authority,—the recorded sentiments of the wise and good in past ages to opinions which derive their influence from the currency of contemporary reputation; by inferences drawn from principles common to him with his readers, and in which all who believe in the existence of virtue must coincide with him; by the powerful incitement of example; by copious and most interesting citations from original authors, illustrative of the real manners of the age which they describe; by a counter exhibition of the practical effects of an opposite system; and by an exposure of the wilful omissions and misrepresentations of writers adverse to the chivalrous character. We have before disclaimed the intention of passing any decided judgment on the subjects in dispute; thus much, however, we may be allowed to say (and we think all readers, not violently prejudiced, will agree with us in our opinion,) that however he may have failed in proving his favourite characters to have been such, in all respects, as he represents them, he has succeeded in proving that they were not such as they are described by most modern writers; that the great and worthy deeds attributed to them were not pure fiction; that their religion was not a mere mixture of superstition and fanaticism; and that, however irrational, or however mixed their motives may have been, they were of a different stamp from those attributed to them by the assertors of universal selfishness*. It must be owned,

* Among the authorities by which this is established, we are not inclined to reckon the extracts from the old romances, in which our author so largely indulged. Poetry is essentially lofty; its concern is with things better and nobler than those of the actual world; and it would desert its province were it to confine itself to a mere portrait of living manners. The design of the romance writer is to embody his own ideas of excellence in his fiction, and therefore no fair inference can be drawn from it as to the manners of the writer's own age.

however, that the force of the evidence will be in a great degree commensurate with the moral state of the reader himself, and his consequent capability of comprehending the virtue of others. Nothing is so strongly deprecated by the writer before us as the spirit of moral scepticism, and its never-failing attendant, the spirit of universal ridicule, "to which," as he remarks, "the most awful and sublime truths are the most exposed," and which can only be consistently founded upon a denial of all truth and all virtue,—a spirit which, though kept in check by opposite and, we think, more powerful influences, has, under the patronage of some popular writers, spread itself like a canker through a great part of our national literature. Nothing is so contrary to the chivalrous spirit as this tone of indiscriminate sarcasm; and where it does not originate (as is sometimes the case) in a hastily formed estimate of mankind,—the result of personal disappointment and wounded feelings, which find their natural vent in bitter levity,—nothing can be so disgusting. Angry invective, even when levelled against a cause which we love and venerate, is endurable, inasmuch as it implies a feeling belief in the existence of something true and excellent; hypocrisy itself appears an indirect acknowledgment of the reality of what it imitates; but in this heartless sarcasm* there is nothing on which our sympathies can lay hold, nothing on which we can found hope, nothing which indicates, either expressly or by implication, a perception in the mind of another of those truths which are *our* life and consolation. Yet it is rather as a symptom than as a cause of evil that we consider it deserving of such abhorrence. The belief in truth and goodness, natural to the human soul, is too deeply founded to be easily shaken. To sympathize with such sentiments, the heart must be already greatly corrupted, and there is no alternative in this case between sympathy and positive loathing. To those who have mistaken party spirit, a love of applause, or an excited imagination, for enthusiasm in the cause of virtue, it may even be of service, by rending aside the veil of self-deception; by exhibiting to them a picture of their own high-wrought fancies, in conjunction with the practical meannesses by which mere speculative zeal for truth is so often accompanied; and by the self-contempt and disgust naturally ensuing, wean them from their factitious supports, and compel them to seek in solid principle the only true foundation for virtue.

* Coleridge defines it very happily as "the stale trick of combining the ridiculous with the venerable, where he who does not laugh abhors."

To what we have before said of our author's peculiar predilections, we ought in candour to add, that we consider them as carried, in many instances, beyond the bounds of reason and good judgment. We have already said that we coincide with him to a certain extent; nor is it our intention to dispute the justice of his general estimate,—this forms no part of our plan: we only mean to say, that however accurate that estimate may be, it is not formed with perfect impartiality. Throughout the work there appears an exclusive attachment to one set of objects, an invincible prejudice, and a deficiency of discrimination, arising not from a rancorous or an intemperate spirit, but from the strength of his affections and the comparative weakness of his judgment. Devoted to what he esteems the noblest of causes, he cannot regard with indifference that which appears to be hostile to it; and it often happens that he mistakes apparent hostility for real. Whatever is good, or excellent, or beautiful, must be included within the pale of chivalry. He confounds the accidental parts of the system with its essentials, and takes it for granted that the enemies of ancient institutions are also the enemies of ancient principles. We do not blame him for this; we only regret it as in some degree detracting from the value of his work. To expect that perfect benevolence and singleness of intention should be in any one instance united with perfect impartiality, is to expect impossibilities; nor would a greater enlargement of views be desirable, if it must be purchased by the sacrifice of ingenuousness. His intolerance, if such it may be called, is of the head, not of the heart; and as such is incomparably preferable to the false liberality of those who advocate universal toleration with the spirit of persecutors. Still it is matter of regret that any thing should be contained in a book like the present, to which all good men cannot cheerfully subscribe; or that any one should be shut out from the circle of the author's sympathies, who deserves to be included within it. We may be wrong; we may mistake strictness of principle for narrowness and undue rigour; but such we must confess to have been the impression left upon us by the passages alluded to, to some of which we shall have occasion to advert.

We have already alluded to the manner in which this work is executed. It bears much more resemblance to the writings of the Burtons, and Hakewills, and Sir Thomas Browns of old, than to any modern performance; being, like them, slight in its arrangement, treating every division of the subject in detail, dealing much in pithy moral exhortations, and supporting each position with an infinity of authorities from every possible quarter,—from Homer and the Greek tragedians, from

Plato and Aristotle, from Cicero and Seneca, from the ancient and modern historians, from the old romances and chronicles, from the French memorialists, from the great philosophers and divines of the seventeenth century, and from the historians and antiquaries of later days. There is no affectation in all this. A quotation with him is as truly the expression of his own sentiments, as original words would be ; it is a living and component part of the text, not a dead weight upon it ; it is obvious that he quotes the passage as expressing his own thoughts better than he could express them himself, and hence many things which would be common-place any where else, have no such appearance here. He writes, indeed, like one who has not been much in the habit of embodying his ideas in writing ; there is much of the brokenness of conversation in his style, and he sometimes deviates into modern circumlocution ; but it is plain and unaffected, and suited to his purpose. His archaisms are the natural result of a familiarity with the old writers. He has lived among them till he has caught their language. The charm of unity pervades the whole work ; and the simplicity and energy of the manner, the highly impassioned tone of exhortation, the romantic beauty of the sentiments, and the grand and affecting episodes with which it is interspersed, conspire to produce an effect something like that of very fine poetry. We could almost fancy it a didactic poem of some obsolete and anomalous kind, newly recovered from the oblivion of ages, full of the sayings of the wise and the deeds of the valiant of old days.

Having detained the reader so long with our preliminary remarks, we shall endeavour to be proportionably concise in our analysis of the work itself. It is ushered in by a copious and discursive introduction, embracing a variety of matter connected with the main subject. After explaining the motives which led to the present undertaking, the author's own opportunities, and the urgent call for such a manual, he proceeds to vindicate the propriety of allusions to classical times in a work like the present, on which he observes very justly that there is no one quality essential to chivalry (those only excepted which are properly the results of Christianity,) which may not be found inculcated in some part or other of the Greek and Roman writings, and of which examples may not be adduced from ancient history, a fact of which his book contains ample and satisfactory evidence. He next takes occasion to obviate the charge of superstition brought against the middle ages, for their belief in supernatural communications of various kinds, a denial of which he maintains to be

both unphilosophical and unchristian ; unphilosophical, on account of the unauthorized assumptions which it renders necessary, and the disregard of historical evidence which it implies ; and unchristian, inasmuch as general disbelief on these subjects (we speak of disbelief in the abstract, and not of doubts as to particular facts) can only consist with a rejection of spiritual existence altogether. He then speaks of the authorities which he has followed in his historical delineations ; and quotes several interesting passages from the contemporary chroniclers, by way of vindicating them from the contempt with which modern historians have taught us to regard them ; adding a few words on the ancient romances, those works to which Milton, (whose early predilections are visible even in his latest works,) disdained not to acknowledge a debt both of instruction and delight. This leads him to speak of chivalry considered in its influences on the imagination ; and as the passage is among the most characteristic, we would particularly recommend it, as a specimen of his style of writing, and of the manner in which his pages are *illuminated* with quotations from the great writers of all ages and countries. He then apologizes for the religious sentiments contained in the volume ; and concludes with some very appropriate and impressive reflections, expressed in a spirit of unassuming piety, which is truly beautiful.

In the first chapter he discusses the true character of a gentleman, the origin of the order, and its dignity in former ages, as proved by the respect with which its members were universally treated ; the importance attached to it even by kings, and the solemnity of the process of deprivation ; the practical contrast between the character of the churl and that of the man of honour ; the advantages of the distinction of ranks, and its divine institution. The next Chapter is entitled, " The Religion of the Order," and is one of the most interesting of the whole, from the lofty and earnest tone of its exhortations, and from the undoubting faith and sympathetic delight with which he dwells on the tales of ancestral piety and heroism. Priests, and nobles, and crowned kings, and meek-eyed ladies, red-cross knights, and hoary palmers,

Magnanimi heroes, nati melioribus annis,

seem to pass before us like the figures in some religious procession. His chief purpose in this part is to illustrate the inseparable union of Christianity with honour, and to vindicate the genuineness of the religion of old. It is here that one of the most characteristic features of his work becomes especially apparent—a propensity to regard the Catholic religion

with the most favourable eye. This, indeed; is quite natural in such a lover of the olden time as our author. The same disposition has been observed in the generality of antiquaries; insomuch that a modern authority has given it as his judgment, that none but a Catholic can be a genuine antiquary. The spread of Catholicism on the Continent of late years appears to have been aided in a great measure by the zeal for ancient polity and institutions. And this impression, besides being the necessary result of the author's other opinions, is strengthened in his case by the utter absence of the spirit of religious party, and the Christian benevolence which leads him to believe the best in all cases, and to sink all minor differences in the grand essentials of religious unity. We recommend his manly and liberal reflections on this subject to those who have been accustomed to regard Protestantism merely as the watchword of a faction. Whether, however, his sentiments with regard to the religion in general, as distinguished from its individual professors, are likely to meet with the concurrence of the more candid and better informed Protestants, is very doubtful. We confess that, for our own part, we are not at all disposed to agree with him; his proposal, more especially, of a re-union on the ground of mutual concession, however desirable such an event might be, appears to us irreconcilable with the immutability to which the Romish Church, (with whatever justice,) lays claim; and all our information on the subject, so far as it has gone, has tended to confirm this opinion. We shall not, however, attempt any discussion of the subject, but content ourselves with noticing it as one of our author's distinguishing opinions, and as contributing in some degree to give to the work its characteristic tone. His familiarity with the Catholic divines, and with those of the English Church who approximate nearest to them in character, has imparted somewhat of a kindred tinge to his sentiments. He has imbibed from them the habit of looking at an act, not to the exclusion of the motive, but with a comparatively disproportionate degree of attention; a disposition to regulate every thing in morals by authority and positive enactment; a high, and what many would call an excessive regard to the circumstantialia of religion; and a certain inconsistency in the mode of enforcing his exhortations, now employing reason, now menaces—arguing alternately from the love of God, and from the dread of human shame—placing religion in the full and free exercise of our noblest affections, while at the same time he cramps those affections by the iron shackles of a minute and imperative inward rule—requiring of the bondsman the work of the free-

man. If both classes of motives are to be employed, at least they ought not to be employed at the same time, and to the same persons. This incongruity, however, exists in so slight a degree, as to detract very little from the merits of the work. We had intended also to say something on his views with regard to dissent from a national church; but we feel that this is too delicate and difficult a subject for us to treat, and we shall therefore only observe, that his tenets on this subject, though they will probably seem to many harsh and exclusive, are consistent with his system, untinctured with animosity, and delivered, like all his other opinions, in a manly and unpretending manner, without any suppression or qualification, and without that air of laboured defiance with which many writers endeavour to support themselves in the delivery of unpopular doctrines.

We recommend his defence of the crusaders, and of the knights in general, to those who have been misled by the partial representations of Gibbon, (the persevering enemy of virtue,) and other historians of the same class; whose invectives against tyranny and intolerance, it may be observed by the way, harmonize but ill with their favourite tenet of universal selfishness; since, on this latter hypothesis, there seems no reason why the oppressor or the persecutor should be the object of censure, more than the patriot or the martyr, both following the same irresistible instinct of nature. We may be allowed to observe, by way of caution, in inquiries of this kind, that public acts and speeches, from their very nature, cannot possibly be unequivocal evidences of character, in the same manner as private; and that we ought not to weigh a few occasional traits of better feeling, or the profession of good principles, against the criminal habits of a whole life*. We mention this, because both these mistakes are

* We confess we cannot help feeling a little natural disgust and indignation when we hear some of the worst characters of French history, and even Louis XIV., extolled, as they have been, and by celebrated teachers of morality too, for their Catholic piety (*bonne foi.*) To us, (we cannot use a stronger illustration,) even the abominations of the French Revolution are not more revolting than the union of bigotry with debauchery; of intolerant zeal for the forms of religion, with an habitual violation of its precepts. Nevertheless, even in such cases, we are far from sanctioning the extravagant invectives of certain modern politicians against tyrants and conquerors; invectives equally unjust and unphilosophical, proceeding on the supposition of super-human malice, as well as super-human power, in the individuals; assuming them to be the essential causes of all the evil of which their measures may be the immediate occasion, and then holding them up to public execration as the sole authors of all the miseries of mankind; as if any one great event could possibly be the result of a single cause, and as if our moral

particularly common with persons of susceptible minds and scanty judgment*.

Chapter the fourth, "On the Virtues of the Order," is the longest and most multifarious of the whole, occupying nearly one half of the work. We can only advert briefly to a few of the topics. Under the head of "Courtesy," the author takes occasion to protest against the ceremoniousness of modern manners, the dissimulation which seems almost to be considered as a duty of society, and the caution with which we think it requisite to guard our words,—a caution which certainly implies the consciousness of something unsound in the general frame of polite morals, and which, as he has sufficiently proved, was unknown to the ancient knights, as it was to the Greeks and Romans.

Our author differs from the generality of critics as to the tendency of Don Quixote. We give the passage without any comment :—

And here an allusion will necessarily suggest itself to the immortal production of Cervantes, which seems at first to rise up in awful array against whoever shall dare to maintain the virtue of the chivalrous character. No man will be so hardy or so insensible as to deny the genius and the inimitable humour evinced by the author of Don Quixote, but with respect to the moral tendency of that work as affecting the ordinary class of mankind; in this or any age, there will arise quite a legitimate subject for discussion. Many are the men of reflection who think with me that it is a book never to be read without receiving melancholy impressions, without feelings of deep commiseration for the weakness and for the lot of human nature. What is the character of the hero in this history? It is that of a man possessing genius, virtue, imagination, and sensibility, all the generous qualities which distinguish an elevated soul, with all the amiable features of a disinterested and affectionate heart. Brave, equal to all that history has recorded of the most valiant warriors—loyal and faithful, never hesitating on the fulfilment of his promise—disinterested as he is brave, he contends but for virtue and for glory; if he desires to win kingdoms, it is only to bestow them upon Sancho Panza—a faithful lover—a humane and generous warrior—a kind and affectionate master—a gallant and accomplished gentleman—and this is the man whom Cer-

estimate of an individual was to be proportioned to the good or evil of which he happens to be the instrument.

How often have we occasion to recal the lines of the poet :

" Never may from our souls one truth depart,
That an accursed thing it is to gaze
On prosperous tyrants with a dazzled eye ;
Nor, touch'd with due abhorrence of their guilt,
For whose dire ends tears flow, and blood is spilt,
And justice labours in extremity,
Forget *thy* weakness, upon which is built,
O wretched man, the throne of tyranny."

* At p. 142 of this chapter there are some excellent observations in a note on the conversion of St. Paul's into a show-box, and the desecration of the greater part of the building as a place of devotion.

vantes has represented as the subject of constant ridicule and of occasional reproach. Without doubt there is an important lesson to be derived from the whole, the lesson which teaches the necessity of prudence and good sense, of moderation and respect for the institutions of society, of guarding the imagination from excess of exercise, and the feelings from an over excitement. But this is a lesson to be gently hinted to men of virtue, not to be proclaimed to the profane amidst the mockery of the world. This is not the lesson which the ordinary class of mankind will derive from it; and if it were, this is not the lesson of which it stands in need. Sismondi has indeed pronounced in favour of the moral tendency of the whole, but not to reject his authority from the general character of his principles, while he acknowledges that the moral of the book is profoundly sad, we can never agree to the justice of his conclusion. Certainly it will require no prejudiced eye in favour of chivalry, to discern what may be read by him who runs, that the faults of the present age are not on the side which incurs the reproach and ridicule of Cervantes. There is no danger in this enlightened age, as it is termed, of men becoming too heroic, too generous, too zealous in the defence of innocence, too violent in hatred of baseness and crime, too disinterested and too active in the cause of virtue and truth; the danger is quite on the other side: there is much to be apprehended from the ridicule which is cast upon sentiment, from the importance which attaches to personal convenience, from substituting laws for virtue, and prudence for devotion, from the calculating spirit of the commercial system, from the epicurean principles of enjoyment which are proclaimed by the modern philosophists. Cervantes exposed the knight errant to the ridicule of the world, but did he stop when he had done this? Moliere held up the hypocrite to the contempt and abhorrence of mankind, but did his shaft reach no farther? The pleasantry of Cervantes upon his death-bed, and the effect which follows the representation of Tartuffe at the present day foreseen and deprecated by Fenelon, may well inspire the lover of virtue and of mankind with a distrust for all champions who employ ridicule against subjects which appear, though it were only in the eyes of the vulgar, to have any connexion with virtue. Cervantes in exposing what he conceived to be the danger and absurdity of chivalrous sentiment, held up to mockery not alone the excess and the abuse, but the very reality of virtue. It would be in vain to dispute as to his real object with the reader of his *Persiles* and *Sigismonde*, where falsehood and treachery and dissimulation are represented, not for censure, but, strange to conceive, for admiration; where virtue is identified with success, and where personal interest is made at once the motive and the justification of every crime. Upon the whole, therefore, the lover of chivalry may be permitted to remind the critic who eulogises the object of Cervantes, that the character of this writer is not calculated to add weight to his censure, and that by the confession extorted from him in the course of criticism, the literature of Spain from which has issued the most formidable attack that was ever made upon the chivalrous character, is the same literature which is distinguished from that of all the Germanic nations by a spirit of dissimulation and treachery, selfishness, and impiety, and by an open disavowal of the common principles of truth and virtue.

It is remarkable that the celebrated Alva should have given it as his opinion, that Don Quixote would be the ruin of Spain*.

Under the head "Loyalty," our author's political predictions, as may be supposed, find an ample field for develop-

* Southey.

ment; nor can any thing be finer than the genuine enthusiasm with which he commemorates the devoted heroism of the royalists of King Charles's days. We think, however, that in this part he has not sufficiently guarded against misconstruction; probably from an extreme aversion to any thing like mere political discussion. He expressly states, it is true, that "the spirit of chivalry breathes nothing servile, nothing cowardly; that abject submission to an oppressor does not belong to gentlemen, to men of honour and independence:" and he quotes the words of Achilles to Clytemnestra, in Euripides:

Ἐγὼ δ' ὑπ' ἀνδρὸς εὐσεβεστάτου τραφεῖς
Χείρωνος, ἔμαθον τοὺς τρόπους ἄπλους ἔχειν.
Καὶ τοῖς Ἀτρεΐδαις, ἣν μὲν ἡγῶνται καλῶς,
Πεισόμεθ'· ὅταν δὲ μὴ καλῶς, οὐ πείσομαι.

A rule which, if consistently applied, leaves nothing for the true friends of public liberty to desire. But the misfortune is, that he has left the point of lawful obedience much too indefinite; and that, from the general strain of his writing and from his selection of subjects for eulogy, the reader might be led to form a narrow and partial idea of his interpretation of the above text. We do not wish for any thing controversial, which would be foreign to the purpose of the work, as well as inconsistent with its general tenor; but we think that the author might with advantage add a few words of explanation on this subject, and illustrate them if he thought fit, with some of his fine old saws and pithy stories.

In another part of this chapter occur some remarks on a subject, upon which the practice of mankind has been singularly at variance with their avowed principles—that of duelling. With regard to this custom the reader will probably be desirous to hear the sentiments of an honest inquirer, and a zealous advocate of honour.

I must not omit to mention one feature in the chivalrous character which is peculiarly striking, and the imitation of which, although now impossible, is too frequently pretended in justification of a practice which is utterly without precedent in these ancient times, and for which, certainly, as the state and opinions of the world exist, no excuse can ever avail. I allude to the practice of duelling. I shall not trouble you with many words upon the subject. The duel of the ancient knights arose from their excess of faith, if the term can be permitted to a layman. It was an appeal to heaven, and the Almighty was supposed to interfere in pronouncing upon the guilty. The motto of the Spencer family professes this principle:—"Dieu defend le droit," which is true in metaphysical strictness, since as a king exclaims—

"What stronger breast-plate than a heart untainted!
Thrice is he armed that hath his quarrel just;

And he but naked, though lock'd up in steel,
Whose conscience with injustice is corrupted *."

It was an appeal to heaven when the Marquis of Mantua, as described in the famous ballad, takes an oath in the hermit's cell, upon the death of his nephew Baldwin, not to use a razor, or change his clothes, not to enter town or city, or be unarmed, or eat on a table-cloth, or occupy a seat at board, for he adds—

" Till I see Carlotto punish'd
Or by justice, or in fight
Till he dies when I accuse him,
Pleading in the cause of right."

Consistent with these views was the practice of the time. The duellists prepared themselves by prayer, and by receiving the sacraments of the church: their arms were blessed by the priest,—they fought, and the result was the judgment of God. This was the ancient duel. But for the modern practice, for that unmeaning association of revenge and honour; of infidelity with the customs of men who believed in the actual interposition of the Deity, to decide between man and man; for this practice there is no precedent in the annals of chivalry. It is for the clergy to pronounce upon the sin of duelling, and upon the danger in which it will involve the soul: it is for me to represent to you that it is by other deeds you will have to manifest and defend your character. It is for the swaggering upstart who is but just risen out of nameless insignificance, or for the vain carpet knights

—οὐκ ἔστιν ἄλλος ἄλλος

to boast and to talk of his high courage, his honour, and his dignity. "Il n'y a rien que de monstreux," says Sully, "dans la démarche de deux petits-maitres, qui s'en vont furtivement sur le pré, tremper dans le sang l'un de l'autre des mains poussées par un instinct tout pareil à celui des betes carnassieres." The true gentleman holds his honour, not upon his tongue, but in his heart. Your station and habits of life will remove you at a distance from vulgar society, where cowardice may be awed into order, and savage license be restrained by the certainty of punishment; and with gentlemen it is almost impossible for any occasion of difficulty to arise, as long as you conduct yourself with honour and integrity, with prudence and good sense. In another place we have seen removed one great cause of the quarrels which disturb inferior society. We have seen that an over scrupulous attention to words in conversation, and a delicate sensibility to rough railery, are unworthy of gentlemen and gallant men. We have seen that the custom of resenting such injury is not derived from our chivalrous ancestors, but from the Arabians, with whom, I presume, we need not claim a fellowship. Finally, we are aware that the duel of the ancient knights was an act of religion, of law, and of justice, however ill understood; and we need hardly be informed that at the present day, a single combat by appointment under ordinary circumstances, is an act of impiety, of outrage to the law, and of the highest possible injustice. The most heroic monarchs of Europe have endeavoured to prevent this abuse of the ancient duel. The legislation of the French monarchs presents a continued effort to repress the practice of duelling. Saint Louis substituted evidence and written proofs, instead of judiciary combat: his ordonnance was confirmed, in 1303, by Philippe le Bel; Charles IX. declared it high treason. Henry IV †, made it death, and he appointed the

* Shakspeare, Hen. VI. 2d Part, Act iii. Scene 2.

† The conversation of this monarch with Sully, as related in the memoirs of this minister, should be read.

Marschals of France to decide upon particular cases. This was confirmed, in 1626, by Louis XIII; under whose reign the Counts Montmorenci, Bouville, and Deschappelles were found guilty, and executed by a sentence of the Parliament. Louis XIV. published his code, which pursued other measures. By this law, the seconds as well as the principals were punished with death, and forfeiture of nobility. This was confirmed by Louis XV. In England the law is express in denouncing punishment upon duellists, regarding their crime according to circumstances, either as murder, manslaughter, or misdemeanor. Duelling has been much more frequent in England than in France*; yet in the latter country, from the reign of Henry IV. to 1757, there were twelve ordonnances, and at least eight acts of regulation, each of which is introduced by a confession that the act preceding it had been ineffectual. Such was the result to be expected. Edicts may follow and confirm edicts, but laws and acts of Parliament† are of little avail in the prevention of an evil which is not regarded as a crime. The best writers upon the subject have placed their hopes of its ultimate suppression, in the improving knowledge and virtue of mankind, and in the consequent change of public opinion, in the absence of all restraint upon such as wish to distinguish themselves in this character, and they might have added, in the deserved contempt with which, sooner or later, a custom must inevitably be regarded which can derive support neither from the virtue nor from the rank of its followers. The remark of the Chevalier de Savarin, in his historical and critical essay on duelling, may explain this more clearly: he observes, "il nous semble aussi qui le préjugé du point d'honneur perd de sa force depuis qu'il appartient à tout le monde, et peut être, jamais le temps ne fut-il mieux choisi pour pouvoir sans inconvénient mépriser, ou pardonner une injure."—pp. 376—383.

We cannot leave this part of the work without transcribing one or two sketches of ancient life.

There cannot be a more affecting instance of the virtue and glory belonging to the hero of these days, than that which occurs in the History of Galien Restauré, when the brave Galien hastens to defend the cause of his innocent mother, the beautiful Jacqueline, who was falsely accused by his wicked uncles, and about to suffer a cruel death. The first thing he heard upon his arrival was the lamentation of the poor. "La meilleure Demoiselle de ce pais," they cried, "sera aujourd'hui exilée à grand tort, les pauvres étoient soutenus par elle; maudit soit celui qui est cause que nous la perdrons." And now the awful hour arrived when Jacqueline was conducted forth to hear the fatal sentence. Alas! in vain did she call upon her faithful Olivier who was slain at Roncevaux. Burgaland was the foe who defied her friends. She supplicated one of her relations to accept the challenge, but he replied, "Je n'entreprendrai pas cela, de combattre contre Burgaland." When Galien saw his mother thus forsaken, and that no person dared to defend her, he advanced, took her by the hand, and said, "Madame, faites bonne chere, car jusqu'à la mort je prendrai votre cause en main et vous défendrai pour justifier votre innocence." Then the challenge was accepted, and the lists cleared.

* Duelling will always increase with pride, gloom, and discontent; and we must confess that these features do not belong to the French national character.

† The absolute authority of Louis XIV. was incapable of securing obedience to his edicts in this particular; and how were private gentlemen to have recourse to the laws, when the Comte d'Artois, brother to the reigning King Louis XVI., accepted a challenge, and fought before all Paris in the Bois de Boulogne?

Jacqueline knew not her son: "Si elle l'eut connu," says the writer of this history, "elle eut aimé mieux être bruslée que de le laisser combattre contre Burgaland." The combatants prepare for action: Galien, raising his hand, and making the sign of the cross upon his forehead. Burgaland defied him in bitter terms, while Galien, we are told, "reclama le nom de Jesus, en le priant qu'il lui voulut être en aide." The battle commenced, and Galien seemed to sink under the blows of his adversary: "Quand la pauvre Jacqueline vit ce coup, elle se jetta la face contre terre, et se prit à pleurer en disant: vrai Dieu vous sçavez que je suis accusée à tort, n'étant coupable aucunement de la mort de mon pere; protegez s'ils vous plait, le chevalier qui combat pour moi." But Galien recovered himself, and replied to the taunts of Burgaland, saying, "Jesus Christ a toujours été le protecteur des innocens, j'ai esperance en lui." Burgaland foamed with rage; the people cry out for pity: "Helas! il est trop jeune, si ce n'etoit son courage il seroit deja mort." Galien pronounced the high name of our Saviour. "Car celui," says the writer, "qui le nommera ne perira le jour qu'il les aura prononcez, s'il n'est faux ou parjure et qu'il n'ait tort en ce qu'il veut disputer." Once more all hope of Galien seemed to be at an end, but our Lord had mercy on the child, and he gave his adversary a mortal wound, who fell dead upon the spot.—pp. 235—237.

Froissart relates how the young Earl of Saint Poule continued for a long time a prisoner in England, "in the fayre castell of Wynsore: and he had so curtesse a kepar that he might go and sport him a haukyng betwene Wynsore and Westminster: he was belevod on his faythe. The same season the princess, mother to kyng Richarde, lay at Wynsore, and her daughter with her, my Lady Maude, the fayrest lady in all Englande: therle of Saynte Poule and this young lady were in true amours togyder eche of other, and somtyme they met togyder, at daunsynge and carollyng; tyll at last it was spied; and then the lady discovered to her mother howe she loved faithfully the young erle of Saint Poule: then ther was a marryage spoken of bytwene therle and the lady Maude, and so therle was set to his ransome to pay six score M franks, so that when he had marryed the lady Maude then to be rebated threescore thousande and the other threescore M to pay. And when this covynant of marryage was made bytwene therle and the lady, the kyng of Englande suffered therle to repasse the sea to fetch his raunsome, on his only promyse to retourne agayne within a yere after." The king of France detained him in prison on a false charge for a long time, but at length he was delivered, and then the young Earl returned to England and wedded the lady, and so he and the countess his wife went to live in the castle of Han, on the river Ewre.—pp. 266—268.

The following is one of the many pleasing pictures of scenery and manners, which the author has drawn from personal observation:—

It was about four o'clock, upon a summer's morning, when I mounted the steep and difficult track which leads to the convent of the Capuchins, standing upon the side of the mountain which overlooks the city of Saltzbourg. I passed through the house, a picturesque and simple dwelling, and went into the garden, which commands one of those awful and magnificent views which no person can conceive who has not witnessed the finest Alpine scenery; a splendid city with a river at your feet, a castle upon the opposite bank crowning the brow of a dark and ragged rock of proud elevation, a narrow valley enclosed by steep mountains, the summits of which seem nearer than their

bases, alps on alps, vast tracts of snow reaching into the higher clouds—while the little spot itself on which you stand, divided into plots, planted with a few flowers and common culinary vegetables, bespeaks, like the minds of the holy men who cultivate it, nothing but sweetness, humility, and peace. One of the old friars was busily employed in weeding his bed of onions, with a look of cheerfulness and content, mixed with a little of self-importance, which was far from forbidding. At this moment the trumpets sounded from the court of the palace in the city below, the beat of drums, and the cracks of whips, announced that the emperor, who happened to be at this time in Saltzbourg, had mounted his carriage to make an excursion to the neighbouring baths. The echo resounded along the sides and through the chasms of the mountains, till it was lost in the upper regions of ice and snow. The old friar continued to weed his onions, presenting a contrast with the bustle and confusion of the world which he had forsaken, that must have struck the most giddy and thoughtless of mankind. It may be possible for those who read the description of this scene to declaim upon the indifference of the modern cynic, upon the lazy seclusion of an ignorant friar; but he who beheld the reality can think only upon the virtues and the happiness of a religious life, the dignified wisdom, the lofty independence, the everlasting peace of the Christian and the sage.—pp. 271—273.

The following remarks are characteristic :—

Nor is it immaterial to observe, the difference between the taste and opinions of our ancestors and of our own age, in relation to the internal arrangement of a house. It is the general idea at present, that every thing in the furniture and decoration, and in the whole domestic establishment should be complete, and, as it is said, consistent. Hence it is, that foreigners are astonished in finding persons of the highest rank, condemning themselves to inhabit cottages of much smaller dimensions than those which belong to the peasantry of other countries. This is the result of pride and bad taste, in the fullest sense of the terms, as in truth, vice and an insensibility to the associations of genius generally go together; it follows, from our having forsaken that ancient simplicity, to which the members of our order should return. Buildings, with apartments of a certain magnitude, are necessary for the sake of health, which requires liberty of exercise for the body—the lofty tower, the pointed arch, the commanding terrace, are objects which please the imaginations of those who have learned to associate them with the virtues of chivalry, and which involve their occupier in no system of ruin, as long as he retains the simplicity and virtue of his order; but the decoration of these apartments, the splendid furniture, the gallery, the paintings and statues, the pompous liveries, the consistent equipage, the endless banquets and assemblies; these, however suitable to the fortune of princes, and of some nobles, are perfectly unnecessary, and even injurious, to gentlemen of ordinary means. “The taste which is directed to one of these objects,” says Tully, “will soon degenerate into a kind of madness, whence, the loss of time is the least consequent evil. Prodigality, ruin, and dishonour, are the ordinary result.”—pp. 416, 417.

The next chapter relates to the choice of a profession. His views of the clerical office are high and ennobling, and the whole passage well deserves the attention of those to whom it is addressed. It is indeed one of the excellencies of his favourite school of divines (and one which they have in common with the ancient fathers) that, if they have frequently shewn themselves disposed to overrate the authority of the priesthood, they have never been wanting in a faithful delineation

of its duties. He speaks with great severity of those who enter the profession with the sole view of emolument or literary ease, and of those patrons who consider an ecclesiastical preferment merely as a piece of hereditary property, to be disposed of for the advantage of the family; a conduct which he stigmatizes in terms which will surprise those who belong to a more compromising school of morality. His observations on the law, the army, and the parliament, are in the same spirit. We extract part of the first, which appear to us both just and cogent.

It is not that I object in toto to the theory of the legal profession, for though Cicero perceived the grand objection to which it is exposed, and seemed to distrust his own sentence against the objection and in favour of the practice, (very remarkable indeed are his words, and very slender the authority which removed his scruples*), but that I observe and deprecate its practical tendency; its effect upon the mind, upon the judgment, and upon the heart. It is not that I would subscribe to the definition of an advocate, as lately delivered and laid down before the most solemn audience that the world could produce. Of that portrait there certainly can be but one opinion among honest men. It has however, I trust, no original to make it of importance, and therefore it cannot be too quickly effaced from our memories; for while there are diseases of the body which it is dangerous to behold, there are also mental images from which we should turn aside to escape pollution, to both of which that verse is applicable.

“Dum spectant oculi læsos, læduntur et ipsi.”

The arguments of Cicero are the same as those of the later writers, who profess to defend the ordinary practice of the profession, although the Roman lawyer seems less confident of his argument than content with his authority; “vult hoc multitudo, patitur consuetudo, fert etiam humanitas.” It must be confessed also, that were the question one that could be determined by the conclusion, from a naked, abstracted theory, the writers who support it would easily overcome their opponents: but this is not the case, as I have before observed. We must pay attention to a multitude of effects, connexions, and circumstances, which follow from it, and which must be taken into account when we are to decide for ourselves, or for any individuals who are estimating its advantages. The reasoning upon the one side is plausible, and perhaps unanswerable; yet from the abstracted line of the argument, without being guilty of resisting truth, the mind may remain in suspense till the experience, the observation, and the individual feeling of the inquirer may at length confirm him in the opposite opinion, that “the indiscriminate defence of right and wrong contracts the understanding, while it corrupts the heart. Subtlety is soon mistaken for wisdom, and impunity for virtue. If there be any instance upon record, as some there are, undoubtedly, of genius and morality united in a lawyer, they are distinguished by their singularity, and operate as exceptions.” In this very severe sentence, the author of Junius has excluded all considerations of a religious nature, though it certainly appears to me that it is from such the objection can be most forcibly urged; and it was not incumbent upon either the philosopher or the politician to exclude them from his regard. I confess, however, freely, that views and reasoning of this kind have appeared to me to determine the question. That desire of establishing a legal reputation, so essential to the candidate for future employment, while

* “Quod scribere (præsertim cum de philosophia scriberem) non audeam, nisi idem placeret gravissimo stoicorum Panætio.”—De Off. ii. 14.

the words of Cicero are before me, "*Difficile est, cum præstare omnibus concupieris servare æquitatem, quæ est justitiæ maxime propria*;" that habit of regarding the side of justice (vain men, how little qualified are we to judge!) instead of mercy; that habit of looking up to authority and law as the restraining principle of human conduct, instead of relying for virtue upon the piety and principle of individuals, that disposition to regard the utility and practical result of measures as the criterion of their value, and that custom of office which identifies impunity with innocence, which is ready to sacrifice the end to the means, the object of the legislator to the letter of the law; these effects, all and separately, are death to the high and generous feelings which refine and purify the soul: they tend to destroy those grand general impressions of right and wrong which must be kept alive, and ready at the call of a moment to direct you; that habit of mercy which must be the first feature of your character; that full confidence in the virtue of other men which must spring from the conviction of your own; that unqualified preference of principle and worth, above the mere service of interest and necessity; that disdain for the bands and trammels of the letter of rule; that utter indifference to the utility and consequences of virtue, which are all and separately essential to that elevated character which you desire, and are bound to imitate. Upon the whole then, after a consideration of the question, with all its relations, and after an honest examination of your own powers, habits, and disposition, you will make that decision which disowns every base and unworthy motive; the decision of conscience and of honour, which will ensure to you your own respect, whatever may be the subsequent opinion which experience shall induce you to adopt.—pp. 481—486.

The chapter "On the Acquirements which belong to the order" is chiefly remarkable for an elaborate vindication of the knights of old from the charge of ignorance; some reflections on the true nature of knowledge, as distinguished from mere learning, on that dignity of character which is compatible with the absence of literary acquirement, and on the worthlessness of mere science, undignified by worth, honour, or piety; with an episode on the amusements proper to a gentleman*.

We have already trespassed so long on the attention of our readers, that we shall forbear to dwell on the variety of matter contained in the following and last chapter, which relates to the outward condition of the order. It is written in the author's usual style of reflection, blended with exhortation, rising towards the conclusion into high energy, and terminating with a peroration unequalled in its simplicity and its beauty of feeling. To detach it from its place would be to destroy its effect; and here, therefore, we shall conclude our very inadequate account of a work, of which it is not too much to say, that it is an honour to this country to have produced it; and that her safety can never be despaired of, while she possesses sons animated by such a spirit, and actuated by such principles, as are herein contained.—E. H.

* The charge of intolerance brought against the middle ages surely deserved a more ample notice than it has received from our author in this chapter, p. 542, &c.

THE OLD MAN OF THE MOUNTAIN;

A DRAMATIC FRAGMENT*.

CHARACTERS.

Conrad. Malek. Theodore. Calaf. Ghulenda.

SCENE I.—MALEK and CALAF at a Banquet.

CALAF. I pray thee, ask me not—I have no heart
For revelry. Oh tell me, pitying tell me,
Is my Ghulenda happy?

MALEK. Cheer thee, man—
Here's balm for thee. (*offers wine*)

CAL. Forbear to tempt me thus—
The maddening juice hath poison for the souls
Of all our tribe—our sacred teacher treads
His pure and austere course to light the way
Of fallible votaries.

* There was a petty prince in Asia, commonly called The old Man of the Mountain, who had acquired such an ascendant over his fanatical subjects, that they paid the most implicit deference to his commands; esteemed assassination meritorious when sanctified by his mandate; courted danger and even certain death in the execution of his orders, and fancied that when they sacrificed their lives for his sake, the highest joys of paradise were the infallible reward of their devoted obedience.—It was the custom of this Prince, when he imagined himself injured, to despatch secretly some of his subjects against the aggressor, to charge them with the execution of his revenge; to instruct them in every art of disguising their purpose; and no precaution was sufficient to guard any man, however powerful, against the attempts of these subtle and determined ruffians. The greatest monarchs stood in awe of this Prince of the Assassins, (for that was the name of his people, whence the word has passed into most European languages,) and it was the highest indiscretion in Conrad, Marquis of Montserrat, to offend and affront him.

The inhabitants of Tyre, who were governed by that nobleman, had put to death some of this dangerous people. The Prince demanded satisfaction; for, as he piqued himself in never beginning any offence, he had his regular and established formalities in requiring atonement. Conrad treated his messengers with disdain. The Prince issued the fatal orders. Two of his subjects who had insinuated themselves in disguise among Conrad's guards, openly in the streets of Sidon, wounded him mortally, and when they were seized and put to the most cruel tortures, they triumphed amidst their agonies, and rejoiced that they had been destined by Heaven to suffer in so just and meritorious a cause.—HUME'S ENGLAND.

MAL. Himself immaculate—
Save when the chaste moon shrinks to see his eyes
Beam on the loose-zoned maids, or gather fires
From brimming cups—his harem tells no tales!

CAL. (*starting up*) Traitor and liar (*sits down*) Peace, peace, I see
your purpose;
Sound me not thus—I am no hollow convert.

MAL. Valiant believer—Keep your ready courage,
For greater ends—O brave and credulous heart!

CAL. What mean you, Malek?—why am I thus mock'd?
Have I not ripen'd in our common faith?
Breath'd I my orisons to the great Spirit
Of the green hills, and ask'd a clearer voice
To speak his truth than our most holy prophet?
Am I not bow'd so humbly to his will,
That' to quit life, and with it quit all happiness
That I might hope to know, would bring no fears
To my devoted soul?

MAL. O glorious faith!
'T will purify all things! rapine, or secret murder,
Or self-destruction.

CAL. Bold man, dost thou not tremble?
His all-pervading soul can read the thoughts
That blacken in thy heart.—The silent air
Interprets to his ear; the darkling night
Shines out like noontide to his piercing eye.—

MAL. It may be—but I fear not—we are safe now—
A prophet in the sun,—a mere, mere man
In the curtains of night—Then lips that shame the rose
Are sweet to swear by as the twinkling stars—
Full cups have deeper wisdom in their dregs
Than the unclasp'd Koran.

CAL. Presumptuous wretch—
My heart's blood curdles—and my spirit shrinks
Scar'd at thy blasphemies.

MAL. Unhappy youth,
Thou art too noble to be sacrificed
At Bigotry's Altar!—

CAL. Stir me not thus—To doubt
Were hell's most painful curse.

MAL. Think you, the light
Of natural truth which beam'd upon your soul
In these deep solitudes—and that red glare
Which bow'd you to his bidding, had their source
From the same Heaven?

CAL. Malek, I will not think.

MAL. The power which bade you strike the poisoned blade
To Conrad's heart; and the Omniscient Spirit
Which held your murderous aim—Are they the same?

CAL. Shake not my brain to madness—righteous Heaven
Instruct me!—

MAL. Wisdom may be learn'd from her
Who taught thee love.

CAL. Ghulenda? even the smile
Hovering around her lips, like a glad beam
Gilding the crimson clouds, hath wisdom in't!

MAL. She smiles not now as she was wont to smile!

CAL. Oh truth of nature—sure one irksome year
Has not estrang'd her thus from her own heart,
Her glad and innocent heart.

MAL. Too much has she read
Our prophet's *mysteries*—

CAL. Hah!

MAL. He hath private creeds
For trusting maids, that *man* may never learn!

CAL. Creeds! what creeds?

MAL. The bless'd Mahomed
Was frail when woman tempted!

CAL. Rouse me not
To curse thee, Malek—thy words are serpent stings—
My agony is fearful.—

MAL. A prophet's love is harmless—like the sun
It kisses all, and leaves them chaste, as ice.—

CAL. Chaste!—chaste!

MAL. Ay, chaste—

CAL. Chaste! my lips refuse
To speak my black thoughts,—

MAL. Prithee then unloose them—
There's eloquence in wine.

CAL. I am not used,
Malek, to jests; answer me this to-morrow.—

MAL. You'll know me better then—

CAL. Mock me not, Malek.
My heart-strings crack for terror—mock me not—
Much have I suffer'd—oh, too much for sport
To leave me hurtless.

MAL. Shall the harem doors
Unclose to win thee?—Ay—there's choice for kings.

CAL. Flout on—we'll reckon for it.

MAL. Rest on this couch,
Be calm awhile; and I will wake such-eyes
As kinde dervise hearts. Be calm, awhile.

(MALEK unlocks a door in the back Scene, and goes in,
closing it after him.)

CAL. I heard him curs'd in Europe—but my sword
Had blood for it. They call'd him murderer—
O no; it mov'd me not—and yet—
I doubted once before—twice—always in sleep—

A Prophet's love ! Adulteress !—Ghulenda !
 My radiant angel—art thou spotted thus ?
 On his own altar will I sacrifice him—
 Out, out, black blasphemy—can Heaven's own oracle
 Be false as Eblis ? (*pauses.*)
 Has yon bright orb a God ? yea, one of power
 And purity.—What then should be his prophet—
 A minister of power ? even so—and pure—
 It will not leave me—pure ?—A murderer pure ?
 A King of murderers ? (*pauses*)
 And why not then a gloating sensualist ?

(MALEK enters, leading in GHULENDA veiled ; closes
 the door cautiously.)

GHU. (to MALEK) What man is this ?

MAL. Be calm ; speak to him soothly—
 He bears a blessing from the gallant youth
 Who woo'd thee for his love.

GHU. From Calaf ?
 It is his dying benison. (GHULENDA advances.)

MAL. (to CALAF) Man, rouse thee ;
 A Lady claims thy courtesy—

CAL. Comes she to speak,
 Of joys or grief—I have no chords of pleasure
 In this untunable heart—

GHU. That voice—that voice—
 It sounded like the echo of my dreams,—
 A voice that's not of earth—

CAL. (*rising hesitatingly.*) I pray thee—
 That form—no, no—I pray thee, gentle lady,
 If my Ghulenda—

GHU. Heaven—'tis he—I thank thee
 Calaf, my Calaf. (*faints in his arms.*)

CAL. Look up, look up—O, cheek, where is thy health—
 Lips, let me press you—parch'd—parch'd—
 Shrivell'd like blossoms that a pestilent air
 Has wither'd ere they fall—Once radiant eyes
 Open not yet to shew the clouds that sin
 Has gathered o'er your brightness—have ye tears,
 Repentant tears ?—sweet dews mix with mine own
 Ere my brain weep the scalding drops of hate—
 Of hate ?—of woe—of madness—of revenge,
 But not of hate—(*gazes on her.*)

GHU. (*recovering.*) Methought a blessed spirit
 Beckoned me—speak, oh, speak. (MALEK retires.)

CAL. Mine own Ghulenda !

GHU. He told me thou wert dead—I thought thou cam'st
 To bear me from this earth. (*rises up.*)

CAL. Has life no stores
Of hope and blessing—we have loved, Ghulenda.

GHU. He told me thou wert dead—'tis false—'tis false.

CAL. Who told thee this? (*with anger.*)

GHU. Oh, name it not,—one look,
As thou wert wont to look—forgetful heart—
Do I remember rightly?—sure thy smile
Was sweeter once?

CAL. The wretched have no smiles;
The weak and guilty smile.

GHU. Oh, hast thou suffered? Let us fly, my Calaf,
To our kiosk, where never sorrow came;
And let us dream again that this fair world
Is not the home of sin and misery.—

CAL. Dream as we will, the waking time will come.

GHU. Madness is here, my Calaf—the dread cry
Of guilt is howling round us—save me—save me.

CAL. Malek is right. (*aside.*) The gracious Scheik protect thee!

GHU. Oh, not to him, my Calaf, not to him,
Abandon thy Ghulenda—bear me hence;
He is——

CAL. A saint! Oh, thought we thus to meet,
When I rein'd in my hot steed in the vale,
And saw thee stand upon the mountainous crag
Like a bright beam of morning?
Go to the prophet's bed;—a mutter'd prayer
Wipes out the sin—my sword will do the rest.

GHU. Save me from that—oh, save me but from that,
And I will count it happiness to crouch
In the tangled thickets, till my feeble frame
Shall sink to the chill earth, and as I lie
Wrestling with famine, not a groan shall speak
My body's weakness, for my soul shall triumph
And smile for this deliverance.

CAL. Poor wretch;
These are the grievous penalties of sin,
And deep credulity.

GHU. I'll break the chains
Of my impious oaths—O, guilty, guilty dupe,
To vow my slavery—but thou art free,
Thou hast not sworn?

CAL. To give thee to pollution?
That would have broke the spell—I only swore
To be a murderer.

GHU. A murderer? (*shuddering.*)

CAL. All here are slaves of cruelty or lust;
We are all sold.

GHU. Was it for this his praise
Breath'd on our childish ears, while as we grew

His secret power and pride seemed something higher
Than dull mortality? Hoped we for this
To see man happy as the indolent flowers
And the careless birds, when truth should light the world
To nature's wisdom?

CAL. Fools, dreaming fools—
Good works by good. Poor soul, I will not curse thee.

GHU. Bless me once more, my Calaf.

CAL. Answer me,
Wert thou a ready victim to his will?
GHU. A ready victim!—Oh! Calaf. (*bursts into tears.*)

CAL. Speak not the rest—'tis written on thy cheek—
I do forgive thee—poor betrayed one, yes—

GHU. Forgive me?—Victim? (*Malek advances hastily.*)

MAL. The time is pass'd.
That ye may linger here—the Scheik now walks
His round of watching. For your lives relate not
To human ear this meeting. Hence, away.

GHU. Hear me.—

MAL. Our lives are forfeit—hence—(*hurrying her off.*)

GHU. Hear me—I am—(*Malek closes the door.*)

CAL. Farewell, thou lost one.—Freedom then is mine—
But, oh, the price! the price! No drivelling, Calaf. (*Exit.*)

* * * * *

SCENE II.—A Wood. (*Enter THEODORE.*)

THEODORE. Man seldom treads these thickets. The wild bird
Here sings at ease, and the unstartled roe
Basks on the sunny moss. Not yet a clue
To the fell monster's den. The ignorant herdsmen
Tremble to name their dark mysterious prophet;
The armed hunter scowls upon these weeds
With a true zealot's fury. Hah!—two natives—
They part—the younger pauses—now he comes.—(*Theodore retires.*)

CALAF. An idol! not a harmless thing of wood—
A human demon, with a demon's power;—
And I who drank of truth at her sweet fountains
In the wild woods, and the high pathless hills,
Where Silence listens to the audible voice
Of the Eternal,—I too must bow the knee
To an unrighteous name! a Prophet! a cheat!

THEO. I hear him not distinctly, but enough
To make me question him—(*aside.*)

CAL. Away, foul faith!
O! thou Supreme who dwell'st above the skies,
Thy worship knows no change—thy truth is written
In the fair volume of this visible world;

On hoary mountains and on valleys green,
 On every lowly flower, shrub, and tall tree,
 And all inanimate natures ; on the blue wave
 And the great depths of ocean ; on the clouds,
 Th' ethereal dome, and the immortal stars !
 Voices of peace, spake ye in terrible wrath !
 Sweet oracles, whisper'd ye murder !

THEO. This is no common slave—no ignorant zealot.
 (*Advancing.*) Stranger, instruct me in the nearest path
 To the great Scheik's pavilion.

CAL. What wouldst thou there ?

THEO. To ask his passport o'er the dangerous ways
 Which lead to Palestine.

CAL. What fearest thou ?

Art poor ? the falcon stoops not to the worm.

THEO. Perchance the Scheik

Would cheer my weariness with needful food !

CAL. Can'st serve him ? Can'st thou betray some great one
 To his fell gripe ? Art thou some outcast traitor ?
 Speed to him then.

THEO. I am a lowly man,
 But my heart's peace, unfretted yet by crime,
 Courts innocence alone.

CAL. Then go, not there ;
 Rest with the gentle sojourners of the woods—
 They are the only faithful—find the lair
 Of the wild antelope, drink of the brook
 Where the heron fishes ; the kind earth has roots
 For a pilgrim's meal—ask not your bread of man,
 He'll poison it.

THEO. What, serve you not the Scheik ?

CAL. I ? O yes ! I am on post to hell,
 At his great bidding, I wear a dagger here
 For a Knight's heart !

THEO. Thy years are very green
 For such black purposes. My soul is chill'd
 To look upon thee—Something have I heard
 Of these foul doings—but revenge is ripe
 Since the Lord Conrad fell !

CAL. Be 't mine to pluck
 The crimson fruitage.

THEO. Oh, can fear so work
 Upon a noble nature, thus to sway thee
 To an impostor's will !

CAL. That word again, Sir ;
 'Tis novel to mine ears.

THEO. A foul impostor !

CAL. Excellent, faith !—why thou and I are friends,
 Made in a minute. There is honesty

In thy bold parley. Sir, I wear the livery
Of that impostor—had we yesterday met
And were thy pilgrim staff a trenchant blade
That tetchy word had found it stirring work;
Fear not—my nature is most quiet now—
I've lost my pith—in quarrels such as these.

THEO. Sir, I do wear a sword. (*Throws back his cloak.*)

CAL. Well!

THEO. To punish treachery, and defend the right.

CAL. I think thou'rt brave! and courage is a pledge
Of deeper virtue. Sir, can I serve thee?

THEO. Yes, I will trust thee:—I would know the strength
Which guards the Scheik—there is a secret pass
To the mountain top—teach me its hidden clues.

CAL. Thou cam'st from Conrad's camp?

THEO. I did.

CAL. Then lead me

Into his presence.

THEO. What, to use that dagger!

CAL. Suspect me—but obey—'twere good for thee.
Take thou the dagger—'tis a precious one,
The true assassin's metal—no second blow
Need tell its merits.

THEO. Keep it thyself, come on,
I will not doubt thee.

[*Exeunt.*]

* * * * *

SCENE III.—*Interior of Conrad's Tent*—CONRAD *solus.*

THEODORE. (*without*) Cheer, cheer, my boy.

CONRAD. Come on—my eyes are strained
With watching for thee.

(*Enter THEODORE and CALAF.*)

CON. Theodore, who's here?

THEO. A trusty friend!

CON. Hast proved him—what's his purpose?

CAL. Revenge!

CON. On whom? your name?

CAL. They call me Calaf—

'Twas a good name—It brings some pleasant dreams
Of years when I lov'd the world—but they are past.
I am lonely now—no echo of my soul
Answers to Calaf—Call me what you will.

CON. Again I ask thy purpose—art thou a slave
Of the Assassin prince?

CAL. A slave? most true.
Bound hand and foot.

CON. What does he here, good Theodore?

THEO. Let him explain himself—He's mystical,
But of much meaning.

CAL. O not mad, my Lord!
Yet somewhat wandering—I have seen too much—
I saw your father fall!

CON. Villain, beware
How you rip open my wounds.

CAL. I never knew
A father's care—I am a kinless one—
Frown not on me—my poniard touch'd not Conrad—
I dreamt it—let it pass.

CON. By all the love
A son can bear to a dear father's memory,
Goad me not thus. By heaven! did I but think
Thou wert conspiring in that devilish deed
I'd cleave thee to the earth.

CAL. Out with thy blade—
I did conspire—but I was a musing ruffian—
He 'scaped me while I ponder'd.

CON. Infamous wretch,
Thus, then, I smite thee. (*Leaps upon him with his sword, but Calaf repulses him.*)

THEO. Ho, what ho, Sir Knights;
Part, part them for your lives. (*Templars separate them.*)
Sir, art thou wild? (*to Conrad.*)

He came to serve thee—on my soul I'd trust him—
Grief has distracted him.

CAL. Sir, (*to Theodore*) hold my sword—I would not scratch his
skin
Though his point were at my breast. (*Theodore takes his sword.*)
Now, Conrad, strike.

CON. Thou hast disarm'd me—sure there's a potent spell
In thy rambling eye—youth, let me pity thee.

CAL. Pity me! well! our wrongs are equal, Sir,
We shall have fellowship in pity—
Thou art a hot soul, and canst hate, like Calaf.

CON. Has the Scheik wrong'd thee?

CAL. Say, punish'd me
For a most credulous knave.

I grew amidst his altars—every sound
Of life and being, every voiceless atom
Of the world's beauty, called me to seek a God—
I trusted and still trust, for 'twas *his* spirit
That led me to *his* truth—my fellow men
Bow'd to a prophet—he was a fearful idol—
They bade me worship him—I crook'd the knee
Awed, but not satisfied—he claimed my vow
And bound me fast—Sir, I had slain your father,

Could I have fac'd him boldly ; 'twas my fortune
To be spared that sin. Oh ! I am penitent.

CON. Youth, I forgive thy purpose, though my heart
Is hot for vengeance.

CAL. Calaf is here to serve thee :
I am no common traitor ; he has poisoned
My life's joy at its fountain.

CON. Speak thy wrongs.

CAL. No, no—they need not utterance. Let them rankle
In my burning heart—they goad me to my fate.

THEO. Hah ! Conrad, let me view
Thy father's signet.

CON. Take it. (*gives a Seal.*)

THEO. On my life,
The self-same crest ! Whence Calaf, whence is this sword,
Whose hilt doth bear an eagle upward flying
Full in the mid-day sun ?

CAL. Sir, 'tis my own—
The only link that knits my fate with man—
My heritage !

CON. Great God, my father's crest :
Where got you this ?

CAL. Thy father's crest ? Lord Conrad's ?
Shew me the seal. (*Theodore gives it, Calaf looks earnestly at it.*)
A gleam of dawning day !

And wherefore ? Death had better solv'd the doubt ;
A world of light or of forgetfulness
Had set to rest this questioning.
Sir—my lord Conrad—I do much believe
A strong link binds our fates.—Hear a brief tale.

CON. Haste, haste thee.

CAL. In a fair dell, between two crags abrupt
Of yonder mountain, there was a herdsman's cot,
The north breeze scatters it now, and the bat hides there.
'Twas a still nook, and there I calmly grew
An unambitious peasant. A lonely man,
An honest, artless man, gave me my food
For labour slight. I left him on a mission
Of shameful peril and dishonest service,
And as I press'd his hand, he placed this sword
In my hot, thoughtless grasp—'twas mine, he said,
It might win my way to fortune—" Wear it, lad,
Perchance it was thy father's—for I found
Thee and this sword together, naked both,
On a bleak plain, where one of my flock had stray'd."
Sir, 'tis a simple tale.

CON. With a bless'd close—
Calaf no longer—thou art my father's son.—

CAL. Thy father's ? jest not.—

CON.

Call nie brother!

CAL.

Brother?

Oh no!

CON. Brave youth, thou art indeed my brother—
 One father gave us life. Before the summer
 Of his prime day, my gallant sire did wed
 A beauteous Greek,—she was his earliest love;
 Together rambled they the glorious coasts
 Of the *Ægean* Sea, and on to Palestine,
 A happy pilgrimage—in the holy city
 She gave birth to a son, and there she died.
 He stay'd in Judah till his infant boy
 Could bear their wearisome journey. Here, in Syria,
 Crossing a desert vale, a tribe of Arabs
 Dispers'd his convoy—on the parched sands
 My father bled, and when he woke to life
 His child was missing.

CAL.

And thus my father's sword
 Might have spilt my father's blood! Unhappy wretch!
 Call me not parricide—I slew him not,
 But I sav'd him not—I sav'd him not.

CON.

Charge not thyself with guilt,
 'Twas an ignorant sin—One, one alone is guilty—
 Shall we revenge?

CAL.

Revenge! that glorious name
 Calls up the brother here—Revenge! no words—
 No dallying purposes—on with your bucklers;
 Out with your swords. I know the ready way
 To the black citadel—Brother, one grasp
 Of thy forgiving hand.

CON.

My father's blood,
 His noble blood leaps, in thy eager veins.
 We'll fight together—side by side we'll fight.

CAL. Calaf will take his thrust, and thou shalt slay him!
 Death will atone for me.

CON.

Live, live my brother.

* * * * *

R. M.

SONGS OF THE CIVIL WAR.

Here warlike coblers railed from tops of casks
 At lords and love-locks, monarchy and masques.—
 There many a graceless page blaspheming reel'd,
 From his dear cards and bumpers, to the field :
 The famished rooks, impatient of delay,
 Gnaw their cogg'd dice and curse the lingering prey :
 His sad Andromache, with fruitless care,
 Paints her wan lips and braids her borrowed hair :
 For Church and King he quits his favourite arts,
 Forsakes his Knaves, forsakes his Queen of Hearts :
 For Church and King he burns to stain with gore
 His doublet, stained with nought but sack before.

From a MS. Poem.

I. THE CAVALIER'S MARCH TO LONDON.

To horse ! to horse ! brave Cavaliers !
 To horse for Church and Crown !
 Strike, strike your tents ! snatch up your spears !
 And ho for London town !
 The imperial harlot, doom'd a prey
 To our avenging fires,
 Sends up the voice of her dismay
 From all her hundred spires.

The Strand resounds with maiden's shrieks,
 The 'Change with merchants' sighs,
 And blushes stand on brazen cheeks,
 And tears in iron eyes ;
 And, pale with fasting and with fright,
 Each Puritan Committee
 Hath summon'd forth to prayer and fight
 The Roundheads of the City.

And soon shall London's sentries hear
 The thunder of our drum,
 And London's dames, in wilder fear,
 Shall cry, Alack ! They come !

Fling the fascines ;—tear up the spikes ;
 And forward, one and all.
 Down, down with all their train-band pikes,
 Down with their mud-built wall.

Quarter ?—Foul fall your whining noise,
 Ye recreant spawn of fraud !
 No quarter ! Think on Strafford, boys.
 No quarter ! Think on Laud.
 What ho ! The craven slaves retire.
 On ! Trample them to mud,
 No quarter !—Charge.—No quarter !—Fire.
 No quarter !—Blood !—Blood !—Blood !—

Where next ? In sooth there lacks no witch,
 Brave lads, to tell us where,
 Sure London's sons be passing rich,
 Her daughters wondrous fair :
 And let that dastard be the theme
 Of many a board's derision,
 Who quails for sermon, cuff, or scream
 Of any sweet Precisian.

Their lean divines, of solemn brow,
 Sworn foes to throne and steeple,
 From an unwonted pulpit now
 Shall edify the people :
 Till the tir'd hangman, in despair,
 Shall curse his blunted shears,
 And vainly pinch, and scrape, and tear,
 Around their leathern ears.

We'll hang, above his own Guildhall,
 The city's grave Recorder,
 And on the den of thieves we'll fall,
 Though Pym should speak to order.
 In vain the lank-haired gang shall try
 To cheat our martial law ;
 In vain shall Lenthall trembling cry
 That strangers must withdraw.

Of bench and woolsack, tub and chair,
We'll build a glorious pyre,
And tons of rebel parchment there
Shall crackle in the fire.
With them shall perish, cheek by jowl,
Petition, psalm, and libel,
The Colonel's canting muster-roll,
The Chaplain's dog-ear'd bible.

We'll tread a measure round the blaze
Where England's pest expires,
And lead along the dance's maze
The beauties of the friars :
Then smiles in every face shall shine,
And joy in every soul.
Bring forth, bring forth the oldest wine,
And crown the largest bowl.

And as with nod and laugh ye sip
The goblet's rich carnation,
Whose bursting bubbles seem to tip
The wink of invitation ;
Drink to those names,—those glorious names,—
Those names no time shall sever,—
Drink, in a draught as deep as Thames,
Our Church and King for ever !

T. M.

II. THE BATTLE OF NASEBY, BY OBADIAH BIND-
THEIR-KINGS-IN-CHAINS-AND-
THEIR-NOBLES-WITH-LINKS-OF-
IRON, SERJEANT IN IRETON'S REGIMENT.

OH! wherefore come ye forth, in triumph from the North,
With your hands, and your feet, and your raiment all red ?
And wherefore doth your rout send forth a joyous shout ?
And whence be the grapes of the wine-press which ye tread ?

Y 2

Oh evil was the root, and bitter was the fruit,
 And crimson was the juice of the vintage that we trod ;
 For we trampled on the throng of the haughty and the strong,
 Who sate in the high places and slew the saints of God.

It was about the noon of a glorious day of June
 That we saw their banners dance and their cuirasses shine,
 And the Man of Blood was there, with his long essenced hair,
 And Astley, and Sir Marmaduke, and Rupert of the Rhine.

Like a servant of the Lord, with his Bible and his sword,
 The General rode along us to form us for the fight,
 When a murmuring sound broke out, and swell'd into a shout,
 Among the godless horsemen upon the tyrant's right.

And hark ! like the roar of the billows on the shore,
 The cry of battle rises along their charging line !
 For God ! for the Cause ! for the Church ! for the Laws !
 For Charles King of England, and Rupert of the Rhine !

The furious German comes, with his clarions and his drums,
 His bravoes of Alsatia and pages of Whitehall ;
 They are bursting on our flanks. Grasp your pikes :—Close your
 ranks :—
 For Rupert never comes but to conquer or to fall.

They are here :—they rush on.—We are broken :—we are gone :—
 Our left is borne before them like stubble on the blast.
 O Lord, put forth thy might ! O Lord, defend the right !
 Stand back to back, in God's name, and fight it to the last.

Stout Skippon hath a wound :—the centre hath given ground :—
 Hark ! hark !—What means the trampling of horsemen on our
 rear ?

Whose banner do I see, boys ? 'Tis he, thank God, 'tis he, boys.
 Bear up another minute. Brave Oliver is here.

Their heads all stooping low, their points all in a row,
Like a whirlwind on the trees, like a deluge on the dykes,
Our cuirassiers have burst on the ranks of the Accurst,
And at a shock have scattered the forest of his pikes.

Fast, fast, the gallants ride, in some safe nook to hide
Their coward heads, predestined to rot on Temple-Bar,
And he—he turns, he flies,—shame to those cruel eyes
That bore to look on torture, and dare not look on war.

Ho! comrades, scour the plain: and, ere ye strip the slain,
First give another stab to make your guest secure,
Then shake from sleeves and pockets their broad-pieces and lockets,
The tokens of the wanton, the plunder of the poor.

Fools, your doublets shone with gold, and your hearts were gay and
bold,
When ye kissed your lily hands to your lemans to-day;
And to-morrow shall the fox, from her chambers in the rocks,
Lead forth her tawny cubs to howl above the prey.

Where be your tongues that late mocked at heaven and hell and fate,
And the fingers that once were so busy with your blades,
Your perfum'd satin clothes, your catches and your oaths,
Your stage-plays and your sonnets, your diamonds and your
spades?

Down, down, for ever down with the mitre and the crown,
With the Belial of the court, and the Mammon of the Pope;
There is woe in Oxford Halls: there is wail in Durham's Stalls:
The Jesuit smites his bosom: the Bishop rends his cope.

And She of the seven hills shall mourn her children's ills,
And tremble when she thinks on the edge of England's sword;
And the Kings of earth in fear, shall shudder when they hear
What the hand of God hath wrought for the Houses and the
Word.

T. M.

THE FIRST LOVE OF HENRI QUATRE.

ALL the world has heard of the fair Gabrielle—but it is not of her that I am about to speak. She was exactly fitted for what she was—a *maitresse en titre*; and by no means fitted for the heroine of a tale of true and devoted love, such as mine is going to be. My story is of one whose name has never been recorded in history; she was little known and less remembered; sweet and lovely as the violet, she resembled it also in being hidden from the eye of day.

When Henri Quatre was about fifteen, Charles IX. came to pay a visit to the Court of Navarre. He was then Prince of Béarn, and was already distinguished for brilliancy, and enterprise, and graceful courage. During the stay of the French king, there were all kinds of games and fêtes, to celebrate his visit to Nérac. In all these Henri shone.

One day there was a match of archery. Charles IX. was fond of this exercise—perhaps, to keep himself in practice to shoot his subjects out of the window. When kings play at bowls, they give the lie to the proverb, and seldom meet with rubbers. When Louis XIV. danced in the ballets at Versailles, no dancer could cut so high an *entre-chat* by several inches. In like manner, when his ancestor drew his bow at Nérac, no arrow went half so near the mark as his. But Henri was sadly deficient in knowledge of the *bienséances* due to royal competitors, and made no scruple of out-shooting the king. An orange was the mark, and the young prince's arrow pierced it through and through.

The next day, the game was to be renewed; and all the inhabitants of the country around flocked to see the sport. The ladies of the court were there, in their ruffs and fardingales—habits unbecoming enough, but you and I know, reader, that beauty gives for the time its own charm to any attire, however awkward—to every fashion, however absurd. For my own part, I confess I love to see a beautiful throat, rising like an ivory pillar from the sloping shoulders; I love also to look on the natural girdling of a “clipsome waist,” and consequently I am well contented that the costume of which I have spoken has become obsolete. But I never heard that the young Navarrais nobility objected to it upon this occasion; for, though I readily believe that the beauties I have mentioned were considered beauties even then, yet they no more dared to hope for their being exposed to view than we do for a fashion

which would display a beautiful leg somewhat higher than the ankle. Young nobles were there, too, in all the bravery of slashed velvets, and gold chains, and peaked beards, nursed with the care and tenderness which, in all ages, have, in some shape or other, been bestowed upon this attribute and ornament of manhood. And there were young peasant girls, with no satins but that of their smooth fresh skins, and no brilliants but those of their glancing eyes, and no perfumes but that of their hay-like breaths, and, perhaps, of a bunch of summer flowers. And peasant youths were also there, whose only nobility was their brave hearts, and whose only adornment was their manly forms. And there were old men, who looked on with smiles of complacency, and sighs of regret for the past time, when arrows were longer, and bows tougher, and their own arms sinewy and young. And old women were there, whom many a daughter and many a youth wished that the rheumatism had that day kept at home.

But great was the disappointment when it was announced that the king did not intend to shoot, or even to honour the assembly with his presence. The arrow of the young prince which carried away the orange, had carried away the king's temper also;—he remained within. But the Duc de Guise steps forth as his representative. He had no idea that provincial clods, and Huguenots into the bargain, should bear away the prize from Parisians and true Catholics,—so he draws his arrow to the head, and away flies the orange split into two pieces.

It was now Henri's turn—he looks round for another mark to be erected, but there is no second orange to be found. What is to be done? The spirit of fifteen prompts him with an expedient.

In the inner circle of spectators stood a young girl of perhaps fourteen years. Her hair and brows were dark like those of her country, but she had the blue eye of the north. The face and arms were embrowned with a hue of healthful labour, but the kerchief gave a glimpse of a downy whiteness of skin, which shewed how delicate Nature had meant that this creature should be. The limbs, it is true, wanted their full roundness, but there was certain indication that they would not want it long—and the kerchief which I have mentioned was swelled gently forth (like a sail softly breathed into by the wind) in a way which gave token of the commencement of maidenly beauty. Where this was crossed upon the bosom, rested a rose,—shedding a reflected tinge upon that white breast, like the hues of sunset upon the snow of the Alps. I don't know how it is that young eyes

catch such objects readily, but it is certain that as Henri looked around for something to replace the orange, he glanced upon this rose ;—in an instant he sprang to the young girl, took it from her bosom without saying a word, and placed it upon the target. The Duc de Guise shoots first—the arrow passes the flower, only shaking its leaves by the disturbance of the surrounding air. Henri now shoots himself—his shaft pierces the stalk—he takes it, with the rose sticking to its point, and presents it to the blushing and delighted owner.

There are few sensations more delicious than that which two young people experience, when they look *into* each other's eyes ; and though Henri and the young peasant did not know this, they *felt* it as their eyes flashed with consciousness upon each other.

The first love-beat
Of the youthful heart

was at that moment experienced by both of them. Love verified the proverb concerning him, expressed so often in the alliterative antithesis, “ he made equal the prince and the peasant.”

Henri lost no time in learning *who* it was whose rose had become the *rose d'amour*. It appeared that she was the daughter of the gardener of the castle, and was most appropriately named *Fleurette*. She lived in a cottage at the end of the garden, which cottage still exists at Nérac. The next day the prince suddenly discovered that gardening was the most delightful of all studies and occupations, and that he had for it a peculiar taste. A portion of ground was marked out as his own, close to the fountain in the centre of the garden. He chose this spot, perhaps, on account of the ease it afforded him to fetch water for his plants, for it was hither that the attendants employed in the garden came for water—*Fleurette* among the rest.

About a month after this time the setting sun one evening cast upon the surface of this fountain the shadow of two figures, seated upon its bank. They were slender and youthful, but as the reflection appeared in the water it was not very easy to distinguish the respective outlines of each. These were Henri and *Fleurette* ;—his arm supported her form, his shoulder was the cushion to her cheek. It might be the reflection of the sunset, but the cheek appeared more flushed than usual, and her eye swam in a glistening moisture, which was unknown to it at the archery contest. One would think that two young persons thus placed would love to gaze upon each other, especially if it be so delightful as I have above asserted it to be. But *Fleurette* did *not* look up to the blooming face and flashing eyes which hung over her—her glance was fixed immoveably upon the fountain, and her fingers were employed

in plucking the leaves from a rose, one by one, and strewing them upon the water—but it was not *the* rose. One might conceive, also, that a prince such as he was, though he might have much to bestow, could have nothing to ask from a poor peasant like her—but true it is that the words, which he poured forth with great passion and rapidity, seemed to have a tone of entreaty—his manner appeared to be that of pleading. The prince was in his working dress, which though of more delicate materials and courtly make than those of the real labourer, prevented any striking and unpleasant contrast between the *apparent* condition of the lovers.

It is now about an hour later. The setting sun has gone, or at least there is only a soft-coloured rose-tint spreading over the western part of the heavens, while the bright moon, no longer paled by the stronger light, shines down in full radiance upon that garden and its central fountain. The figures are there still, but their position and their expression are changed. They are still seated side by side, and his arm is still around her, but her head is sunken upon her own breast. Her hair is loose, and hanging over those burning cheeks, and partly hiding those down-looking eyes, from which tears are flowing plentifully but not rapidly. For him, he is still speaking, but in a tone less hurried and softer. His manner has more tenderness and less passion. His eye is bright with love and joy, but not with fervour—with happiness, but not with hope. His tone seems now to be that of soothing, and no longer of entreaty. He kisses the tears from her cheek, but they flow the faster for the very kisses.

How different were the feelings of the two when they parted that night! He bounded along at a pace between running and leaping—*walking* was too quiet and vapid for him *now*. His heart expanded and danced within his breast, with all the bright and exquisite joy of certainty and *irrevocableness*. He was raised in his own eyes—he almost pitied all others. He could remain in no place—he could continue in no occupation. He could not sleep from excitement and joy. When *she* parted from him, she walked to her humble home with a trailing and melancholy step, and paused before she crossed its threshold. When she entered, she slunk from her father's notice, and seated herself in a dark part of the room. Here her tears again began to overflow her eyes, and trickle down her hot cheeks, if not with bitterness, at least with deep mournfulness. She was sunken in her esteem, and feared the loss of the esteem of all the world. She even envied a deformed and half-idiot girl, who came into the cottage to beg a little milk.

She, also, could not sleep—but, oh, how different was her sleeplessness from his !

For above two months, every evening, or nearly so, beheld the young prince and the young peasant together at the fountain. Henri was not yet hackneyed in the ways of women and the world, and possession did not render him triumphant or neglectful. And when, afterwards, he did acquire that worldly experience, bought at so dear a price—the freshness, if not the fervency of the heart—who can believe that the attachments which then swayed him were to be compared to the young affection he bore to this simple, sincere, and confiding peasant ? There could be no love of courtly splendour, no motives of interest or ambition to operate on her—there could be no suspicion of them with him. All was real and trusting in the affection of both. They drank for the first time in love's cup, and the sweetness of the draught was not alloyed by any of the bitter ingredients which those who *drain* it are nearly sure to find. They tasted during this period as much happiness as can co-exist with the consciousness of error on both sides, and of degradation on one. But it did not last—when did it, when will it, ever ?

Fleurette's father had never been in the habit of watching the motions of his daughter ; and, if she now stayed rather later in the garden than usual, it attracted no notice, or, at least, no suspicion. Not so the prince's tutor. Old *La Gaucherie* was well versed in human nature ; and the sudden and violent addiction of his pupil to gardening, led him to suspect that there was in the case some other goddess besides Pomona. Accordingly, one day he made the garden the scene of his evening walk, and the appearance of the mortal Pomona was quite sufficient to enable him to make up his opinion on the subject. I have said that *La Gaucherie* had considerable knowledge of human nature ; he, therefore, was fully aware that any remonstrances he could make to his pupil would have about the same effect “as if he were very heartily and earnestly to entreat a moth not to fly into a candle.” The next day, he accordingly told the prince that, on the following morning, they were to set out for Pau, and from thence proceed to Bayonne, where the French court at that time was.

To say that Henri was pleased at this would be doing him injustice—to say he was sorry would be more than the truth. His were mixed feelings, in a case where there always ought to be, but never was nor will be, unmingled regret. To a young mind, burning with enterprise and ambition, and not averse from pleasure, the announcement that he was at once to go

forth into the world, and that world a court, and that court the most brilliant and powerful of the time, conveyed a feeling of hope and gladness, which, I am afraid, was far from being equally counterbalanced by the regret which he really did experience of parting from Fleurette. Still it would be less than justice, if I did not say that that regret was a considerable alloy to the golden expectations of the future hero of Ivry. And at the moment when he was to take leave of her I question whether, *just at that instant*, he would not have given up all to remain. "You leave me," she said, "you leave me, and then you are lost to me for ever. It is vain to expect that, in the midst of the court, you should continue to love me, a poor lonely creature, *who is far away*. It is vain to expect it, and I do not expect it, and yet it will wring my heart to think that you do *not* love me. Your love is all I have in the world—if I lose it I lose every thing"—and she wept bitterly as she hung upon his neck. These things are, I believe, always said in substance, whatever may be the words, by a woman at the moment of separation. But trite as they may on that account be considered, they are to me inexpressibly touching nevertheless. It is the truth of these fears which makes them affecting. Degrading and painful as it may be to confess it, out of an hundred cases there are not two in which the prophecy is not accomplished. I am far from saying that all parting is necessarily followed by inconstancy; but a parting like this, where the lover is very young, and has been a favoured one—when he is to go into the world for the first time, and his qualities, alike, and his defects fit him to shine in that world, and to love it; when she who is left has yielded up the best and strongest hold over her lover's heart—the power of inspiring hope;—when she has nothing to give as reward, and nothing to withhold as punishment;—above all, when the parting is for a long and indefinite period,—then alas and alas for her heart, and hope, and happiness—she has no chance, indeed!

Henri said what are equally the universal parting words of men, but which are not in the least touching, because they are not true. He tried to persuade her that her fears were vain—he promised, he *swore*, eternal love. She neither swore nor promised, but she kept the promise and the oath which he broke. He was to leave the castle early in the morning, but earlier still they were together at the fountain. It was now the *rising* sun which shone upon it, but its beams of increasing brightness were to them far more saddening than its waning light had been of old. "You are going, Henri," she said, "you will have novelty, and motion,

and change to cheer your spirits and dissipate your sorrow. But I shall remain—I shall every day see again and again the places which you have made so dear to me by being in them with me—I shall have every thing to remind me of past happiness, and present pain. Dear, dear Henri, do not forget me,—if you do,” and she lowered her voice as she spoke, “if you do, Henri, *I shall die.*” At that moment, his vow of unceasing affection was a true one, for it was made in the spirit of truth;—at that moment, the tears which he shed were as heart-gushing as her own. “And this fountain,” she added, looking upon its loved waters, “this fountain—I shall be always there—when you are away, or when you are near me, it will be still the same—you will always find me there.” These were her last words, and he remembered the expression afterwards.

“Wast ever at court, shepherd?” “No, truly.” “Then thou art damned.” Methinks, one of Master Touchstone’s wit might have known better, and said, “thou art damned if thou *hast.*” Alas, how the court, or the world (for the court was the only world then,) mars the young feelings!—and what does it give in their room? Pity that what gives an edge to the wit, should take it from the heart! For my own part, I had rather that the one were a little less polished, provided that the other were allowed to remain keen. But Henri, as I have before said, was in every way likely to be spoiled by the world and its attractions. Mine is a love story, and state matters have nothing to do with it; I shall therefore say nothing of the public doings which might contribute to divert the thoughts of the young prince from his distant country-castle, and the young fond creature whom he had left there. It is the less necessary to mention them, inasmuch as the maids of honour of Catherine de Medicis are quite sufficient to account for the total forgetfulness which existed of poor Fleurette. There was Mlle. Le Rebours, with beauty equal to her courtly and accomplished manners; there was Mlle. de Fosseuse, with

Heart on her lips, and soul within her eyes,

—qualities rare, and therefore precious, in that petrifying atmosphere. Above all, there was the fair Greek, Mlle. d’Aylle, with the loveliness of the first and the softness of the second, and a witching and indescribable *charm* possessed by neither. Each in turn attracted the *volage*, and each in turn, unless the scandalous chronicle of those times be very scandalous indeed, gave him no reason to languish for seven years, even though they were still the days of chivalry.

At length, about fifteen months after his departure from

Nérac, Henri returned thither. He accompanied the queen-mother's court. His walks in the garden were renewed, but his companion was not the same ; and, to the shame of his heart be it spoken, he never saw or asked for her who had been so formerly. As he paced the walks by the side of Mlle. d'Ayelle, enthralled by her beauty, and fascinated by her wit, he never cast a thought on the simple maiden who had given him all the affection of an unpractised heart, and loved him with a strong unmingled passion, which this courtly creature could never feel. As he passed *the fountain*, I cannot believe that the image of Fleurette did not rise before his mind ; but, if it did, it was merely for him to chase it from his thought, as the sultan in the eastern story flung from him the talismanic ring, which reminded him that he was doing wrong.

And where was Fleurette herself ? Her heart had swelled and bounded with joy when she heard of Henri's return—but the news which she heard almost as soon (for scandal has a winged tongue) cast at once the icy chill of death upon her heart. Her long, long hope had been for his return, and now that he was returned,—oh, heaven ! how that hope was crushed and blasted !—She did not seek Henri—she conveyed to him no reproach—she suffered, suffered on.

Gracious heaven ! if men did but know the pangs which even the lightness of their conduct occasions, unless they were very fiends, they could not continue to act thus ! But they never *can* know what a woman feels on desertion, or even slight. It is not in our nature to feel such things in the same manner as they do ;—the early doubt—the gradual decline of hope—and at last the sick despair of certainty—are their hearts human, that they can inflict these things on the beings who love them to very madness, and as it were as a punishment for that love itself ?

Fleurette had once or twice seen the prince and Mlle. d'Ayelle walking together in the garden ; but she always shrank from their way, and hid herself among the trees. Her heart rose into her throat, and she felt almost as if it would choke her as she looked upon her former lover. The time which he had been away had wrought great improvement upon his person ; he was more formed, his stature was increased, his figure had become more manly, and his eye and brow more determined. Still his smile (who can forget the smile of one they have loved ?) was the same ; and poor Fleurette felt sick at heart as she saw it given to another. She watched them—their manner—their looks. “ She does not love him as I did, no one can ever do *that*,”—the poor girl

said to herself,—“and he does not look on her face as he did on mine—he does not love her as he did me—but he *does* love her, and he loves me no longer, and that is enough.”

But one day Fleurette found herself close to them of a sudden, and she felt an irresistible temptation not to avoid them this time. They met; and as they passed she looked up (it was indeed an effort) into Henri's face. His eyes met her's, and the blood sprang in volumes to his cheeks. He passed on without speaking; but that evening he came to the door of her cottage, as she was sitting at her wheel (but not spinning,) and in a hurried and embarrassed tone begged her to be at the fountain the next night. Without raising her eyes from her work, she answered, “At eight o'clock *I will be there.*”

It was now the autumn of the year, and the evening was chill and gloomy. As Henri walked through the garden, his spirits felt the effect of the season—his conduct rose upon his heart and smote him. The wind sighed, and swept the fallen leaves in eddies; and the trees, which had yet a few discoloured leaves upon them, looked perhaps still more melancholy and uncheering than if they had been wholly bare. He saw the fountain at a distance, and perceived that she was not yet come. His feelings were not exactly such as to lead him to prefer that spot to wait—it accused him too strongly. He walked once more round the garden. The night now began to close in, and the wind, as it struck chill upon him, seemed to shoot its coldness into his heart also. He again came within sight of the fountain, and still no one was there. Was this like Fleurette? He went towards it slowly, expecting every moment to see her approach through the gloom. But he got close to the brink, and still she did not appear. As he reached it, however, he saw on the spot where they had always been accustomed to sit, a short wand stuck into the earth. He approached it—he recognised it well! It was the arrow with the rose, long since withered, still adhering to its barb! He took it up, with a deep sigh, when suddenly he found a paper fastened to the feather. He tore it open—but it had become too dark for him to distinguish a line. He flew to the castle—the note contained these words: “You have ceased to love me, but I do not reproach you—may God Almighty bless you and make you happy!—may He, in His great goodness, forgive me!—I promised to meet you this night at the fountain—I have kept my tryst—if you seek, *you will find me there.*”

The truth flashed across him in a moment—he rushed back to the fountain—the unfortunate *was indeed there!*”

SHREDS.

IN a grave Essay on Knowledge and Superstition, in a recent number of the *Quarterly Review*, we were somewhat surprised to find a smart phrase, which is almost a literal translation from the following pleasant definition of an Apothecary :

“ Charlatan qui manipule des drogues qu’il ne connaît pas, pour les faire entrer dans un corps qu’il connaît encore moins.”

It was at once consolatory and mortifying, to think that a learned critic had been found pilfering from the same sources as ourselves ; for we had, in truth, prepared a very recondite article on the ways of the world, “ full of wise saws,” which we had in great part concocted from an odd mélange of grave and witty definitions and maxims, entitled *Dictionnaire des Gens du Monde*. We will now, however, be honest “ upon compulsion ;” for as the *Quarterly Reviewer* has been nibbling at our cheese-parings, we begin to think that the book has acquired some reputation ;—the defenceless and the obscure are the best subjects for plunder. To fill up a page we may, however, venture to tack together a few shreds, and thus contrive, as many others do, to extract an advantage even out of our tardy honesty.

AGE.—The only secret which the ladies keep inviolably.

SOULS.—An article of commerce amongst Sovereigns.

MASKED BALL.—A charitable establishment for ugly women.

INSOLVENCY.—A mode of getting rich by infallible rules.

A WIFE.—A woman who, having promised obedience, always knows how to make herself obeyed.

ROUGE.—A composition which has the property of rendering old women a little more ugly, and young women a little less pretty.

FEMME GALANTE.—A rose from which every lover plucks a leaf, till the thorn alone is left for the husband.

A FOOL.—An individual whose folly does not accord with that of the majority.

A GENTLEMAN.—A man who has duties to discharge and models to follow, and who ordinarily dispenses with one and the other.

GRATIS.—A word so alien to our manners, that we have been obliged to seek it in a dead language.

IMPERTINENCE.—The pride of footmen.

IMPORTANCE.—The greatness of fools.

YOUTH.—The age of a man till twenty, of a woman till fifty.

FASHION.—A law whose object often varies, but whose power is never weakened.

OPIUM.—German tales, Melodrames, and Leading Articles.

PEDANTS.—The Harpies of Literature, who corrupt all they touch.

A VOYAGE.—Matter for lies.

FASHIONS.—A tax which the industry of the poor levies upon the vanity of the rich.

PERSECUTION.—An invention for the encouragement of heresy.

CREDITORS.—Honest gentlemen who are always wrong, and who teach politeness.

We should be glad to see some man of observation and wit undertake a "Dictionary of the World," adapted to our own meridian. The modern acceptation of the commonest words furnishes a thousand illustrations of the difference between their real and their conventional meanings. We have a Dictionary of Slang, but none of Cant;—of the Vulgar Tongue, but not of the Fashionable Dialect. Mr. Egan and Dr. —, the late Mr. Thurtell and my Lord —, are equally unintelligible to the uninitiated, without a key. This little Book should be ready with the next Court Calendar, and might form an appropriate companion to that celebrated work, the Peerage, the Baronetage, and all other Indexes to good Society.

P. A.

LEMIRA OF LORRAINE.

A ROMANCE *.

WE are fond, as we will avow our frailty, of all works of fiction; and, wherever they occur to us, we glance over their pages, whether they come to us with the sanction of the popular favour, or, whether we meet them languishing under the neglect of the public; or, possibly, smitten with the heavy rod of criticism. We know that the public is sometimes, for a season at least, erroneous in its judgments; and we are still more

* 3 Vols. 8vo. Whittaker, 1823.

certain that in these days, the rod of criticism is frequently wielded by the hands of weakness, of ignorance, of interest, of caprice, or of malice. We judge, therefore, in every instance for ourselves; and, *sine amore et odio*, we determine on the merits or the demerits of the work before us, without any reference to its author or its fortunes; to its publisher or its type. Having accidentally met with the romance, the title of which stands at the head of this paper, our attention was forcibly arrested with the ingenious complication of its story; with the variety and the specific delineation of its characters; with the multiplicity of its incidents; with the vivid portraiture of its scenery; with its frequent and powerful appeals to the passions; and, lastly, with the elegance and the accuracy of its diction. We read it, therefore, twice through; and, on the whole, we have been so much pleased with it, that we cannot entertain a doubt of contributing largely to the entertainment of our readers by introducing it to their acquaintance.

Of the action of this interesting piece the scene is laid in France, at a period when the seventeenth century had run somewhat more than half its course; when the spirit of chivalry was not yet altogether extinct; and when the court of Louis XIV., in its first dazzling display, attracted the eyes of Europe, and exhibited to the surrounding nations the imposing spectacle of gallantry and taste. The reader will, of course, conclude that the fiction of the Princess of Lorraine is connected with historic truth; and that many of its agents are personages who are previously known to us, in consequence of their having acted some distinguished part on the great political theatre of the world. To this association of fiction with history, some grave objections have been made by the critics of the present day. But the immediate purpose of the writer is obtained by it, for he thus acquires more verisimilitude for his story; and if he abstains, for the production of effect, from falsifying the authentic records of history, we cannot perceive that he is amenable for any very serious offences; for the fiction and the historic truth may flow blended in his page, without being confounded, like the Titharesius and the Penëus* in the lines of the poet; and whilst the reader is instructed by the latter, he may be delighted by its adaptation to the former. We will not assert that the truth of history has been uniformly respected in the work now under our notice: but we are not inclined to be severe on this offence of our author's, (for an offence we must

* Il. B. 751.

admit it to be,) as it very infrequently occurs, and as it is made immediately subservient to the gratification of our feelings. We cannot, indeed, recollect more than one instance in which the writer of *Lemira* has been guilty of this transgression of historic truth; and then his act is not of so gross and revolting a nature as that of the author of *Ivanhoe*, when he brings Richard Cœur de Lion, liberated from his captivity, in disguise to England; and on the adventures of the heroic monarch, in the character of an unknown knight, founds the greater and the more interesting part of his story. But we are not disposed to defend the delinquency of one of these writers, by the greater delinquency of the other. Both are, unquestionably, literary criminals; and on each of them we must pass a sentence of condemnation proportioned to the magnitude of his respective criminality.

The romance of *Lemira of Lorraine* opens with the arrival of Mellidor, its hero, at the convent of St. Maure, where his sister, Rosalie, in strong opposition to her inclinations, had been placed as a novitiate, previously to her taking the veil. From this situation he releases her; and, consigning her to the care of a lady, to whom had been committed the charge of her early years, dismisses her to a country villa which he had prepared for her reception. The explanation of this scene immediately follows, in a short account of the family and parents of Mellidor and Rosalie. The Vicomte de Valmire, the father of these amiable human beings, is one of the old French nobility, a man of high spirit, lofty in his sentiments of honour, reserved and austere in his temper, inflexible in his principles, and rigid in his observance of all the great duties of life. He had been twice married; and the happiness of his union with his first consort, the mother of Mellidor, had been strongly contrasted by the peculiar infelicity of that with his second, the mother of Rosalie. So great, indeed, and so irreclaimable, had been the misconduct of this subject of his last matrimonial contract, that he had been compelled to separate her entirely from his family; and, by the power of a *lettre de cachet*, to consign her to a private confinement. His property, originally not large, being considerably impaired by the extravagance of this unhappy woman, as well as by the faithlessness of an agent, to whom he had confided a considerable part of it, the old Vicomte finds himself unable to provide suitably for his heir, Mellidor, without placing his daughter in the seclusion of a convent, or without increasing the family possessions by an opulent alliance. In an interview which ensues between the father and the son, the distressful state of their fortunes is dis-

covered to the latter, and no alternative is proposed to him but that of his condemning his beloved sister to a fate which he knew to be the most strongly opposed to her happiness, or that of his accepting a wealthy match, which was now offered to him, with the daughter of a man below the rank of nobility. Mellidor, who had chosen the profession of arms, and, by his valour and prudent conduct, had conciliated the confidence and the friendship of his commander, the great Condé, listens to his father with the most painful sensibility; for his heart was already engaged; and, for the first time in his life, he finds obedience to the paternal authority to be a task almost above the power of his filial virtue to accomplish. In consequence of an adventure, romantic indeed, but not improbable, he had been thrown into the society of the Princess of Lorraine, the only daughter of Charles, the amiable but unfortunate sovereign of that small royalty, now upon the point of sinking under the superior forces of France; and the young hero had surrendered his affections to the charms, the accomplishments, the virtues, the high and richly-endowed mind of this extraordinary and most lovely woman. The impression made by Mellidor on the heart of the Princess was not of a less deep or durable nature; and, as fortune had indulged him with the opportunity of saving, not only her own life, but that also of her beloved father, on the rout of the army of Lorraine, he seems, in an early part of the narrative; to be destined for her consort. Their union, however, appears to be opposed by insurmountable obstacles; and when the lover, as a sacrifice to his duty, actually marries the beautiful and rich Melanie, we are induced to consider his separation from the object of his almost idolatrous devotion, as altogether complete. But, by a series of events, at once probable and connected, this consummation is finally attained; and the story is conducted to a satisfactory conclusion. To follow the narration through all its intricacies, or to give a sketch of the numerous characters, (many of them historic, and many the creatures of the writer's imagination,) which are employed in its agency, would extend our article much beyond its due length; and would, also, rather unfairly anticipate the reader's interest and pleasure in the perusal of the work. We will content ourselves, therefore, with suggesting some parts of the story which occur to us as faulty; and we will then conclude with extracts from the pages before us, partly for the entertainment of our readers, and partly to justify the favourable opinion of *Lemira of Lorraine*, which we have been induced most honestly to give.

When we had lately left, in his sole remaining fortress,

near Dijon, the unfortunate sovereign of Lorraine, released from his captivity by the generous interposition of Mellidor, we are suddenly surprised by a scene of distress for which we are not altogether prepared; and which we must condemn as in opposition to the faith of history. On the death of this hapless Prince, which is represented as occurring at this precise juncture, his creditors arrest the corpse, and refuse it for inhumation, till their demands shall be fully satisfied. Without the means of discharging so large a mass of debt, and shocked by the withholding of her father's body from the rites of sepulture, the Princess brings the cause, to be pleaded by herself, before the Parliament of Dijon, and finally offers to submit to the loss of her own liberty to redeem the venerated remains. The scene is highly coloured, and is deeply impressive: but we must censure it for violating history, and for being also, of some offence against that probability which constitutes the truth of fiction.

When Mellidor returns from the death-bed of his father, to which he had been summoned from the altar, where he was united to the daughter of St. Amand, he is assassinated in his father-in-law's garden by the concealed lover of his guilty bride. The wound which the bridegroom receives on this occasion, is not mortal; and in the skirmish which ensues, he lays the assassin apparently dead at his feet. The death of an adulterous ruffian, under such circumstances of the most obvious self-defence, could not, as we should imagine, inflict pain on the most sensitive conscience; but on the mind of Mellidor it acts with the most acute power, and is productive of agonies which could not well have been more intense if the compelled deed of blood had been actually the deed of deliberate murder. This we feel to be out of nature, and we are assured that the effect is drawn much out of proportion to the cause. Though we might, perhaps, observe on some minor errors in our author's conduct of his narrative, we shall now have done with censure; and shall proceed to the more agreeable part of our design, that of entertaining our readers with extracts from the pages with which we have ourselves been amused.

The first passage which we shall select from the variety that distracts us, is the interview between Lemira and Melanie, the faithless wife of Mellidor, when the injured husband is on his trial for an imputed murder, and when his life and his honour might be saved by the confession of the conscious bride.

Lemira was still in Melanie's apartment, exerting all the fortitude of her great mind to control its anxious perturbation, when a servant entered and

presented her with a sealed letter, on which Melanie's eyes were instantly and intently fixed. The momentary suspension of Lemira's bleeding throbbing heart gave her a sensation of faintness that rendered her for a few minutes incapable of breaking the seal: but this suspense was too replete with distressing images not to be quickly terminated by a rapid perusal of this short but important note, the contents of which diffused over the face of the lovely orphan the cold pale hue of agony; while the varying crimson on Melanie's cheek, and the fitful flushing of her eye, evinced her anxiety to be informed of the cause of the Princess's emotion.

"The trial is finished at length," she said.

"And what has been the result of the Vicomte's testimony?" inquired Melanie, and then added with excessive agitation, "what new circumstances has he betrayed, and whom has he accused?"

Lemira regarded her for a few minutes with fixed and surprised attention, and then replied, "Nothing that can conduce to the exculpation of the unhappy Valmire; nothing that can prevent the stigma of guilt from attaching to his reputation; nothing, I fear, that can preserve a life so valuable to his friends, his sister, and his country."

She now again raised her eyes to Melanie's face, and was astonished to perceive that her countenance had resumed its placid expression, and that no traces remained of its late violent emotion. Horror-struck at this apparent insensibility to the fate of a being whom she had so deeply injured, and urged by her own indignant feelings, Lemira exclaimed, "Is it possible, Melanie! that you can behold with indifference the fatal destiny of a man, who has been united to you at the altar by the strictest ties of love and duty; and who has been reduced to his present fearful situation by your gross violation of these sacred vows?"

The deep crimson of passion reanimated Melanie's burning cheek: her eyes shone with unnatural brightness, while she exclaimed, "Valmire was never the husband of my love or my choice, but was forced on my acceptance by my father; and a vain ceremony gave him my hand, while my heart he has widowed, and laid low in Villeron's grave! his arm has robbed me of the charm which made life desirable: let his haughty head, therefore, be humbled in the dust, and let my adored Henri be avenged."

The princess now blushed: she blushed, that woman's pride should be so abased; that woman's tenderness should be so perverted; that woman's virtue should be so degraded.

Believing that Melanie's repentance had been as sincere as its expression was violent, Lemira had sought to impart peace to the wounded mind of the mourner, and had attended her, if not with all the officiousness of love, with the judicious and enlightened piety of a Christian; but this high-souled girl had yet to learn that no excellent or disinterested feeling could long retain possession of Melanie's breast, from whence it was soon to be banished by the indulgence of ill-regulated and violent passions.

Lemira's figure seemed to expand with the emotions of offended virtue, and her countenance assumed that peculiar expression of severity and loftiness which Melanie could never behold unabashed.

"I have been greatly deceived in you, Melanie! fearfully deceived; and now find, that, when I supposed your misfortunes had corrected your heart, my judgment greatly erred: when I thought you capable of a disinterested and noble sacrifice to save the life of a fellow creature, I estimated your character far, very far above its value; and when I imagined that your soul would be distracted with remorse at the spectacle of the misery that you have caused, I attributed a feeling to your mind to which it is a stranger. But persist in your unnatural revenge! Proceed with your work of cruelty! too soon will your vengeance be satisfied: too soon will the stroke descend, which,

by depriving Mellidor of life, will also deprive you of the power of atonement; and when you behold the bleeding corse of him whom you have murdered, then, perhaps, your too tardy repentance will be felt only to render the remaining years of your existence more deeply overshadowed with misery."

She now moved to depart; when Melanie, starting from the couch, threw herself at the feet of the princess, and catching hold of her robe, exclaimed, "Oh, leave me not thus with that look of scorn and resentment! Oh, thou Being, superior to the frailty which has destroyed me! pity my weakness, pity my distress, and forgive the wretched creature who supplicates for mercy!"

"Say then, is it in your power to save the life of the Viscount de Valmire?"

"It is."

"Then why do you hesitate to perform an act of justice and of mercy? an act which would diffuse round your heart the sunshine of happiness, and restore to your conscience the soft balm of peace."

"No!" answered Melanie, after a moment's pause, "on these terms I cannot regain your esteem; for never will I reveal those circumstances which can alone exculpate Valmire from guilt."

With a look of horror Lemira now gently, but firmly, withdrew her robe from Melanie's grasp, and instantly quitted the room.—Vol. ii. p. 27—34.

Having thus introduced our readers to the personal acquaintance, as it were, of these two finely drawn and strongly contrasted female characters, we shall make their last meeting the subject of our concluding extracts. On her divorce from Mellidor, in consequence of her detected criminality with Villeron, Melanie unites herself to her lover; and, with the wealth which she possesses, they live together for some years in a state of guilty felicity. Villeron, however, is eventually proved to be a thorough villain; and on his being claimed by a former wife, whom he had deserted, the distress of Melanie is so frantic as to impel her to plunge a poniard into her side. In this wretched situation she is accidentally discovered by Lemira; and even in this extremity, the victim of guilt and of suffering, she is not forsaken by the sympathy and the good offices of that admirable woman, who had once been her friend.

As Lemira, with indescribable feelings of agony, approached the sufferer, she feebly opened her eyes. "O heaven! she lives!" exclaimed the princess, "why is not a surgeon sent for?"

"No, no! a priest: there is no hope of preserving my life," murmured Melanie: but Lemira, without attending to these gloomy forebodings, instantly despatched a servant in quest of a spiritual guide to administer the sacrament, and to receive the confessions of the penitent, while she did not neglect to employ every human means to prolong the existence of the wretched woman. Before the arrival of either the surgeon or the priest, Lemira, kneeling by the couch, endeavoured to staunch the effusion of blood. While she was thus engaged, the surgeon arrived; who, having probed the wound, declared it was mortal; but that Melanie might linger for several hours. She then earnestly desired to be left alone with the friar, who had just arrived from a neighbouring convent, and who thus addressed her:—

"Daughter! if thou hast any undivulged crimes pressing on thy mind, hasten to be reconciled to thy Maker by instant confession."

"Crimes!" exclaimed she, with sudden and terrible emotion, "Are they not already published to the world? Is not my country vocal with my guilt? Is not every babe taught to hold up its finger, and point with scorn to Melanie, the adulteress, the parricide, the self-destroyer? Father! can crimes like these be forgiven? Is there mercy in heaven for such a sinner as I? But hear me, holy father! hear the tale of my guilty and uncontrolled passions; and publish the history to be a warning to the weak and disobedient."

She then, with several pauses occasioned by her waning life, detailed all those particulars of her connexion with Villeron, which have been before narrated, and added, "One night, that which succeeded the day when the Vicomte signified to me through the Abbé de Fleurville his having obtained a divorce, as I was sitting alone in my room, I observed the figure of a man passing by the casement. In a few moments the door communicating with the garden was unfastened, and Villeron stood before me. Terror prevented me from shrieking or moving, for I entertained no doubt that it was the spirit of my murdered Henri come to visit me from the grave. His warm caresses awoke me from my stupefaction, and recalled me to a state of unutterable bliss; for he then entreated me to fly with him and become his wife! I will not dwell," added Melanie, while a faint colour tinted her cheek, "on the happiness which I then experienced, but will only say, that the prospect of a life spent with the man whom I still adored, and a feeling of false honour, which induced me to think that marriage would wash away the stains of previous guilt, made me close my eyes to the cruelty of a deception which rendered the life of Valmire miserable. Overpowering, then, was the blow which convinced me that the object of my fondest affection, the man for whom I had sacrificed innocence, duty, and integrity, had deceived me; that his first vows were pledged to another; that he was a villain, and that I was his guilty paramour."

Her voice gradually rose as she pronounced these words; and, as she uttered the last it was elevated to a shriek; while her eyes rolled wildly, and assumed that unnatural brightness which Lemira had so often viewed with alarm, lest the vivid flashes should be succeeded by frenzy. "Is there mercy in heaven for crimes like these, father? But, if I am condemned to eternal misery, how much greater will be the agonizing torments of my seducer! Oh!" she cried with a frenzied laugh, "while riding uneasily on the clouds, while driven through the dark abyss, the sport of every wind that blows, while my shivering form is pierced through and through by the icy breath of divine wrath, how will my spirit exult to see the cause of all my misery torn to pieces by contending furies, shivered to atoms by the scathing lightning, and only reunited again to render his punishment eternal."

Exhausted by these dreadful ravings, she fell back on the pillow, and the stupified and terrified friar stood like a pillar of marble by the bed, unable to impart consolation to the dying maniac. Lemira, attracted by Melanie's shrieks, now entered the room, and found her restored to comparative calmness, and the priest seizing the opportunity to give her absolution and extreme unction: but not long did this state of tranquillity endure. Placing her hand on her side, and pausing between every word, she said, "Death, death is here! I feel his cold and iron grasp seize on my heart! all that I now wish is to see Valmire, but he too is dead; he was given up by my cruelty to a life of remorse and a death of bitterness; and now he is come to upbraid me. Yes! I see him now covered with wounds, and from their gaping mouths are emitted flames of fire. My father too, my murdered bloodless father, points to Valmire and himself! Now, now the flames approach!" She shrieked in the voice of agony, starting up with a violence that burst the bandages, and

caused again the blood to flow. "Now they seize on my body! Help, oh help me to extinguish this dreadful fire! Now it consumes my heart! Mercy! O mercy!"

She sunk back on the bed; and Lemira perceived that her spirit had passed away with her last words.

Overcome by horror at this dreadful termination of a being whom she had so long known, Lemira lost for awhile in unconsciousness the painful sense of misery.

Before the body was removed Lemira unclosed her eyes, which rested with shuddering horror on the cold, inanimate form of Melanie: but, recovering the fortitude of her great mind, she bathed the wound, removed the blood-stained garments, arranged the beautiful hair, and laid the unfortunate suicide ready for her last home. Denied interment in sacred ground, Lemira chose a mound, covered with violets, for the tomb of the unfortunate self-destroyer; and staying to see the lovely corse deposited in its lowly grave, she returned oppressed with horror to Paris.—Vol. iii. p. 226—233.

S. G.

Inner Temple.

ON EASTERN AND CLASSICAL POETRY,

MORE PARTICULARLY ON THE LIFE OF FERDAUSI.

— Ut pictura Poësis.

HOR.

WE may imagine, without liability to the charge of unsound criticism, that the art of Poetry, as well as many of the Sciences, may be retraced to an Eastern origin. To mark out its progression, changes, and improvements, or even to attempt the detection of every parallel which exists, or of the ideas which Western poets have thence appropriated to themselves, would contain more of speculation than of genuine truth. Yet, notwithstanding this chasm in the history of the art, many interesting points of similarity are still within the compass of our observation. We cannot read Homer, Pindar, or Hesiod, nor peruse the sublime flights of Æschylus, without recalling to our minds, in the train of thought and metaphor which they present, various corresponding passages in Asiatic poets, which either manifest an identity of expression, or elucidate the general custom to which each writer referred. Nor can we remark the character of improvisatore, which has been attributed to Homer, without recollecting the ancient practice of poetical competition at the Arabian *Ocad'h*, and other meetings, as well as the pastoral contentions in Virgil and Theocritus. The dramatic representations of men, things, and fables, which were in vogue in the East from the most

ancient times, and survive to the present day*, although the origin of them may probably be referred to the symbolical pageantry of the Mysteries, may, in like manner, be compared with the Grecian drama.

All poets, who derive their ideas from nature, must necessarily have sentiments, if not expressions, in common.—Some indeed make use of brighter colours in delineating the objects of their allusions, expatiate on the wings of a more vigorous fancy, or ascend to a higher range of conception; yet, notwithstanding these differences of comparative genius, those who have studied the art on the same just principles *must* exhibit in their writings traces of the model in which they were moulded. Supernatural agency and mythological personages were inseparable from ancient authors: the gods, demi-gods, and heroes; the Pegasus, Cerberus, and other fabulous beings of the classical page, had counterparts, perhaps, at one time in every country; nor, whilst we read of the Peris, Rustam, or the Inka in Ferdausi, and of the monstrous deified fictions of the Indian school, can we abstain from assenting to Sir W. Jones, that to this part of the globe these wild efforts of imagination are to be assigned. But, in comparing with each other poets of different nations and ages, we must make an allowance for local references, and the progress of time and civilization; we must not expect, in the ruder periods, that systematical arrangement and connexion of the several parts, which were the effects of scientific study, nor judge the abrupt transitions from one subject to another, peculiar to the oldest poets, by the severer rules of accurate criticism, and of more perfect modern taste.

One singular exception to these early defects is, however, found in the writings of Ferdausi, who is well known in the West under his title of the Homer of Persia. Many particulars concerning him have been published in a detached state; yet the majority have been withholden, probably in consequence of the contradictory accounts which different authors have transmitted to us. It must be granted, that his history has, in a great degree, the appearance of fable; yet, as it has been received *as real truth*, and is actually believed in the country in which he flourished, we may be excused for collecting the various statements which occur into the following summary. A great proportion is doubtless authentic, some probably false:—but to separate the one from the other, with certainty and precision, is now impossible.

* Aristophanes connects the drama with the mysteries in language not to be mistaken: and these the Greek historians derive from the East. It is almost needless to mention, that the Book of Job has been supposed the most ancient specimen of dramatic composition.

His original name was Abúlkasim, although some aver that it was Hassan Ben Ishak ; and his native place was Tús in Khorásan. He is said to have been an agriculturist, and, in consequence of an injury, to have sought redress at the court of Mahmúd, the first monarch of the Ghaznavian dynasty. About this period the sultan had projected a poetical history of the empire, from the earliest period to his own time, in imitation of Yezdegin, who had caused one to be compiled, which was entitled *Bastan-nameh** ; but, in consequence of the various revolutions which had succeeded to his era, the copies were scarcely extant, and probably almost unintelligible. Mahmúd therefore resolved to preserve the records which it contained, and continue it to his own reign, dividing the undertaking into seven parts, each to be assigned to a different poet, and granting to these seven poets the title of *Shaaaran-i Padshah*, or the Poets of the King. Hence, some writers assert, that Ferdausi repaired to court, in the hope of contributing to the undertaking, buoyed up by the fame, which he had acquired from a Divan, or collection of odes†, which he wrote whilst resident in his native city.

On entering the gates of Ghazni, he remarked three officers of the palace engaged in close conversation ; and, as he attempted to join himself to their society, it was determined, that he should only be permitted to do so on condition of extemporaneously repeating a verse that should be in unison with those which they, in rotation, should compose. The names of the three were Ausari, Asjedi, and Ferrohi ;—the first is said to have been an eulogist of Mahmúd, to have been the chief of those appointed to the *Sháhnámeh*, and to have written one of the episodes‡ before the arrival of Ferdausi :—the second was a native of Meru, and wrote a poem on the Sultan's expedition to India :—the third is only known as the author of some verses on an expedition to Samarkand, in which he was way-laid and robbed. Both Asjedi and Ferrohi are called pupils of Ausari.

These conditions having been accepted and completed, Ferdausi was admitted to their company ; and, being required to explain a legendary allusion which he had made in his verse, he displayed such a profound knowledge of the antiquities of his country, that Ausari introduced him to Mahmúd as the

* This is also called *Seyar'el-melúle*.

† He published these poems under the name of *Sharfsháh* ; they are no longer extant.

‡ The Episode of Rustam and Sohrab :—the present is from the pen of Ferdausi, in which some of Ausari's verses are retained.

only one* capable of executing his design. When he had finished a thousand verses he recited them to the Sultan, who, according to some biographers, presented him with a golden dinar for each verse :—according to others, the poet declined to receive any remuneration, until his labour should be concluded, that he might expend the aggregate sum in the decorations of his native city.

In consequence, however, of the verses which he recited, he received the surname of FERDAUSI, or THE CELESTIAL. Shortly after this period, the independence of his spirit, and the suspicion that he was attached to the sect of Ali, raised against him a host of enemies, and his interest with Mahmúd began rapidly to decline. Some attribute his misfortunes to the Vizier Maimendi†, others to Ayaz the royal favourite; and, from many particulars recorded of the former, as the Mecenas of his day, and the patron of the poet, we are inclined to attach the blame, exclusively, to the latter. Let the cause be what it may, after Ferdausi had expended the labour of thirty years on his undertaking, the promised sum was reduced from golden dinars to silver. As the royal messenger arrived he was leaving the bath, and, sending by him a taunting reply to the Sultan, he distributed the whole sum in his presence to the bath-keeper, his fruiterer, and the servants who bore the bags which contained it. Yet there are writers who exculpate Mahmúd from any knowledge of this transaction, mentioning, that he had ordered an elephant-load of gold to be sent, which his rapacious satellite withheld. It is also affirmed, that when the fraud was discovered, the messenger (or Vizier, according to some accounts,) was banished from the court; until, by producing passages from the Sháh-námeh, which unequivocally favoured the opinions of the sect of Ali, he not only reinstated himself in the Sultan's favour, but procured an order, that, on the following morning, Ferdausi should be trampled to death under the feet of an elephant.

Ferdausi, receiving his sentence, lost no time in hurrying into the royal presence; where, throwing himself at Mahmúd's feet, and eulogizing the glories of his reign, and victories of his troops, in an extemporaneous burst of verses, he succeeded in effecting a revocation of the order. Still, however, the

* A poet named Dakiki, who was assassinated by his slave, finished twenty thousand verses of a poetical history of the Kings :—it does not, however, appear that Ferdausi availed himself of his work. He is indeed said to have been indebted to a book called the History of the Kings of Persia; but this I suspect to have been another title of the work already cited, under the name of Bastan-námeh.

† So called from the place of his birth: his name was Ahmed Ibne El Hassan.

sense of injury remained, and, giving way to his indignation, he composed that bitter satire against Mahmúd, which, if no other part of his writings remained, would elevate him to the first rank of poets. Having given circulation to it, he fled into Kohistan, where he was honourably received, until the monarch's persecutions rendered his retreat unsafe. From thence he directed his course to Mazenderán, where a similar reception and similar pursuit awaited him; from thence he went to Baghdad, of which Kader Billahi (or according to others, Kayim Abbasi,) was Khalif. Here he was fated to enjoy some period of ease, and here he found leisure to annex to the Sháhnameh a thousand encomiastic verses, as well as to compose his poem called the Loves of Joseph and Zuleikka, which in the present day is only known under the name of Jami, its editor.

* * * *

This part of his history is sadly interrupted by varying accounts, some stating that Mahmúd dismissed an embassy with a threatening message, enjoining Kader Billahi to send him as a prisoner to Ghazni; to which the Khalif replied, in the words of the first verse of the one hundred and fifth chapter of the Koraun,

“Hast thou not understood what thy God did to the leaders of the elephants?”

and with this answer, taking leave of the embassy, he advised Ferdausi to betake himself for shelter to the deserts of Arabia. But advanced in years, worn with fatigue and disappointment, Ferdausi preferred to return to Tûs, and there to abide his fate. Others, however, state, that Mahmúd sent to Baghdad for the purpose of reinstating him in his honours, and awarding to him the promised remuneration of his labour.

Be this how it may, it is certain that about this period some change took place in the Sultan's sentiments, and that it was in consequence of his propensity to *tedbir* or sortilége, on which particular occasion Maimendi quoted verses from Ferdausi's great work, which happening to be precisely adapted to Mahmúd's political situation, induced the Monarch to reflect upon his past injustice, and no longer tarnish the glories of his reign by his continued series of persecutions.

Previously to the arrival of the royal envoys at Baghdad, the poet had reached Tûs, whither they followed him with khalaats or robes of honour, the 60,000 golden dinars *, and

* Some writers mention, that twelve camel-loads of indigo were a part of the presents; but I should suspect some mistake in the text, and conjecture that *indigo* was an error of the transcriber.

other presents. Ferdausi, a short time before, had been listening in the bázár to a boy, who was reciting verses of the *Sháhnámeh*, during which recital he fell down in a fit, and almost immediately expired; and as the embassy entered with their presents at one of the gates, his body was carried out of another to the place of its interment. The presents, therefore, which were destined for the father, were tendered to his daughter, who is said, by Jami, to have refused them in these memorable words:—"I have wealth and riches, which abundantly suffice to me for the purposes of life. I choose them not." The sultan, however, true to Horace's observations,

Virtutem incolumem odimus,
Sublatam ex oculis quærimus invidi,

expended the sum in erecting a mausoleum and other public buildings at Tûs, in honour of Ferdausi; and his daughter built from her own private purse a stone staircase on the banks of the river, because it was one of the improvements which her father had planned before his death. Other particulars of trivial import are narrated by Devletsháh, but those now adduced are all in which he appears to be supported by other biographers.

Notwithstanding his reverses of fortune, Ferdausi augured his own immortality, in words nearly analogous to those of Ovid and Horace: "Henceforth I shall not die, since I have lived and dispersed abroad the presents of my words. Let him who has understanding, judgment, and religion, give me a blessing before his death!" Various poets indulged in epigrams on this subject, of which this has been accounted the most famous in the east:—

"Happy is he who knows another's worth! for when heaven closed the days of Mahmûd his glory departed, nor did any other remembrance of him survive, except this historical fact, that he knew not the worth of Ferdausi."

It is said and believed, that Assadi assisted Ferdausi in his poem; and it is known, from the concurrent testimony of all writers, that the latter composed sixty thousand distichs: but it would be impossible to assign to either of them from the whole mass those particular parts which each exclusively wrote.

Detached portions of the *Sháhnámeh* have been edited and translated, but the whole is only to be found in manuscripts, of which the copies are so vitiated that many are required to obtain a correct text. Dr. Lumsden attempted, in 1811, to edit the whole work at Calcutta; but after the production of the first volume, which is entirely ruined by an inelegant and almost illegible type, he desisted from his undertaking.

Champion executed an excellent translation of Ferdausi, as far as the days of Manuchehr; but the copies have become so exceedingly scarce, that this translation can scarcely be said to be extant. Another translation was commenced in France, which was never finished or published, in consequence of the early death of the translator*. It is a matter of regret that such a work, and one so singularly sharing the fortunes of its author, when we consider the purity of its style and dialect, the smoothness of its versification, and the great body of mythology which it has preserved from works long since lost, should still continue among the arcana of the curious as a book, indeed, of which all have heard, but which is scarcely better known to the generality of scholars than the Ciphers of Persepolis, or the Arrow-headed Remains of Ancient Babylon †.

D. G. W.

FROM CATULLUS.

O Eye of all islands, where'er they may be,
 Or set in the lake, or enshrined in the sea,
 All hail to thee, Sirmio! Exquisite hour,
 When again I revisit my own native bower;
 Scarce believing I've left bleak Bithynia's shore,
 And in peace and in safety behold thee once more.
 Oh! than freedom from toil what can be more blest,
 When, the heart and the limbs travel-stricken, we rest,
 In view of the hearth-stone oft thought on alone,
 On some soft unforgotten dear bed of our own?
 This, this for all cares is my only reward;—
 So, beautiful Sirmio, be glad of thy lord!
 Lake Larius, rejoice with thy wild waves of blue,
 And, 'ye Smiles of my household, smile merrily too!

* It is reported that a person is at this time engaged in Persia to continue his immortal poem down to the reign of the present monarch; but how far the two parts will harmonize in dialect and execution, may be a reasonable matter of doubt.

† These remarks are intended as an introduction to specimens of untranslated parts of the *Shahnamah*, intended for a future Number.

THE LAMIA.

GREEK TRADITION.

Lysippe—Chilonis.

LYSIPPE.

Chilonis, whither ?

CHILONIS.

To the town——

LYSIPPE.

So late ?

CHILONIS.

It is but twilight yet—

LYSIPPE.

'Tis true—but night

Is hovering—

CHILONIS.

Oh ! the night hour is so sweet !—

Hyperion's curls have heated the red day ;

The eve is cool and fresh.—

LYSIPPE.

And thy young child

Remains at home, alone ?—

CHILONIS.

No—she who nurs'd

My infancy, now watches hers, Erybæa—

She is a faithful guard.—

LYSIPPE.

The aged yield

Soon to the power of sleep—above their lids

Wave but a feather from old Somnus' couch,

And straight they droop, and dose—the night is dreary,

Dismal, and dangerous, to the slumbering child.

The Lamias wander round, the fierce Empusa

Glides unseen to their couches.—

CHILONIS.

Have the girls

Of Thessaly been telling thee these tales ?

LYSIPPE.

Tales !—ask Areta, she who lately scorn'd

The warning, in her confidence, now weeps

Bereav'd of her sweet child.—

CHILONIS.

Thou startlest me
With these strange words—speak, art thou serious?

LYSIPPE.

Yes ;

With serious brow speak I of serious things.
I will relate nought but the truth—thou know'st
How strong the ancient friendship was between
My husband and Aretas—they had dwelt
Neighbours of years, and daily met to pass
Some hours in social converse, while the children
Play'd mirthfully their own light-hearted games
Around their thoughtful sires.—Areta's self
At twilight came oft to my cheerful home
To talk of earlier days, when we were young,
In the full bloom of grief-less maidenhood ;
And of our husband's tempers, soured by time,
Much had we to relate, as women have
When they may speak unfearing ;—by us sat
Our female children, who, when weary grown,
Droop'd into sleep, though oftener listening sat
The elder ones in silence. Once Areta
Spoke, and I thought unwisely, to her child—
“ My sweet Lambe seek thy home,” she said,
“ For sleep hath risen from his cave of night
“ To kiss thy dewy eyelids. Go, my child,
“ I well may trust thee to thy guidance, for
“ Thy wisdom is beyond thy tender years;
“ For six times only hath my pleased eye seen
“ The wreath'd-crown'd day that gave thee to my arms,
“ And yet thy wisdom wins my praise.”—She spoke,
And kissed her daughter's lip. In vain my fears
I told, and pray'd her not alone to send
Lambe—but she smil'd—boasted her sense,
And sent her home. Late when (herself return'd)
She sought her infant's couch, most horribly
Her levity was punished ; by its side
Stood the Empusa, bending eagerly
Over the slumbering child !—most deadly pale,
Lean, faded, famine-worn, the horrid face—
While o'er the blue lips gush'd a stream of blood,
Staining the marble breast and livid frame.
Fast on the infant's neck and its red lip
The midnight spectre press'd, and touch'd its cheek

With murderous kisses, drawing with its blood
 Life's blossoms from its heart ;—shrieking aloud
 Towards her child the hapless mother rush'd ;
 But the pale spectre glided from her sight
 Upon her motionless feet !—The mother rain'd
 Soft living kisses on the faded lip
 Of her wan child, repeated oft its name,
 Warm'd its cold cheek within her burning breast.
 But vainly !—all was vain !—it was a corse,
 And life returned no more !

CHILONIS.

Most horrible
 The story thou hast told. "The cool night air
 Shall tempt my steps no further—I will fly
 To save my babe from Lamia's bloody kiss.
 Ah, hapless lot of mothers !—scarce begins
 The infant life to dawn, when adverse Powers
 Threaten its safety,—does the birth-hour's guard,
 Majestic Hera, grant them to our vows,
 That Hecate may send up Hades' spawn,
 Lamia, to torture and destroy ?—Oh, haste !
 Methinks I see the pallid spectre stand
 Close to my infant's couch !—

LYSIPPE.

Nay, coward, stay !—
 But now so bold, and now so struck by fear !
 Still in extremes—look, scarcely glitters yet
 One star above us. Seat thee by the spring ;
 I'll fill the shining vases, and then go
 Home to protect thy child.

CHILONIS.

'Tis Lamia !—see !
 Empusa, spare my babe !—a kid shall pour
 Its life-blood to thy honour.

LYSIPPE.

This is madness.
 Or idle folly. Lamia never hears
 Nor grants a pious prayer,—wild outcries, curses,
 And terrible wrath alone can banish her.
 Knowest thou her story ?—I will tell it thee.
 She is the child of a forbidden love ;
 For the bright Lybia bore her to her son

Belus, rich Egypt's ruler.—Beautiful
 As is that star o' the waters, Lotus, born
 Of her own native Nile, was Lamia's youth ; —
 Fair as the immortals, she believ'd herself
 Of an immortal nature, therefore scorn'd
 All love of mortal man—the eternal Gods
 Bright in eternal beauty, changeless youth,
 She e'en disdain'd—coldly her eye pass'd o'er,
 Chilling and dimming the resplendent light
 Of their celestial brows. But then with love
 The crowned one beheld her ; his soft voice,
 His mild yet terrible eye, his glowing locks,
 His grand majestic brow, on which were thron'd
 Wisdom, and power, and empire ; these she saw,
 And seeing worshipp'd. His dread thunderbolts
 Fell at her feet,—himself into her arms !
 But Hera, the Olympian queen, beheld
 How Lamia dar'd to bless the lightning's lord,
 And fear'd another Hero might arise
 From this new mortal beauty, to achieve
 A throne in her Olympus. As she was
 The ruler of the birth-hour, she came down
 And blew a dead curse o'er the anguish'd form
 Of hapless Lamia. The young blossom felt,
 Even in the bosom of its parent stem,
 The withering of that curse ; and shrunk, and died,
 Shunning to see the light. Keen agonies
 Seiz'd on the tortur'd mother, and amidst
 Her throes of mortal anguish, a cold corse
 Was all that fill'd her arms ;—then frenzy came—
 Loud wept the desolate one, and wildly beat
 Her tender breasts to wounds, and madly tore
 Her fruitful body, now the living grave
 Of her engender'd hopes. Grief's blighting hand
 Pass'd o'er the blossoms of her loveliness,
 And straight they perish'd ! Fury revelled on
 Her rosied lips, and mounted to her brain,
 And filled her heart and spirit. Wild Despair
 Made her his own, and in his madness she
 Rush'd forth a frenzied monster. The young babes
 She tore from weeping mothers—clasping them
 In a fierce death embrace, and on their lips

Fast'ning fell kisses, till the heart's blood gush'd
 Over the fading mouth. The mother's cries
 Pierc'd high Olympus, pealing through its domes
 Unto the throne of Zeus! Horror-struck,
 The diadem'd of Heaven rose, and grasp'd
 In his terrible hand the lightnings—hurl'd them once,
 And down into eternal Hades struck
 A mangled spectral form, the blasted wretch!
 But,
 Zeus commands not Fate.—She now is past
 His empire, and each coming night ascends
 To kill the mother's hope, and fill her soul
 With pangs she once endur'd. Bloody and pale,
 Silently gliding, anxiously she seeks
 The still and slumbering child.

CHILONIS.

Oh, hush—no more!

See, I have fill'd the vases—night descends—
 Soon will the spectres of dim Hades rise
 To revel on the earth. 'Tis late—the Bear
 Glitters above us; and beneath our feet,
 In beams of silver light, the shadows glide
 Of our long wandering forms. Now then—home—home.

CRITICISMS ON THE PRINCIPAL ITALIAN WRITERS.

No. II. PETRARCH.

Et vos, o lauri, carpam, et te, proxima myrte,
 Sic positæ quoniam suaves miscetis odores,

VIRGIL.

It would not be easy to name a writer whose celebrity, when both its extent and its duration are taken into the account, can be considered as equal to that of Petrarch. Four centuries and a half have elapsed since his death. Yet still the inhabitants of every nation throughout the western world are as familiar with his character and his adventures as with the most illustrious names, and the most recent anecdotes, of their own literary history. This is indeed a rare distinction. His detractors must acknowledge that it could not have been

acquired by a poet destitute of merit. His admirers will scarcely maintain, that the unassisted merit of Petrarch could have raised him to that eminence which has not yet been attained by Shakspeare, Milton, or Dante,—that eminence, of which perhaps no modern writer, excepting himself and Cervantes, has long retained possession—an European reputation.

It is not difficult to discover some of the causes to which this great man has owed a celebrity, which I cannot but think disproportioned to his real claims on the admiration of mankind. In the first place, he is an egotist. Egotism in conversation is universally abhorred. Lovers, and, I believe, lovers alone, pardon it in each other. No services, no talents, no powers of pleasing, render it endurable. Gratitude, admiration, interest, fear, scarcely prevent those who are condemned to listen to it from indicating their disgust and fatigue. The childless uncle, the powerful patron, can scarcely extort this compliance. We leave the inside of the mail in a storm, and mount the box, rather than hear the history of our companion. The Chaplain bites his lips in the presence of the Archbishop. The Midshipman yawns at the table of the First Lord. Yet, from whatever cause, this practice, the pest of conversation, gives to writing a zest which nothing else can impart. Rousseau made the boldest experiment of this kind; and it fully succeeded. In our own time Lord Byron, by a series of attempts of the same nature, made himself the object of general interest and admiration. Wordsworth wrote with egotism more intense, but less obvious, and he has been rewarded with a sect of worshippers, comparatively small in number, but far more enthusiastic in their devotion. It is needless to multiply instances. Even now all the walks of literature are infested with mendicants for fame, who attempt to excite our interest by exhibiting all the distortions of their intellects, and stripping the covering from all the putrid sores of their feelings. Nor are there wanting many who push their imitation of the beggars whom they resemble a step further, and who find it easier to extort a pittance from the spectator, by simulating deformity and debility from which they are exempt, than by such honest labour as their health and strength enable them to perform. In the mean time the credulous public pities and pampers a nuisance, which requires only the tread-mill and the whip. This art, often successful when employed by dunces, gives irresistible fascination to works which possess intrinsic merit. We are always desirous to know something of the character and situation of those whose writings we have perused with pleasure. The

passages in which Milton has alluded to his own circumstances are perhaps read more frequently, and with more interest, than any other lines in his poems. It is amusing to observe with what labour critics have attempted to glean from the poems of Homer some hints as to his situation and feelings. According to one hypothesis, he intended to describe himself under the name of Demodocus. Others maintain that he was the identical Phemius whose life Ulysses spared. This propensity of the human mind explains, I think, in a great degree, the extensive popularity of a poet whose works are little else than the expression of his personal feelings.

In the second place, Petrarch was not only an egotist, but an amatory egotist. The hopes and fears, the joys and sorrows, which he described, were derived from the passion which of all passions exerts the widest influence, and which of all passions borrows most from the imagination. He had also another immense advantage. He was the first eminent amatory poet who appeared after the great convulsion which had changed, not only the political, but the moral, state of the world. The Greeks, who, in their public institutions and their literary tastes, were diametrically opposed to the oriental nations, bore a considerable resemblance to those nations in their domestic habits. Like them, they despised the intellects and immured the persons of their women; and it was among the least of the frightful evils to which this pernicious system gave birth, that all the accomplishments of mind, and all the fascinations of manner, which, in a highly-cultivated age, will generally be necessary to attach men to their female associates, were monopolized by the Phrynes and the Lamias. The indispensable ingredients of honourable and chivalrous love were nowhere to be found united. The matrons and their daughters, confined in the haram,—insipid, uneducated, ignorant of all but the mechanical arts, scarcely seen till they were married,—could rarely excite interest; while their brilliant rivals, half Graces, half Harpies, elegant and informed, but fickle and rapacious, could never inspire respect.

The state of society in Rome was, in this point, far happier; and the Latin literature partook of the superiority. The Roman poets have decidedly surpassed those of Greece in the delineation of the passion of love. There is no subject which they have treated with so much success. Ovid, Catullus, Tibullus, Horace, and Propertius, in spite of all their faults, must be allowed to rank high in this department of the art. To these I would add my favourite Plautus; who, though he took his plots from Greece, found, I suspect, the originals of his enchanting female characters at Rome.

Still many evils remained : and, in the decline of the great empire, all that was pernicious in its domestic institutions appeared more strongly. Under the influence of governments at once dependent and tyrannical, which purchased, by cringing to their enemies, the power of trampling on their subjects, the Romans sunk into the lowest state of effeminacy and debasement. Falsehood, cowardice, sloth, conscious and unrepining degradation, formed the national character. Such a character is totally incompatible with the stronger passions. Love, in particular, which, in the modern sense of the word, implies protection and devotion on the one side, confidence on the other, respect and fidelity on both, could not exist among the sluggish and heartless slaves who cringed around the thrones of Honorius and Augustulus. At this period the great renovation commenced. The warriors of the north, destitute as they were of knowledge and humanity, brought with them, from their forests and marshes, those qualities without which humanity is a weakness, and knowledge a curse,—energy—independence—the dread of shame—the contempt of danger. It would be most interesting to examine the manner in which the admixture of the savage conquerors and the effeminate slaves, after many generations of darkness and agitation, produced the modern European character ;—to trace back, from the first conflict to the final amalgamation, the operation of that mysterious alchemy which, from hostile and worthless elements, has extracted the pure gold of human nature—to analyze the mass, and to determine the proportions in which the ingredients are mingled. But I will confine myself to the subject to which I have more particularly referred. The nature of the passion of love had undergone a complete change. It still retained, indeed, the fanciful and voluptuous character which it had possessed among the southern nations of antiquity. But it was tinged with the superstitious veneration with which the northern warriors had been accustomed to regard women. Devotion and war had imparted to it their most solemn and animating feelings. It was sanctified by the blessings of the Church, and decorated with the wreaths of the Tournament. Venus, as in the ancient fable, was again rising above the dark and tempestuous waves which had so long covered her beauty. But she rose not now, as of old, in exposed and luxurious loveliness. She still wore the Cestus of her ancient witchcraft ; but the diadem of Juno was on her brow, and the ægis of Pallas in her hand. Love might, in fact, be called a new passion ; and it is not astonishing that the first poet of eminence who wholly devoted his genius to this theme should

have excited an extraordinary sensation. He may be compared to an adventurer who accidentally lands in a rich and unknown island; and who, though he may only set up an ill-shaped cross upon the shore, acquires possession of its treasures, and gives it his name. The claim of Petrarch was indeed somewhat like that of Amerigo Vespucci to the continent which should have derived its appellation from Columbus. The Provençal poets were unquestionably the masters of the Florentine. But they wrote in an age which could not appreciate their merits, and their imitator lived at the very period when composition in the vernacular language began to attract general attention. Petrarch was in literature what a Valentine is in love. The public preferred him, not because his merits were of a transcendent order, but because he was the first person whom they saw after they awoke from their long sleep.

Nor did Petrarch gain less by comparison with his immediate successors than with those who had preceded him. Till more than a century after his death Italy produced no poet who could be compared to him. This decay of genius is doubtless to be ascribed, in a great measure, to the influence which his own works had exercised upon the literature of his country. Yet it has conduced much to his fame. Nothing is more favourable to the reputation of a writer than to be succeeded by a race inferior to himself; and it is an advantage, from obvious causes, much more frequently enjoyed by those who corrupt the national taste, than by those who improve it.

Another cause has co-operated with those which I have mentioned to spread the renown of Petrarch. I mean the interest which is inspired by the events of his life—an interest which must have been strongly felt by his contemporaries, since, after an interval of five hundred years, no critic can be wholly exempt from its influence. Among the great men to whom we owe the resuscitation of science, he deserves the foremost place; and his enthusiastic attachment to this great cause constitutes his most just and splendid title to the gratitude of posterity. He was the votary of literature. He loved it with a perfect love. He worshipped it with an almost fanatical devotion. He was the missionary, who proclaimed its discoveries to distant countries—the pilgrim, who travelled far and wide to collect its reliques—the hermit, who retired to seclusion to meditate on its beauties—the champion, who fought its battles—the conqueror, who, in more than a metaphorical sense, led barbarism and ignorance in triumph, and received in the Capitol the laurel which his magnificent victory had earned.

Nothing can be conceived more noble or affecting than that

ceremony. The superb palaces and porticos, by which had rolled the ivory chariots of Marius and Cæsar, had long mouldered into dust. The laurelled fasces—the golden eagles—the shouting legions—the captives and the pictured cities, were indeed wanting to his victorious procession. The sceptre had passed away from Rome. But she still retained the mightier influence of an intellectual empire; and was now to confer the prouder reward of an intellectual triumph. To the man who had extended the dominion of her ancient language—who had erected the trophies of philosophy and imagination in the haunts of ignorance and ferocity—whose captives were the hearts of admiring nations enchained by the influence of his song—whose spoils were the treasures of ancient genius rescued from obscurity and decay,—the Eternal City offered the just and glorious tribute of her gratitude. Amidst the ruined monuments of ancient, and the infant erections of modern art, he who had restored the broken link between the two ages of human civilization was crowned with the wreath which he had deserved from the moderns who owed to him their refinement—from the ancients who owed to him their fame. Never was a coronation so august witnessed by Westminster or by Rheims.

When we turn from this glorious spectacle to the private chamber of the poet—when we contemplate the struggle of passion and virtue,—the eye dimmed, the cheek furrowed, by the tears of sinful and hopeless desire;—when we reflect on the whole history of his attachment, from the gay fantasy of his youth to the lingering despair of his age, pity and affection mingle with our admiration. Even after death had placed the last seal on his misery, we see him devoting to the cause of the human mind all the strength and energy which love and sorrow had spared. He lived the apostle of literature;—he fell its martyr:—he was found dead with his head reclined on a book.

Those who have studied the life and writings of Petrarch with attention, will perhaps be inclined to make some deductions from this panegyric. It cannot be denied that his merits were disfigured by a most unpleasant affectation. His zeal for literature communicated a tinge of pedantry to all his feelings and opinions. His love was the love of a sonneteer:—his patriotism was the patriotism of an antiquarian. The interest with which we contemplate the works, and study the history, of those who, in former ages, have occupied our country, arises from the associations which connect them with the community in which are comprised all the objects of our affection and our hope. In the mind of Petrarch, these feelings were reversed. He loved Italy, because it abounded with

the monuments of the ancient masters of the world. His native city—the fair and glorious Florence—the modern Athens, then in all the bloom and strength of its youth, could not obtain, from the most distinguished of its citizens, any portion of that passionate homage which he paid to the decrepitude of Rome. These and many other blemishes, though they must in candour be acknowledged, can but in a very slight degree diminish the glory of his career. For my own part, I look upon it with so much fondness and pleasure, that I feel reluctant to turn from it to the consideration of his works, which I by no means contemplate with equal admiration.

Nevertheless, I think highly of the poetical powers of Petrarch. He did not possess, indeed, the art of strongly presenting sensible objects to the imagination;—and this is the more remarkable, because the talent of which I speak is that which peculiarly distinguishes the Italian poets. In the Divine Comedy it is displayed in its highest perfection. It characterizes almost every celebrated poem in the language. Perhaps this is to be attributed to the circumstance, that painting and sculpture had attained a high degree of excellence in Italy, before poetry had been extensively cultivated. Men were debarred from books, but accustomed from childhood to contemplate the admirable works of art, which, even in the thirteenth century, Italy began to produce. Hence their imaginations received so strong a bias that, even in their writings, a taste for graphic delineation is discernible. The progress of things in England has been in all respects different. The consequence is, that English historical pictures are poems on canvass; while Italian poems are pictures painted to the mind by means of words. Of this national characteristic the writings of Petrarch are almost totally destitute. His Sonnets indeed, from their subject and nature, and his Latin poems, from the restraints which always shackle one who writes in a dead language, cannot fairly be received in evidence. But his Triumphs absolutely required the exercise of this talent, and exhibit no indications of it.

Genius, however, he certainly possessed, and genius of a high order. His ardent, tender, and magnificent turn of thought; his brilliant fancy; his command of expression, at once forcible and elegant, must be acknowledged. Nature meant him for the prince of lyric writers. But by one fatal present she deprived her other gifts of half their value. He would have been a much greater poet had he been a less clever man. His ingenuity was the bane of his mind. He abandoned the noble and natural style, in which he might have excelled, for the conceits which he produced with a facility at

once admirable and disgusting. His muse, like the Roman lady in Livy, was tempted by gaudy ornaments to betray the fastnesses of her strength, and, like her, was crushed beneath the glittering bribes which had seduced her.

The paucity of his thoughts is very remarkable. It is impossible to look without amazement on a mind so fertile in combinations, yet so barren of images. His amatory poetry is wholly made up of a very few topics, disposed in so many orders, and exhibited in so many lights, that it reminds us of those arithmetical problems about permutations, which so much astonish the unlearned. The French cook, who boasted that he could make fifteen different dishes out of a nettle-top, was not a greater master of his art. The mind of Petrarch was a kaleidoscope. At every turn it presents us with new forms, always fantastic, occasionally beautiful; and we can scarcely believe that all these varieties have been produced by the same worthless fragments of glass. The sameness of his images is, indeed, in some degree, to be attributed to the sameness of his subject. It would be unreasonable to expect perpetual variety from so many hundred compositions, all of the same length, all in the same measure, and all addressed to the same insipid and heartless coquette. I cannot but suspect also that the perverted taste, which is the blemish of his amatory verses, was to be attributed to the influence of Laura, who, probably, like most critics of her sex, preferred a gaudy to a majestic style. Be this as it may, he no sooner changes his subject than he changes his manner. When he speaks of the wrongs and degradation of Italy, devastated by foreign invaders, and but feebly defended by her pusillanimous children, the effeminate lisp of the sonneteer is exchanged for a cry, wild, and solemn, and piercing as that which proclaimed "Sleep no more" to the bloody house of Cawdor. "Italy seems not to feel her sufferings," exclaims her impassioned poet; "decrepit, sluggish, and languid, will she sleep for ever? Will there be none to awake her? Oh that I had my hands twisted in her hair *!"

Nor is it with less energy that he denounces against the Mahometan Babylon the vengeance of Europe and of Christ. His magnificent enumeration of the ancient exploits of the Greeks must always excite admiration; and cannot be perused without the deepest interest, at a time when the wise and good, bitterly disappointed in so many other countries, are looking

* Che suoi guai non par che senta;
Vecchia, oziosa e lenta.
Dormirà sempre, e non fia chi la svegli?
Le man l'avess'io avvolte entro e capegli.—CANZONE XI.

with breathless anxiety towards the natal land of liberty,—the field of Marathon,—and the deadly pass where the Lion of Lacedæmon turned to bay*.

His poems on religious subjects also deserve the highest commendation. At the head of these must be placed the Ode to the Virgin. It is, perhaps, the finest hymn in the world. His devout veneration receives an exquisitely poetical character from the delicate perception of the sex and the loveliness of his idol, which we may easily trace throughout the whole composition.

I could dwell with pleasure on these and similar parts of the writings of Petrarch, but I must return to his amatory poetry; to that he entrusted his fame, and to that he has principally owed it.

The prevailing defect of his best compositions on this subject is the universal brilliancy with which they are lighted up. The natural language of the passions is, indeed, often figurative and fantastic; and with none is this more the case than with that of love. Still there is a limit. The feelings should, indeed, have their ornamental garb; but, like an elegant woman, they should be neither muffled nor exposed. The drapery should be so arranged, as at once to answer the purposes of modest concealment and judicious display. The decorations should sometimes be employed to hide a defect, and sometimes to heighten a beauty; but never to conceal, much less to distort, the charms to which they are subsidiary. The love of Petrarch, on the contrary, arrays itself like a foppish savage, whose nose is bored with a golden ring, whose skin is painted with grotesque forms and dazzling colours, and whose ears are drawn down his shoulders by the weight of jewels. It is a rule, without any exception, in all kinds of composition, that the principal idea, the predominant feeling, should never be confounded with the accompanying decorations. It should generally be distinguished from them by greater simplicity of expression; as we recognize Napoleon in the pictures of his battles, amidst a crowd of embroidered coats and plumes, by his grey cloak and his hat without a feather. In the verses of Petrarch it is generally impossible to say what thought is meant to be prominent. All is equally elaborate. The chief wears the same gorgeous and degrading livery with his retinue, and obtains only his share of the indifferent stare which we bestow upon them in common. The poems have no strong lights and shades, no back ground, no fore ground;

* Maratona, e le mortali strette
Che difese il LEON con poca gentè.—CANZONE V.

—they are like the illuminated figures in an oriental manuscript,—plenty of rich tints, and no perspective. Such are the faults of the most celebrated of these compositions. Of those which are universally acknowledged to be bad it is scarcely possible to speak with patience. Yet they have much in common with their splendid companions. They differ from them, as a May-day procession of chimney-sweepers differs from the Field of Cloth of Gold. They have the gaudiness but not the wealth. His muse belongs to that numerous class of females who have no objection to be dirty, while they can be tawdry. When his brilliant conceits are exhausted, he supplies their place with metaphysical quibbles, forced antitheses, bad puns, and execrable charades. In his fifth sonnet he may, I think, be said to have sounded the lowest chasm of the Bathos. Upon the whole, that piece may be safely pronounced to be the worst attempt at poetry, and the worst attempt at wit, in the world.

A strong proof of the truth of these criticisms is, that almost all the sonnets produce exactly the same effect on the mind of the reader. They relate to all the various moods of a lover, from joy to despair:—yet they are perused, as far as my experience and observation have gone, with exactly the same feeling. The fact is, that in none of them are the passion and the ingenuity mixed in just proportions. There is not enough sentiment to dilute the condiments which are employed to season it. The repast which he sets before us resembles the Spanish entertainment in Dryden's *Mock Astrologer*, at which the relish of all the dishes and sauces was overpowered by the common flavour of spice. Fish,—flesh,—fowl—every thing at table tasted of nothing but red pepper.

The writings of Petrarch may indeed suffer undeservedly from one cause, to which I must allude. His imitators have so much familiarized the ear of Italy and of Europe to the favourite topics of amorous flattery and lamentation, that we can scarcely think them original, when we find them in the first author; and even when our understandings have convinced us that they were new to him, they are still old to us. This has been the fate of many of the finest passages of the most eminent writers. It is melancholy to trace a noble thought from stage to stage of its profanation; to see it transferred from the first illustrious wearer to his lacqueys, turned, and turned again, and at last hung on a scare-crow. Petrarch has really suffered much from this cause. Yet that he should have so suffered is a sufficient proof that his excellences were not of the highest order. A line may be stolen, but the pervading spirit of a great poet is not to be surreptitiously

obtained by a plagiarist. The continued imitation of twenty-five centuries has left Homer as it found him. If every simile and every turn of Dante had been copied ten thousand times, the *Divine Comedy* would have retained all its freshness. It was easy for the porter in Farquhar to pass for Beau Clincher, by borrowing his lace and his pulvilio. It would have been more difficult to enact Sir Harry Wildair.

Before I quit this subject I must defend Petrarch from one accusation, which is in the present day frequently brought against him. His sonnets are pronounced by a large sect of critics not to possess certain qualities which they maintain to be indispensable to sonnets, with as much confidence, and as much reason, as their prototypes of old insisted on the unities of the drama. I am an exoteric—utterly unable to explain the mysteries of this new poetical faith. I only know that it is a faith which, except a man do keep pure and undefiled, without doubt he shall be called a blockhead. I cannot, however, refrain from asking what is the particular virtue which belongs to fourteen as distinguished from all other numbers. Does it arise from its being a multiple of seven? Has this principle any reference to the sabbatical ordinance? Or is it to the order of rhymes that these singular properties are attached? Unhappily the sonnets of Shakspeare differ as much in this respect from those of Petrarch, as from a Spenserian or an octave stanza. Away with this unmeaning jargon! We have pulled down the old regime of criticism. I trust that we shall never tolerate the equally pedantic and irrational despotism, which some of the revolutionary leaders would erect upon its ruins. We have not dethroned Aristotle and Bossu for this.

These sonnet-fanciers would do well to reflect that, though the style of Petrarch may not suit the standard of perfection which they have chosen, they lie under great obligations to these very poems,—that, but for Petrarch, the measure concerning which they legislate so judiciously, would probably never have attracted notice;—and that to him they owe the pleasure of admiring, and the glory of composing, pieces, which seem to have been produced by Master Slender, with the assistance of his man Simple.

I cannot conclude these remarks without making a few observations on the Latin writings of Petrarch. It appears that both by himself and by his contemporaries, these were far more highly valued than his compositions in the vernacular language. Posterity, the supreme court of literary appeal, has not only reversed the judgment, but, according to its general practice, reversed it with costs, and condemned the unfortunate works to pay, not only for their own inferiority, but also for the

injustice of those who had given them an unmerited preference. And it must be owned that, without making large allowances for the circumstances under which they were produced, we cannot pronounce a very favourable judgment. They must be considered as exotics, transplanted to a foreign climate, and reared in an unfavourable situation; and it would be unreasonable to expect from them the health and the vigour which we find in the indigenous plants around them, or which they might themselves have possessed in their native soil. He has but very imperfectly imitated the style of the Latin authors, and has not compensated for the deficiency by enriching the ancient language with the graces of modern poetry. The splendour and ingenuity which we admire, even when we condemn it, in his Italian works, is almost totally wanting; and only illuminates with rare and occasional glimpses the dreary obscurity of the *Africa*. The eclogues have more animation, but they can only be called poems by courtesy. They have nothing in common with his writings in his native language, except the eternal pun about *Laura* and *Daphne*. None of these works would have placed him on a level with *Vida* or *Buchanan*. Yet when we compare him with those who preceded him; when we consider that he went on the forlorn hope of literature; that he was the first who perceived, and the first who attempted to revive, the finer elegancies of the ancient language of the world, we shall perhaps think more highly of him than of those who could never have surpassed his beauties if they had not inherited them.

He has aspired to emulate the philosophical eloquence of *Cicero*, as well as the poetical majesty of *Virgil*. His essay on the Remedies of Good and Evil Fortune is a singular work in a colloquial form, and a most scholastic style. It seems to be framed upon the model of the *Tusculan Questions*,—with what success those who have read it may easily determine. It consists of a series of dialogues; in each of these a person is introduced who has experienced some happy or some adverse event: he gravely states his case, and a reasoner, or rather Reason personified, confutes him; a task not very difficult, since the disciple defends his position only by pertinaciously repeating it, in almost the same words, at the end of every argument of his antagonist. In this manner *Petrarch* solves an immense variety of cases. Indeed, I doubt whether it would be possible to name any pleasure or any calamity which does not find a place in this dissertation. He gives excellent advice to a man who is in expectation of discovering the philosopher's stone;—to another, who has formed a fine aviary;—to a third, who is delighted with the tricks of a favourite

monkey. His lectures to the unfortunate are equally singular. He seems to imagine that a precedent in point is a sufficient consolation for every form of suffering. "Our town is taken," says one complainant;" "So was Troy," replies his comforter. "My wife has eloped," says another. "If it has happened to you once, it happened to Menelaus twice." One poor fellow is in great distress at having discovered that his wife's son is none of his. "It is hard," says he, "that I should have had the expense of bringing up one who is indifferent to me." "You are a man," returns his monitor, quoting the famous line of Terence, "and nothing that belongs to any other man ought to be indifferent to you." The physical calamities of life are not omitted; and there is in particular a disquisition on the advantages of having the itch, which, if not convincing, is certainly very amusing.

The invectives on an unfortunate physician, or rather upon the medical science, have more spirit. Petrarch was thoroughly in earnest on this subject. And the bitterness of his feelings occasionally produces, in the midst of his classical and scholastic pedantry, a sentence worthy of the second Philippic. Swift himself might have envied the chapter on the causes of the paleness of physicians.

Of his Latin works the Epistles are the most generally known and admired. As compositions they are certainly superior to his essays. But their excellence is only comparative. From so large a collection of letters, written by so eminent a man, during so varied and eventful a life, we should have expected a complete and spirited view of the literature, the manners, and the politics of the age. A traveller—a poet—a scholar—a lover—a courtier—a recluse—he might have perpetuated in an imperishable record, the form and pressure of the age and body of the time. Those who read his correspondence, in the hope of finding such information as this, will be utterly disappointed. It contains nothing characteristic of the period or of the individual. It is a series, not of letters, but of themes; and, as it is not generally known, might be very safely employed at public schools as a magazine of common-places. Whether he write on politics to the Emperor and the Doge, or send advice and consolation to a private friend, every line is crowded with examples and quotations, and sounds big with Anaxagoras and Scipio. Such was the interest excited by the character of Petrarch, and such the admiration which was felt for his epistolary style, that it was with difficulty that his letters reached the place of their destination. The poet describes, with pretended regret and real complacency, the importunity of the curious, who often opened, and some-

times stole, these favourite compositions. It is a remarkable fact that, of all his epistles, the least affected are those which are addressed to the dead and the unborn. Nothing can be more absurd than his whim of composing grave letters of ex-postulation and commendation to Cicero and Seneca ; yet these strange performances are written in a far more natural manner than his communications to his living correspondents. But of all his Latin works the preference must be given to the Epistle to Posterity ; a simple, noble, and pathetic composition, most honourable both to his taste and his heart. If we can make allowance for some of the affected humility of an author, we shall perhaps think that no literary man has left a more pleasing memorial of himself.

In conclusion, we may pronounce that the works of Petrarch were below both his genius and his celebrity ; and that the circumstances under which he wrote were as adverse to the development of his powers, as they were favourable to the extension of his fame.

T. M.

SONNET.

TO A. T. ON HER BIRTH-DAY.

No costly offerings on thy day of birth
 Are poured around thee by the festive crowd ;
 But Love can give a simple floweret worth,
 Above the cold oblations of the proud !
 Thou wilt not hear the gratulations loud
 Of many voices, but thy cheerful hearth
 Shall witness many a heartfelt wish avowed,
 And echo gaily with the heart's own mirth.
 And, of the voices that shall wish thee blest,
 (Still blest with him whose fate is linked in thine.)
 And pray that ever in thy gentle breast
 The light of holiest happiness may shine,
 With all that heaven can promise, earth give best,
 None, Ada, can be more sincere than mine.

THE LONG PARLIAMENT.

It is a strange thing in a country like England, where the inhabitants owe so little, comparatively speaking, to the gifts of Nature, and so much to the blessings of religious and political Institutions, that the sources of its wealth, the truth of its history, the spirit and the letter of its government, should be so imperfectly understood. The character of the people and the feelings of individuals are indeed unconsciously formed by the quiet agency of known and undisputed maxims; and many of those who defend the errors of ignorance in argument, are seen amongst the first to declaim against others who venture to draw the logical consequences of practical injustice from their own premises. This is one of the last and greatest achievements of true liberty, when it inspires the heart of its habitual worshipper with a strength sufficient to correct the weakness and the prejudices of his head. "*Le culte de tous les sentimens élevés et purs est tellement consolidé en Angleterre par les institutions politiques et religieuses, que les speculations de l'esprit tournent autour de ces imposantes colonnes sans jamais les ébranler**." It is to this noble "inconséquence de separer les resultats des principes" that England, as a nation, has once and again been indebted for her actual redemption from the imminent effects of the absurdities which have at intervals disgraced and infatuated her councils. We have, in fact, been preserved in spite of ourselves.

But error is evil in itself, and it is so luxuriant in its growth, and so insidious in its attacks, that it is by no means safe, if it were honourable, to rely on indefinite feelings for defeating its consequences. If errors in faith are dangerous to religion, errors in politics are no less dangerous to liberty; and it is impossible to rectify either the one or the other, so long as the fundamental principles of both are unknown, and the tenor of their history misunderstood. It is a curious anomaly that, in this country, where the records of national transactions are, beyond compare, the richest and most authentic of any in Europe, the people in general should be so little fixed in their judgment of the true nature of all the great crises of our history. The very abundance of materials may perhaps tend to distract some minds but; it is more commonly the case that the supposed difficulty of extracting

* De Staël,

a consistent account from conflicting testimonies deters the languid inquirer from making the attempt, and induces him to repose implicitly, as he must do, on the connected representation of some later writer, who has, or appears to have, taken the trouble which he shrinks from himself. Yet the difficulty is not so great as it is generally thought to be ; indeed, under the guidance of a few simple rules, and with the application of a reasonable industry, it may be affirmed that there is no real difficulty at all. It is certainly possible that, with regard to some important points of detail, the most patient investigations may lead to different results in different minds ; but upon the cardinal maxims, upon the acknowledged facts, upon the spirit and bent of our constitutional history, it should seem as impossible that two students could honestly arrive at opposite conclusions. It is not however meant that it is either necessary or desirable that the generality of educated persons should become antiquarians in their researches into past transactions, but it is suggested that a sound and simple view of things would be more useful to real loyalty of mind, than the rhetorical narratives of partisans and apologists. We all live under a free constitution, we boast of its strength and its excellence, we contrast our own privileges with the miseries of continental despotism, yet change the scene and the times, open the page which bears the record of English tyranny and English resistance in another age, and the tone and the pride of many an existing patriot vanish in a vapour of traditional reprobation. But are we not the lineal descendants of the men whom we abuse, —are not their grievances our grievances—their struggles our struggles—their triumphs our own triumphs ? Did they resist the systematic encroachments of arbitrary power for themselves alone ? Has posterity profited nothing from their exertions ? Have they deserved nothing but condemnation from us ? Look at the written contract which our forefathers called, and which we yet familiarly call, *The Bill of our Rights* ; compare its enactments with the prayers and the remonstrances of the Parliament in 1640,—and let us take care that in our zeal against all that is connected with what we term the *Grand Rebellion*, we do not impugn the motives and undermine the foundations of what we exultingly hold forth as the *Glorious Revolution* ! It is said, indeed, that there is no arguing from the one case to the other ; that the causes were different, the conduct different, the conclusion different : this was the received fashion of speaking in 1688, and it was then, at all events, a politic one ; if it be not a true one, it is, in the present day, absurd to maintain it. That the immediate

results of the cases were different is, indeed, an historical truism which may be admitted ; but at the same time that the causes were the same, that the conduct was the same, and that accident alone prevented the conclusion from being the same, we do confidently affirm.

No person will deny the gross misgovernment of James and Charles, from 1603 to 1640 ; if any one does, he must disbelieve the reluctant confessions of Royalists themselves. That national honour was basely betrayed, that public trade was scandalously monopolized, that the first and last right of an English freeman not to be taxed without the consent of Parliament was openly violated, that common justice was solemnly refused, that regal independence and arbitrary power were expressly attempted to be established ; these things are to be found, where few will doubt the authority, in the words of Lord Clarendon. The King was personally respected by his subjects ; his errors were imputed to a passionate devotion to his Queen, and a pardonable diffidence of his own better judgment ; measures which the Constitution could only consider as emanating from him, were in fact attributed to his ministers. The people displayed a patience unprecedented in their history ; they had recourse to every ordinary mode of redress without success ; they appealed to the protection of the law, and corrupt judges withheld it ; they petitioned the fountain of justice, and it was closed against them. They were plainly told that Parliaments were for the future to be laid aside ; that since they refused the pecuniary supplies demanded of them, they should see what the Crown in the hidden plenitude of its power could do. They found that this was no vain threat ; it was carried into the completest execution ; officers of every description inundated the country ; feudal claims were enforced in an age when the relation of lord and vassal was obsolete ; questionable prerogatives were asserted ; forgotten claims revived ; and all this done with a despotism of tone and a brutality of manner hitherto unknown in a land reputed free, in an æra of learning and genius infinite, in the spring of successful science and arts, and in a time of profound peace. The government of Ireland afforded any thing but hope or consolation ; that unhappy country, ever in the extremes of insurrection or servility, was then crouching at the feet of Lord Strafford ; a powerful army was maintained, and was ready for any work which the determined policy of its leader might command. The liberties of England could expect no favour or sympathy from him, and his abilities were such that any thing less than a whole nation would have had cause to tremble at them. The Archbishop of Canterbury was sus-

pected of inclinations towards the Romish see ; he had introduced many of the objectionable mummeries of the Romish ritual ; he had directed the courts of High Commission and Star-Chamber in such a manner, that they seem to have wanted few of the characters of the Spanish Inquisition. He did all this at a time when it would have been a wise thing to have altered some even of the established forms, but which was utterly unfit for the addition of new ones. The jealousies excited by the conduct of Laud were not allayed by the moderation of the Queen ; she was known to be bigotted to her church ; she was believed not to be very scrupulous upon any point ; and she possessed an entire ascendancy over the King's mind.

Such are a few of the more prominent features of the system of government pursued by the court of Charles with more or less vigour, from the commencement of his reign till the year 1640. They are not drawn from the works of Puritans or Levellers, nor described with that indignant particularity which the sense of outrage has prompted in many of the contemporary memorialists. Lord Clarendon, who wrote his history at the express desire of the king, asserts or insinuates every one of them. It is curious, indeed, to see the palpable inconsistencies into which that great writer falls, between his honesty as to facts, and his predetermination to apologize for them. After speaking of the various projects entertained by the court for raising money upon the subject without a Parliament, he proceeds with perfect candour ; " For the better support of these extraordinary ways, and to protect the agents and instruments who must be employed in them, and to discountenance and suppress all bold inquiries and opposers, the Council-table and Star-chamber enlarge their jurisdictions to a vast extent, holding (as Thucydides said of the Athenians,) ' for honourable that which pleased, and for just that which profited ;' and being the same persons in several rooms, grew both courts of law to determine right, and courts of revenue to bring money into the treasury. The Council-table by proclamations enjoying to the people what was not enjoyed by law, and prohibiting that which was not prohibited ; and the Star-chamber censuring the breach and disobedience to those proclamations by very great fines and imprisonments ; so that any disrespect to any acts of state, or to the persons of statesmen, was in no time more penal, and those foundations of right, by which men valued their security, to the apprehension and understanding of wise men, never more in danger to be destroyed*". This does not seem to be a very secure or com-

* Hist. Book I.

fortable order of things; but the historian in the same breath assures us that it actually was so: "Now, after all this (and I hope I cannot be accused of much flattery in this inquisition,) I must be so just as to say that, during the whole time that these pressures were exercised, and those new and extraordinary ways were run, that is, from the dissolution of the Parliament in the fourth year to the beginning of this Parliament, which was above twelve years, this kingdom and all his Majesty's dominions (of the interruption in Scotland somewhat shall be said in its due time and place,) enjoyed the greatest calm and the fullest measure of felicity, that any people in any age, for so long time together, have been blessed with, to the wonder and envy of all the other parts of Christendom *"

pergit pugnancia secum
Frontibus adversis componere.

If the Revolution in 1688 was justifiable, then every Englishman, from the Sovereign to the peasant, is concluded from denying the lawfulness and the propriety of resistance. We must maintain this doctrine steadily, at the peril of inferring the guilt of rebellion on ourselves, and of usurpation on our King. Now, if an Englishman might rightfully resist in 1688, he might also rightfully resist at any other time; the abstract principle being essentially good, it must have been, and still is, equally applicable at all times; and the only question to be settled is, whether the circumstances of each particular case authorize its enforcement. The nature and amount of the grievances which may justify opposition cannot be previously ascertained. In an advanced stage of political freedom an outrage, smaller in positive magnitude, may well become, from relative considerations, equivalent to the grossest violence; and resistance may be a duty, because exacter laws and superior illumination may render the attempt upon them a more deliberate wrong, and consequently the person committing it more criminal. But whatever *lesser* evils may be thought, under some circumstances, to afford cause to recur to this last and solemn remedy of Society; yet at least it must be confessed that, if a certain amount of tyranny justified a forcible opposition to James, the same amount of tyranny must equally justify resistance to Charles. The impartial student of the history of those times will perhaps see cause to doubt whether the conduct of James was not even more excusable than that of his father; but, at all events, it is clear that the foundations of right, to the apprehension and understanding of wise

men, were never more in danger to be destroyed ; and if the wise men of the nation, without exception, were persuaded of that fact, then there was the same reason existing which justified the proceedings in 1688 ; and the wonder is, not that the majority of the people should actually resist, as that men who knew and proclaimed the grievances should thwart and condemn the resisters.

But the nation did *not* resist, as we are bound to say it might righteously have done ; the people raised no disturbances, they broke out into no insurrections ; they submitted for twelve years to the legal or illegal commands of a King, who had proclaimed his intention of dispensing with the Constitution. The feeling of respect for Charles was general ; his domestic virtues justified it ; there was still a hope that he would at length open his eyes to his true interest,—that he would cease to mistake the flatteries of a profligate court for the voice of his people,—that he would emancipate himself from the prejudices of his education, and aspire after the immortal yet easy glory of a patriot King. They still believed that a man who prided himself upon the credit of his personal honour, would not always forget that he had signed and promised to maintain the Petition of Right. They thought that some contingency might necessitate the resumption of a Parliament ; and it was not doubted but that a Parliament would repair the breaches of the Constitution, which a long disuse of one had occasioned.

The contingency happened ; the Scotch invasion showed the King's weakness both to himself and to the nation. He consulted with his council ; the council could offer but one expedient, and though the King was ill inclined to it, yet necessity at length determined him once more to meet his subjects in Parliament. Lord Clarendon did not mean probably to calumniate the Court when he wrote thus : “ That it might appear that the Court was not at all apprehensive of what the Parliament would or could do, and that it was convened by his Majesty's grace and inclination, not by any motive of necessity, it proceeded in all respects in the same unpopular ways it had done ; ship-money was levied with the same severity, and the same rigour used in ecclesiastical courts, without the least compliance with the humour of any man ; which looked like steadiness, and if it were then well pursued, degenerated too soon afterwards *.”

The Parliament met in April, 1640. The King mentioned “ his desire to be again acquainted with Parliaments after so

long an intermission, and to receive the advice and assistance of his subjects there*;" the Lord Keeper followed, and told them, "that his Majesty did not expect advice from them, much less that they should interpose in any office of mediation, which would not be grateful to him; but that they should as soon as might be give his Majesty such a supply as he might provide for the vindication of his honour, by raising an army, which the season of the year, and the progress the rebels had already made, called for without delay; and his Majesty assured them, if they would gratify him with the despatch of this matter, that he would give them time enough afterwards to represent any grievances to him, and a favourable answer to them†." This inconsistent style seemed ominous. The Parliament was summoned to deliberate upon certain arduous affairs; the King said he desired the advice and assistance of his subjects there; the King's minister said that their advice was not expected, and that their mediation would not be grateful. For what was the great Council of the nation assembled? To give his Majesty a supply of money as soon as might be. That was the arduous affair,—that was the important share,—that was the primary function of national legislation which they were called upon to perform. In six or seven days' time the Court became impatient; the Peers were desired to propose by way of advice to the Commons a greater celerity in despatching the matter of the supply; the latter were incensed at this breach of their fundamental privilege, which had never been violated in the worst times; the King, in a message to the Commons, took notice of the difference between the houses, which was another breach of privilege, but it was passed over without notice, and the question of supply was debated; twelve subsidies were demanded,—the amount was disputed, and a smaller number offered; Sir Henry Vane, the secretary, said, "that carrying that proposition would be of no use, for he had authority to tell the house that if they should pass a vote for the giving the King a supply, if it were not in the proportion and manner proposed in the message, it would not be accepted‡;" and the next morning, being the 5th of May, the Parliament was dissolved.

Lord Clarendon says, "it could never be hoped that more sober or dispassionate men would ever meet together in that place, or fewer who brought ill purposes with them; nor could any man imagine what offence they had given, which put the King upon that resolution§".

This is the great crisis of the times. The King might have

* Clar. Book II.

† *Ibid.*

‡ *Ibid.*

§ *Ibid.*

re-established himself; he might with ease and honour have now reformed what every body else besides himself saw must; in a short time, infallibly lead to a revolution, if left unreformed; he would not permit his subjects to deceive themselves any longer; he terminated their willing blindness, and violently tore asunder the veil of hope and prejudice between them and his own intentions. It was now clear that the question was no longer, as in former times, about any particular grievance; but it was explicitly Constitution or no Constitution—Freedom or Slavery. If, after an intermission of twelve years, a Parliament notoriously summoned against the inclinations of the Sovereign was dissolved in a month, because it had presumed to debate upon the amount of a sum of money which its members were to give out of their own pockets, what could be expected by the nation? A Parliament had ever been looked forward to as a panacea of all their ills; and a Parliament was not allowed to operate. That awful alternative was now about to present itself to a great and illustrious people, in which they were peremptorily called upon to choose between the adoption of a spirit of concession, which could not fail to lead them to an abject submission, and a spirit of calm and inflexible resistance, which, hard and difficult as it might be, they well knew to be their natural duty, and which alone could in all human probability restore and preserve to them and their posterity those civil and political rights which they had received from their fathers by inheritance, and which alone, either to them or their children, could make this life worth the possessing. The nation then was, as it had always been, and as, by the blessing of heaven, it always shall be, attached to laws, observant of customs, obedient to institutions, tenacious of religion. “Nevertheless,” as honest Nat. Bacon says, “they love much to be *free*. When they were under awe of the pope’s curse, they bore off designs by the head and shoulders; but afterwards, by watchfulness and foresight, and having attained a light in religion that will own their liberties, of them both they make up one garland, not to be touched by any rude hand, but as if it were the bird of the eye, the whole body startles forthwith; the alarm is soon given and taken; and whether high or low, none are spared that stand in their way*.”

It is necessary to insist upon the particulars of this period, in order to convey a just conception of the motives and the relations of the parties in the momentous struggle which ensued. They are seldom spoken of with temper or dis-

* *Laws and Government*, c. 40.

crimination ; not one person out of a hundred is able to emancipate his mind from the dominion of prejudices, which unfortunately for the cause of truth arise from, and are connected with, many of the best and noblest feelings of human nature. The concrete will ever affect the heart, when the abstract cannot touch it ; the severest discipline can scarcely save the understanding from the wonderful fascination of individual virtue. The love of liberty is, indeed, a holy passion, that which is the most surely founded on reason and religion, and which best justifies the fiercest efforts of man in obedience to it ; but great and noble as it is, it seizes on the imagination rather than the affections of its votaries, and is for the most part without that spirit of personal heroism which has illumined so many pages of English history with the magical light of romance. Patriotism is generally presented to the mind in masses ; it penetrates crowds ; it arms a nation, a province, a town ; it speaks the universal language, it addresses the universal feeling ; it is generated by society, and is often destroyed by dispersion : whilst loyalty to a prince becomes prominent in particular instances ; it begins and ends and is concentrated in the individual ; it speaks to personal habits ; and grows more and more vivid and intense as the atmosphere around it is darkened, and the hour of its own extinction approaches. As the one excites admiration sometimes without sympathy, so the other moves our sympathy as often without our admiration. But where we sympathize we are prepared to approve ; and we are willing to put up with slender arguments for the justification of our feelings. Hence it is that so many persons may be met with who are candid enough to admit the truth and the real character of many of the particular facts of Charles's government, but wholly lose sight of their own admissions, when they come to pass sentence on the actions of those who were his antagonists upon those very grounds. One side may be in the wrong, but the other cannot be in the right. The King might have been tyrannical, but the Parliament had no cause to resist him. So many are there, the yielders up of reason to compassion, whom the life of this King alienates, and his death entirely reconciles.

It is not a wise thing to dissolve a Parliament, because it is slow or refractory in performing the wishes of the Court ; for the elements of discontent and opposition are by that means dispersed throughout the country, and the designs of the government rendered unquestionable. It was so in the present case. The temper of the nation was shaken by this rash act, and the passions of men much irritated. Thousands of careless livers, who troubled themselves but little about matters

of state, were awakened from their stupid indifference; they found to their dismay that things had come to that desperate pass, that they must from that day choose the line of conduct they might think proper to pursue. They could no longer be safe in neutrality; a system of despotism was manifest, and they must be for it or against it. The majority were then, and may a time never come when a majority shall not be, heart and hand against it!

Within six months, necessity and changeable counsels induced the King to summon another Parliament. On the 3d of November, 1640, that "famous Parliament" met; "the famous I call it," says Milton, "though not the harmless, since none well-affected but will confess, they have deserved much more of these nations than they have undeserved *." They have indeed deserved much of us. The evil they did was, for the most part, caused by the contention in which they were engaged, and it died with them; but the lasting good they effected, in thoroughly breaking up that system of arbitrary government in church and state, which was beginning to take root in the land, and which would, in no long time, have reduced England to the level of the continent—this we all feel and enjoy at this day, unconscious of its origin, and ungrateful to its promoters. The drunken re-action which took place at the Restoration brought back upon us many of the enormities of the old government; and the stream was so strong for the time, that the united virtues of a Clarendon and a Southampton could not wholly withstand its violence. But the frenzy passed off; and when the liberties of the people were once more openly and systematically attacked, the nation, with a promptitude grounded upon experience, and justified by the Constitution, rescued itself from a second slavery, by declaring the throne vacant of that person who had dared to act tyrannically upon it.

It may be asserted that the Long Parliament contained at this period, as Warburton says, "the greatest geniuses for government the world ever saw embarked together in one common cause†;" and perhaps it would not be unwise, or unbecoming, in persons who live after a lapse of one hundred and eighty years, to suppose that the majority among them understood the nature of their own times better than we do, and that they saw a necessity for many acts, which, having accomplished the prevention of expected evils, now appear to the superficial observer to have been done without a worthy object, or even with a bad one. The leaders in the House of Com-

* Raptures of Commonwealth. † Notes to Essay on Man, ep: iv, v. 333.

mons were persuaded of the King's insincerity; and the habit he had of engaging his personal word and honour, though it had a popular air with it at first, yet, when it was so frequently and flagrantly violated as it had been, turned greatly to his disadvantage. The Petition of Right had been grossly infringed, almost as soon as it was enacted. The Parliament of April had been dissolved with such circumstances as could leave no doubt as to the King's hatred of that assembly. The present Parliament was summoned from mere necessity. The notions of prerogative, which Charles had inherited from his father, were so rooted in his mind, that nothing could remove them. He firmly believed the powers of the Crown to be vested in him *jure divino*; and though he was a man of too much sense to adopt the style, yet he conscientiously concurred in the sentiment, of the memorable termination of one of James's speeches to the Parliament:—"I conclude the point touching the power of Kings with this axiom of divinity, that, as to dispute *what God may do* is blasphemy, but *what God wills*, that divines may lawfully, and do ordinarily, dispute and discuss; so is it sedition in subjects to dispute what a King may do in the height of his power*." And Mr. Godwin is fully borne out upon abundant authority when he infers that, "from the first meeting of the Long Parliament, Charles had contemplated its dispersion, hoping in the mean time to derive from the peremptoriness of its proceedings arguments to persuade the more moderate part of the nation to acquiesce in the measures of the Court, and yield the reins into his hands." For "early in the year (1641) he had countersigned, to signify his approbation of it, a petition to be presented by the officers of the English army, condemning the proceedings which were taking place in London, and offering to wait upon the King in person to suppress these insolencies and tumults†." It is very surprising that the duplicity of the King's conduct should be so resolutely denied as it has been; it was so constant and so imprudent, that it seems to us now to have been little short of a judicial infatuation. From first to last, from 1640 to 1649, he was ever professing and engaging "the word of a King," and upon one occasion wishing "the Sacrament might be his damnation, if his heart did not join with his lips in that protestation‡;" whilst almost simultaneously he was writing letters, and managing intrigues, not only at variance with his professions, but often grounded upon the very delusion which

* James the First's Works, p. 531.

† Hist. of Commonwealth, c. vii. The reference to Clarendon ought to be vol. i. pp. 194. or 346.

‡ Charles First's Works, speech 50.

those professions were meant to produce. Let the King's connexion with the Irish Rebellion be construed in the most favourable way, and it is still dreadful to think of the solemn protestations he made concerning it. Even Lord Clarendon seems to have felt some little doubts and compunctious visitings with regard to the King's part in Irish affairs. "I must tell you," says he, writing to Sir Edward Nicholas, "I care not how little I say in that business of Ireland, since those strange powers and instructions given to your favourite Glamorgan, which appear to me so inexcusable to justice, piety, and prudence. *And I fear there is much in that transaction of Ireland, both before and since, that you and I were never thought wise enough to be advised with in.* Oh, Mr. Secretary, those stratagems have given me more sad hours than all the misfortunes in war which have befallen the King, and look like the effects of God's anger towards us*." On the first of May, he said to the Parliament, with reference to Strafford,— "To satisfy my people I would do great matters; but this of conscience, *no fear, no respect whatever, shall make me go against it†.*" On the tenth he passed the Bill of Attainder; on the twelfth the earl was beheaded; "and the next day," says Mr. Godwin, "when his blood was hardly yet cold, Charles voluntarily came down to meet and to face those who had extorted from him his unwilling fiat‡." The King negotiates with commissioners from the Parliament in 1642, and professes to be anxious for a peace; he writes to the Queen to beg her to believe that he had "a little more wit than to place confidence in the fidelity of perfidious rebels§." A little less of this wit might have saved him his head and his crown. The King calls a Parliament at Oxford in 1644, and refuses to style the Lords and Commons at Westminster a Parliament. He writes to the Queen that "he feared to be pressed to make mean overtures, and was anxious to be freed from the place of base and mutinous motions, *that is, from his mongrel Parliament||.*" So much for his own friends, who were shedding their blood for him! In 1644 the King, previously to the treaty of Uxbridge, consents, after many evasions, to the acknowledging of the Parliament at Westminster as such, and makes the Duke of Richmond and the Earl of Southampton his ambassadors to it. He writes to the Queen,— "As to my calling those at London a Parliament, if there had been two, besides myself, of my opinion, I had not done it; *and the argument that prevailed with me was, that the*

* State Papers, ii. p. 337. † Rush, iv. p. 239. ‡ Commonwealth, c. iii.

§ Charles's Letters, Feb. 19.

|| Letters, March 12, 1645.

calling did no wise acknowledge them to be a Parliament; upon which condition and construction I did it, and no otherwise; and accordingly it is registered in the council books, with the council's unanimous approbation."*

All these proofs of double dealing, it is true, together with fifty more, were not known to all the world till after the battle of Naseby in 1645; but the Parliament had abundant testimony long before this of the impossibility of trusting themselves to the King without arms in their hands. Hence arose the necessary policy of the act for rendering the Parliament indissoluble except with its own consent; hence the ordinance for the militia; hence the impeachment of Strafford in the first instance, and the single justification, if it be admitted to be one, of the Bill of Attainder at last. With regard to this action there has been a difference of opinion. Mr. Godwin defends it on grounds of general expediency, that "law is made for man, and not man for the law; that whenever we can be sure that the most valuable interests of a nation require that we should decide one way, that way we ought to decide; that Strafford was at that day the most dangerous man to the liberties of England then present, and to come, that could live†." This is obviously inconclusive. The question still is upon these very terms, whether the most valuable interests of a country are better served by the death of a criminal, or by the inviolability of the law. The precaution of the Parliament, that it should not be drawn into a precedent, is at once a severe condemnation, and a manifest absurdity. You neither can, nor have a right to do that which shall not be drawn into a precedent. It is more for the good of mankind that laws should not be broken, than that ten Straffords should be brought to the block. Mr. Fox says more wisely; "when once a man is in a situation to be tried, and his person in the power of his accusers and his judges, he can no longer be formidable in that degree which alone can justify (*if any thing can*) the violation of the substantial rules of criminal proceedings‡." It is worthy of remark, that when Laud was made away with four years afterwards, when Mr. Godwin himself will not contend that public necessity called for the execution, the same clause was inserted in the Bill of Attainder as in that of Strafford; "that no judge or judges shall interpret any act or thing to be treason, in other manner than they should or ought to have done if this ordinance had never

* Letters, Jan. 2. This is admirably consistent with the word of a King, and shews how compatible a certain kind of Protestantism may be made with the philosophy of a Jesuit.

† Commonwealth, c. iii.

‡ History, p. 10.

been made." The friends of liberty and justice ought not to weaken a good cause by a sophistical attempt to defend these actions.

I beseech you,
Wrest once the law to your authority,
To do a great right, do a little wrong—
* * * * *

It must not be ; there is no power in Venice
Can alter a decree established.
'Twill be recorded as a precedent,
And many an error by the same example
Will rush into the state.

If the foregoing observations on the state of affairs at that time be founded on fact, or if a tenth part of them are so, then the Parliament was justified upon the admitted principles of the Revolution in resisting the King by force of arms ; and when once hostilities had commenced, it is quite clear there could be no safety for a flux and transitory body against the superior advantages of a permanent authority, except in effectually limiting its powers and opportunities of taking vengeance on its opponents. There can be no doubt with any person, that if Charles had been ultimately victorious in the field, he would have considered himself bound, in justification of his own conduct, to annihilate the Parliament, and declare all its proceedings null and void ; and would, as certainly, have seized the favourable hour to model the state according to his own taste, and to rivet for ever the chains which an army of his subjects had helped him to forge. Hume himself says, that the King could give no security to the Parliament for the performance of any agreement with them. The nature of his situation would have rendered it difficult, if his character for veracity had been unimpeached ; but, with the Naseby letters before the world, it was absolutely impossible. The justice and the prudence of the treatment which the King met with, after he had ceased to resist, may be viewed in very different lights according to the variety of human tempers. But whether it be condemned or approved is a matter of comparative insignificance in our estimation of the merits of the great struggle which agitated the country. We must not be misled by phrases ; a King, so long as he is our King, is a sacred object ; but when he ceases to protect our liberties, when we cease to render to him allegiance,—when he wages war on us, and we draw our swords against him,—the divinity that hedged him round is gone ; the propriety of treason is lost ; he is no longer our King ; and a Cromwell would be perfectly right and perfectly honest in shooting him in the

battle as soon as he would any other nameless and undistinguished foe. The open declaration of Cromwell is said to indicate a brutal and ferocious disposition.—Why? Who would, or could, have complained of the soldier that had shot James at the battle of the Boyne? Yet James was in precisely the same relation to his adversaries that his father was in at Naseby. Charles indeed was still called King, and James was not; does *that* constitute the difference? Does the *verbal* addition or subtraction of a title alter the real character of the person? Charles was called King because there was no other; James was not so called, because another was made King in his room: but that is merely accidental and extraneous; for surely no one will say that it was a more decisive act, so far as regards the King's person, to declare the throne vacant of James, than it was to level a pike against the breast of Charles. A man is a King, or he is not; Kingship is an office, and the man is obeyed in virtue of his office; if we do not obey him, if we fight against him, how can it be said that he is really any longer our King? We may be wrong, or we may be right, in ceasing to obey at all; we may be rebels or we may be patriots;—but that must depend on the commencement of the contest, and not on the termination. If Bradshaw was a rebel, Essex was a rebel, and the one not more so than the other. Rebellion admits not of degrees. As for the notion of an inalienable sanctity inherent in the persons of Kings, as abstracted from their office, it may be commended to the protection of those profound lovers of religion and justice, “who believe,” as Rumbold said, “that God has made the greater part of mankind with saddles on their backs, and bridles in their mouths; and some few booted and spurred to ride the rest.”

The fortunes of the parties, into which the opponents of the King separated, constitute the most instructive chapter in the history of England. The resistance was excited at first by a strong love of civil liberty, and a growing aversion from the prelatical form of church-government. Perhaps this latter motive was the more energetic of the two, with the majority. It acted on a more sensitive organ. The necessity of cultivating the good-will of the Scotch paved the way then, and afterwards, for the substitution of presbytery in its room. But the Presbyterians were yet more intolerant than the Bishops; they were persuaded that the Genevan discipline was the very pattern in the Mount, and they pronounced it soul-slaughter to suffer any one to vary a tittle from it. The Assembly of Divines was every whit as infallible as the Pope himself. Persecution begets persecution. But the Church of England had

an excuse, which the Presbyterians had not; for these latter, whilst under the lash, had cried for liberty of conscience upon indifferent points; they now refused it themselves, and sealed their own condemnation. "Why," says Mr. Coleridge, "should a clergyman of the present day feel interested in the defence of Laud or Sheldon? Surely it is sufficient for the warmest partisan of our establishment that he can assent with truth, that when our church persecuted, it was on mistaken principles held in common by all Christendom; and, at all events, far less culpable were the Bishops, who were maintaining the existing laws, than the persecuting spirit afterwards shown by their successful opponents, who had no such excuse, and who should have been taught mercy by their own sufferings, and wisdom by the utter failure of the experiment in their own case."

From the beginning, however, some of the chief leaders in the House of Commons had no thoughts of destroying prelacy, for the purpose of substituting in its place the more irksome and less dignified thraldom of presbytery. They aimed at religious as well as civil liberty. Of this party were Hampden, Vane, Cromwell, St. John, Selden, Whitelock, Marten. These great men concurred with the Presbyterians in opposition to the King, so long as such an union was necessary for the main interests of the commonwealth: but, when a permanent establishment began to be urged by the zealots for the discipline, a separation insensibly took place; and, though a minority in point of numbers, yet they formed an opposition at once imposing from the rank, and influential from the talents and character, of its members. The Self-denying Ordinance, which was their master-piece, gave them an ultimate ascendancy, and terminated the war. Their general name was Independents; but under this appellation were included many various parties, who, differing from each other in some points, yet equally detested presbytery and prelacy. Amongst these were the proper Independents, Erastians, Fifth-Monarchymen, Millenarians, Anabaptists, Republicans; all these stood for one common point, liberty of conscience and universal toleration of forms of religion. The greatest names which this nation can boast of were enrolled in one or other of these divisions; and they have the immortal honour of being the first body of men in any Christian state, since the time of the Apostles, who made freedom of thought a ground of union, and proclaimed toleration as a principle. We do not forget that the spoliated and prostrate Church of England put forth at the same time a champion for the same cause, who could meet no superior; as long as the English tongue is

understood, and the stream of history remains unbroken, the speech for the Liberty of Unlicensed Printing, and the Liberty of Prophesying, will shine together

— duo fulmina —

matchless monuments of the oracular wisdom, the inspired forecast, of human genius impregnated by religion.

In May, 1646, the King put himself into the hands of the Scotch before Newark, and all serious opposition to the Parliament ceased shortly afterwards. It was voted that "this kingdom had no farther need of the army of their brethren the Scots in this kingdom;" and commissioners were appointed to guard the King in Holmby-House. The Parliament had reached its zenith. Its declension was commenced, its ruin virtually effected. The pressure of common danger being at an end, the divisions became prominent. The Parliament was Presbyterian, the Army Independent. The former secretly dreaded the consequences of their own victories; they devised means of getting rid of their armed servants; and ordered them on the service of Ireland;—the latter saw through the design, knew their own strength, and refused to go. It was clear that there was no hope of preserving religious liberty from the rigid uniformity of Presbyterian discipline, except by keeping the asserters of freedom of conscience in arms together. A feverish year (1647) succeeded. Hollis and the Presbyterians laboured to effect the disbanding of the forces; resolutions were entered into; the army petitioned, and the resolutions were erased from the journals. In June, Cornet Joyce carried off the King from Holmby to Newmarket, saying, as his warrant, "that it was the pleasure of the army," and shewing as his commission five hundred troopers.

Whoever will peruse Sir John Berkley's Memorial, the genuineness of which is not disputed, and the tenor of which is strictly corroborated by all the best contemporary writers, must confess that, according to all human probability, it was owing to Charles's infatuated obstinacy and fatal presumption alone, that he was not at this time restored to his throne in peace and safety, if not in splendour. There is no more reason to doubt the sincerity of the proposals made to him by the Parliament and the army, than there is to deny the plain meaning of any other document in history. The Parliament were afraid of a coalition between the King and the army; and the army, in spite of its apparent union, had many elements of dissension within itself, which would lead the ruling officers to dread an actual collision with the established civil power, with all London at its back. Charles saw his own

personal importance, and believed it to be greater than it was. "You cannot be without me," said he on many occasions: "you cannot settle the nation but by my assistance." No one has ever accused Ireton of hypocrisy; and Ireton drew up the proposals, and was himself the commissioner. Charles saw that such a game might possibly be played as to set the army against the Parliament, and the Scotch against the army, and that he might triumph on the ruins of all three. He thought he could play this game himself, without one single qualification for the purpose. He had not the common prudence to reserve his secret in his letters. He wrote to the Queen "that he put himself up to sale, and they that bid highest for him should have him." This letter was intercepted. All hopes of a *bond fide* arrangement with the King were abandoned; it was clear that he could not force himself to act with the sincerity which alone could have saved him. The dissensions between the army and the Parliament increased: the soldiers formed themselves into committees, and drew up petitions, then addresses, then remonstrances, then resolutions; at length they demanded the expulsion of eleven of the leading members of the Presbyterian party in the House of Commons; the Parliament was expiring in impotent struggles; the vigorous vote of one day rendered ridiculous by the pusillanimous recantation of the next; even the city apprentices had power to control their measures.

The army approached London, then retired, and then approached again. The Parliament intreated, trembled, blustered. Their last hopes were centred in Fairfax, and Fairfax never deceived them. He was the most popular man in the country, and the soldiers obeyed him; but he knew that the greater part of the army was not of his opinion in matters of religion or government, and he was obliged to rule them with leniency and address in order to rule them at all. That he was the passive general wholly managed by Cromwell and Ireton, is one of the numberless flourishes of Hume's spite, for which he could quote no authority, and which indeed is contradicted by the plainest documents. When intelligence of the force put upon the Parliament by the apprentices came to Reading, the army marched; at Hounslow they were met by the Speakers of both Houses, who were received with acclamations. A feeble attempt at defence was made, which melted away at the sight of the troops, and the army marched quietly into the city, replaced the Speakers and the seceding members at Westminster, and appointed a day for a solemn thanksgiving for the restoration of the liberty of the Parliament. The King was brought to Hampton Court; negotia-

tions were again opened with him, and he again desperately tried to play off the army and Parliament against each other. His hour of salvation was almost expired. A new and tremendous party had arisen, new in its present magnitude, tremendous in its decisive tone, which was prepared to march through all dangers, against all opposition, straight forward to a republic. It was led and animated by master spirits; and if human wisdom and virtue could have controlled circumstances, Vane, Harrington, Sydney, and Milton, would have done it. Their chief strength was amongst the soldiers. Cromwell began to be suspected of secret dealings with the King; it was believed that he was to be made commander-in-chief of the army for life, created Earl of Essex, and to have the garter. That much of this was true cannot be doubted from Charles's own writings: to what extent it was entertained by Cromwell it is impossible to discover. The agitators of the armed committees intimated to him, in no obscure terms, their suspicions of his treachery; and accompanied them with the most terrible menaces. With the marvellous dexterity which characterized this singular man, he took his part,—conciliated the army by the most ardent protestations, withdrew himself from intercourse with the King, and the unfortunate Charles was lost for ever. The King, escaped, surrendered himself, was imprisoned; common prudence might have saved him; but he could put no confidence except in favourites, and his favourites had no qualities but zeal and rashness to offer him. The diversion in the north of England took place, which the absurd fanaticism of the Scotch concurred with the rapidity of Cromwell to stifle in its birth. The Parliament seized the opportunity of the absence of the army to negotiate with the King again; the only hope for either of them was to cement a close union with each other, and to make a vigorous appeal to the great body of the nation. The Parliament was more in fault than the King that nothing came of this; *he* offered what might well have sufficed for the season at least; *they* would not permit him to use the Common Prayer even in his private chapel. Yet it must be owned, that at this very time this misguided Prince was separately treating with the Scotch and the army also. The correspondence was detected; the treaty broke off; the army returned victorious and omnipotent. The King sent to Cromwell again; Cromwell would not see the messenger, but said that he did not dare to appear openly for fear of the soldiers. Charles's last act of perverse folly was to write a letter to his Queen, to assure her, among other things, "that as to a silken garter for Cromwell, he should be more disposed to

fit his neck with a hempen halter." The letter, like all his others, was intercepted.

In the end of 1648 the fate of the King was settled, by the prevalence of the republican party. His behaviour during the short remainder of his life was magnanimous. He indulged in no useless invective, he sunk into no unmanly weakness. He had to sustain a part of sorrow and of difficulty, for which he have could had no preparation, and he bore himself in it so well, that his bitterest foes could not refuse to him the tribute of their personal admiration.

——— Nothing in his life
Became him like the leaving it—

He gave his enemies no advantage over his character ; on the contrary, his sufferings created him friends from amongst those who had been his adversaries in the day of his prosperity. His dethronement procured him an affection, which nothing else could have done ; his errors were forgotten, his virtues magnified ; his weakness was power, and his death a victory.

We do not wish to engage in any display of casuistry upon the quality of this memorable event. The *legality* of it is out of the question. The subject matter far transcends the jurisdiction and comprehension of municipal law ; it must be justified or condemned on deeper and more elementary principles. It is possible, indeed, that its justification may be made good by an uncertain and dangerous logic ; but there is one fact requisite as a *preliminary* to a discussion of its intrinsic merits, namely, a real and irresistible necessity for it ; and the necessity for the execution of Charles has never yet been proved.

The Monarchy of England, which had subsisted entire for 850 years, was now formally extinguished. It was voted, " that the House of Peers in Parliament is useless and dangerous, and ought to be abolished ;" and it was resolved, upon the question by the Commons of England in Parliament assembled, " that it hath been found by experience, and this House doth declare, that the office of a King in this nation, and to have the power thereof in any single person, is unnecessary, burthensome, and dangerous to the liberty, safety, and public interest of the people of this nation, and therefore ought to be abolished *." The Parliament re-admitted many of its members to their places. Its power and independence seemed to revive. It made many admirable arrangements in

* Whitel, 1648, Feb. 6, 7.

the interior economy of the country, some of which we retain to this day, and others were the foundations of more elaborate measures in the subsequent times. Some of its acts were, indeed, absurdly severe ; but, perhaps, on the settlement of a new form of government in the face of so many difficulties, a degree of rigour was absolutely necessary, which under other circumstances would be wholly unjustifiable. Nevertheless, the Act against seditious words was ill advised ; its cruelty made it nugatory, and men, like Lilburhe, who might fairly have been punished for a misdemeanor, escaped with popularity and impunity when indicted for a treason. The name of the Parliament again became terrible at home and abroad, and their incessant labours on a work of infinite intricacy were marked with prudence and vigour, and attended with invariable success. Hume, with the same spirit of candour and discernment, which prompted him to declare, that " Milton's prose writings were disagreeable, although not defective in genius," says of the Republicans who directed the Parliament at this time, that " these men had not that large thought, nor those comprehensive views, which might qualify them for acting the part of legislators ; selfish aims and bigotry chiefly engrossed their attention." If Sir Henry Vane, Algernon Sydney, and Henry Marten, were not qualified for acting the part of legislators for a new republic, what sort or mould of men, we should like to know, did Mr. Hume think would be fitted for that task ? Were these men, and their great penman, the blind Dante of England, selfish ? Were they bigoted to any thing else, except an unconquerable desire of the dominion of reason in government, and an aspiration after the universality of freedom amongst mankind ?

From the execution of the King to the forcible dissolution of the Parliament, there passed something more than four years. They are years fraught with the deepest interest, with the most pregnant lessons. They should be studied with an intensity proportioned to the rareness of the instance. The true and enlightened lover of our admirable Constitution will find in them warnings and examples on the right hand and on the left. We should profit by both. It is a doubt whether the Republicans were answerable for the Dutch war : if they were, although it was clearly a bad and pernicious policy, as far as it weakened the antagonists of the growing power of France, yet as a measure towards the balancing of the army by the weight of a victorious navy, it was then, and it would be now, and at all times, for an island like England, both wise, and just, and honourable. The conscientious refusal of Fairfax to march

against the Scotch was a death-blow to the Parliament : his resignation of the command of the army removed the last barrier between them and the ambition of Cromwell. This memorable man fought and conquered with the certainty and the rapidity of Cæsar. Up to this time he had been the faithful servant of the Commonwealth ; whatever his dealings with the King may have been, they never caused the least change in his conduct of the army : he had punished and silenced Ireland, he had subdued Scotland, and extinguished the last hopes of the Royalists. He was now at the head of fifty thousand victorious veterans. The destinies of his country were in his hands, when he was addressed in a strain of magnificent applause and republican freedom, which Cicero never surpassed :—

Tu igitur, Cromuella, magnitudine illa animi macte esto ; te enim decet : tu patriæ liberator, libertatis auctor, custosque idem et conservator, neque graviores personam, neque augustiorem suscipere potes aliam ; qui non modo regum res gestas, sed heroum quoque nostrorum fabulas factis exsuperasti. Cogita sæpius, quam caram rem, ab quam cara parente tua, libertatem a patria tibi commendatam atque concreditam, apud te depositam habes ; quod ab electissimis gentis universæ viris illa modo expectabat, id nunc a te uno expectat, per te unum consequi sperat. Reverere tantam de te expectationem, spem patriæ de te unicam ; reverere vultus et vulnera tot fortium virorum, quotquot, te duce, pro libertate tam strenue decertarunt ; manes etiam eorum, qui in ipso certamine occubuerunt : reverere exterarum quoque civitatum existimationem de nobis atque sermones ; quantas res de libertate nostra tam fortiter parta, de nostra republica tam gloriose exorta, sibi polliceantur ; quæ si tam cito quasi aborta evanuerit, profecto nihil æque dedecorosum huic genti atque pudendum fuerit : te ipsum denique reverere, ut pro qua adipiscenda libertate tot ærumnas pertulisti, tot pericula adiisti, eam adeptus, violatam per te, aut ulla in parte immutatum aliis, ne sinas esse*.

But Cromwell revolved other schemes, and was content to push his fortune as far as it would go. He fomented the license of those turbulent spirits, who attacked the Parliament as seeking to perpetuate an usurped power in their own assembly. He countenanced the demands that were constantly made for a dissolution of the present, and a meeting of another, Parliament. "As for the Members of Parliament,"

* Defens. Secund.

said he to Whitelocke, "the army begins to have a strange distaste against them, and I wish there were not too much cause for it, and really their pride, and ambition, and self-seeking, ingrossing all places of honour and profit to themselves and their friends, and their daily breaking forth into new and violent parties and factions, their delays of business, and design to perpetuate themselves, and to continue the power in their own hands, their meddling in private matters between party and party, contrary to the institution of Parliaments, and their injustice and partiality in those matters, and the scandalous lives of some of the chief of them, these things, my Lord, do give too much ground for people to open their mouths against them, and to dislike them."

Whitelocke.—"I am sure your Excellency will not look upon them as generally depraved; too many of them are much to blame in those things you have mentioned, and many unfit things have passed among them; but I hope well of the major part of them, when great matters come to a decision."

Cromwell.—"My Lord, there is little hopes of a good settlement to be made by them, really there is not; but a great deal of fear, that they will destroy again, what the Lord hath done graciously for them and us; we all forget God, and God will forget us, and give us up to confusion; and these men will help it on, if they be suffered to proceed in their wayes; some course must be thought of to curb and restrain them, or we shall be ruined by them."

Whitelocke.—"We ourselves have acknowledged them the supream power, and taken our commissions and authority in the highest concernments from them, and how to restrain and curb them after this, it will be hard to find out a way for it."

Cromwell.—"What if a man should take upon him to be king?"

Whitelocke.—"I think that remedy would be worse than the disease*."

A few months of irresolution intervened. On the 20th of April, 1653, a great meeting was held at Whitehall, "touching some expedient to be found out, for the present carrying on of the government of the Commonwealth, and putting a period to this present Parliament." Various propositions were offered. "Cromwell being informed during this debate that the House was sitting, and that it was hoped they would put a period to themselves, which would be the most honourable dissolution for them," broke up the meeting for

* Whitel. Nov., 1652.

the present; but upon Colonel Ingoldsby returning with the news, that "the House were in debate of an act, the which would occasion other meetings of them again, and prolong their sitting," he "presently commanded some of the officers of the army to fetch a party of soldiers, with whom he marched to the House, and led a file of musqueteers in with him; the rest he placed at the door of the House, and in the lobby before it*." He then inveighed against them collectively and individually with passionate vehemence, told them, "That they had sate long enough, unless they had done more good, and that it was not fit they should sit as a Parliament any longer,—and desired them to go away." He stamped with his armed foot on the floor; the rough swordsmen of a hundred battles marched within the bar of the House of Commons, the mace was seized by a soldier, the Speaker forced from his chair. Sir Henry Vane rose with outstretched arms and a cry of remonstrance, but he was violently interrupted, and Cromwell was alone heard to exclaim in words of a deep and mingled meaning—"Sir Harry Vane! Sir Harry Vane! the Lord deliver me from Sir Harry Vane!" He waited till all the members had been driven out, his soldiers preceded him, he left the House the last person, locked the doors, put the keys in his pocket, and walked home to Whitehall.

"Thus it pleased God," says Whitelocke, "that this Assembly, famous through the world for its undertakings, actions, and successes, having subdued all their enemies, were themselves overthrown, and ruined by their servants, and those whom they had raised now pulled down their masters. An example never to be forgotten, and scarce to be paralleled in any story, by which all persons may be instructed how uncertain and subject to change all worldly affairs are, how apt to fall when we think them highest, how God makes use of strange and unexpected means to bring his purposes to pass†."

J. H.

* Whitel. April, 1653.

† Whitel. April, 1653.

THE LADY ALICE LISLE.

PART II.

THE Lady Lisle awoke from the swoon into which she had fallen, in a narrow but lofty chamber. She found herself lying on a small bed; a high-backed arm-chair was placed by the bed-side. Alice thought from its position that some person had been sitting beside her, but at that time all around her was silent. A dark curtain was drawn over the high casement, so that every object appeared indistinct in the dim light. Alice stirred not, as the tide of memory rolled back upon her mind. Overwhelmed with the oppression of her confused thoughts, she lay awhile in a sort of mental stupor, till the sound of trampling horsemen aroused her. She rose up, and hastened to the window. She looked down upon the spot where she had been standing that morning. The immense crowd had scarcely dispersed, and lingered in straggling groups about the street. The troop of horse, whose approach she had heard, appeared; she perceived Colonel Hacker at their head; beside him rode a man enveloped in a large cloak, his head was bent towards the ground, but in the air and carriage of the person she recognised her husband. The curtain which she had held back fell from her hold, and she stood motionless with horror. She could no longer doubt as to the guilt of her husband; but, as if to torture her the more at that trying hour, with the conviction of his guilt came back the remembrance of John Lisle such as he had once been, such as he was to her for the few first years after their marriage, frank and confiding, and warm-hearted. "It is well that I have seen him now," she said to herself, "I shall be better prepared to meet him again." Yet she felt that she would rather have died than seen him in such company, and in that street; she felt that the scenes of that day were deeply imprinted on the calendar of her memory. It pierced her very heart to know that till the hour of her death, she should see before her the troop of horsemen with their leader, and John Lisle riding beside him, with his face bowed to the pavement of that hated street. There was nothing striking about their appearance, and they had passed before her gaze but for a few moments. Yet there are incidents even of a simpler character which fix themselves—we know not how, we know not why—deep within the heart; and while the stronger events of life gradually wear

away from the remembrance, every little circumstance, every minute association connected with the former, occurs to the heart in all the vivid reality of its first colouring.

Alice was yet standing, when the door opened, and an old gentlewoman dressed in deep mourning entered the chamber. Her face was very pale, and she bade the lady welcome in a sad and feeble voice. She had sat by the bed-side of her stranger guest, she said, till within the last half hour, and she feared that her absence might have been felt. Alice was pleased by the mild courtesy of the old gentlewoman, and she thanked her for the attention she had received. "Ah, little enough has that been," she replied, "who could do less than feel for a young lady like yourself nearly trampled to death in the immense crowd which hath been assembled without. I could not refuse to take you in, when the old man brought you to the door, cold and senseless as a corpse; and yet you are come to the house of grief, Lady. Two days have only passed away since I followed to the grave a daughter not many years older than yourself. She was my only child. Her children are now orphans. Yet, amid the freshness of my grief for her, I can say that the death of him, who hath been murdered this morning, hath struck deeper to my heart. My poor child was called away by the Lord in his best time; but daring men have forced the spirit of that poor victim to the presence of his God. Surely the sorrows of the royal widow and her children will be visited upon the families of those wretches. The blood they have shed be upon them, and upon their children"—"Stop, do stop," exclaimed Alice, laying her hand on the upraised arm of the old gentlewoman. "Your words are too like curses; they fall heavily on my poor heart. If you knew"—Alice checked herself—"If you felt as I do for them," she continued with a trembling voice, "you would pray for them, you would weep for them and for their children." Alice sat down on the bed, and covering her face with both her hands, she burst into an agony of tears. "Alas!" she exclaimed, after a short pause, striving with the violence of her grief. "I am so wretched that my words must seem wild and strange to you.—But tell me, Madam; did you not mention an old man? May I see him? Is he in this house?" "He is still here, he awaits your appearance," replied the old gentlewoman. "We will leave this melancholy chamber," she said, and taking the hand of her guest she led her from the room.

The departure of Alice from her own house was observed by an old servant, named Richard Lucas, who had been brought up in her father's family since his childhood. He knew the

anxious state of her mind, and seeing her go forth without any attendant, he followed her. When he saw her fall, he lifted her up, and bore her in safety from the crowd. Alice found him waiting in the hall, to which she descended with the old gentlewoman; and when he rose up with a respectful salutation on her appearance, she shook his hand with affectionate warmth. "I will return to you immediately," she said, as she followed her companion to a small parlour, the bay window of which looked into a back court. The old lady made a sign to a young lad, who looked up from the book he had been reading, as they entered, and he quitted the room. The old gentlewoman drew a chair near the blazing fire for her guest, and opening a small corner cupboard of dark wood, she took from thence a flagon of wine; she then filled a small silver cup, and handed it with a manchet to Alice, entreating that she would not refuse to take so slight a refreshment. Alice did not refuse, and as she rose up to take her leave, she repeated her thanks, and expressed her hopes that she might at some future time be enabled to return the kind hospitality she had met with. "I take your offer as it is given sweet lady," was the reply of the ancient gentlewoman. "I take it in good earnest, for these are troublous times, and the eye of man cannot foresee the hour when they will change. A friend is not now to be refused; but I am an old woman nearly fourscore. It marvels me that this poor weak body of mine hath sustained its many infirmities for such a length of years. I must soon leave this world; but I do accept your kindness for the orphans of my departed child, should they ever need to claim it. I have used no impertinent curiosity, Lady," she added, "I will ask no question concerning your family or station, nor will I intrude our concerns farther upon you. I will only request you not to forget the name of Hickes."—"Indeed I will not," replied her guest. "It would be a joy to me should the children of her whom you lament, ever claim the assistance of Alice Lisle."

On her return home, the Lady Lisle found a short and hurried letter from her husband, announcing to her his departure from London on important business; but, as he was named one among the thirty-eight in the new state-council, he did not remain long away. Alice thought that the absence of her husband would enable her to determine within herself as to her manner towards him when he should appear. She occupied herself in a strict and serious examination of her own heart, in meditating upon the sacred lessons of the Book of God, and in prayer for the guidance of the Spirit of all wisdom. With all her detestation of the crime which he had

committed, Alice, therefore, was too humble and too charitable to feel any right to judge her husband. John Lisle returned home, and his wife met him with unaffected warmth of feeling. "Put off that cold restraint," she said to him. "I expected to see you look thus, to hear you speak thus; but remember I am your wife; I trust in God I shall not forget my duties; ah, more than duties; for you are still as dear to me as ever. I will not weary you now with my remonstrances; the worst is over; the past cannot be recalled. I can foresee that worldly affairs will go well with you. You will obtain what are called honours and riches. I thank God that I can see them in their real character, as dark and besetting temptations, as the favours of him who hath been called the god of this world. Husband, these are dreadful times; full of danger to us both; yet I feel a spirit within me which no power on earth shall master. I will never leave you, unless I am driven away by your own hand. But I *must* be understood, no fellowship will I have with the men who have been of late years your intimate associates. I might, perchance, you may tell me, speak with more temperance, but then you might mistake me. I am prepared for unkindness, for anger, even for insult from you: I will bear it all, and love you still."

The predictions of the Lady Alice were fulfilled. John Lisle did rise to many honours, and did acquire great riches. He became Lord President of the High Court of Justice under the Protectorate of Oliver Cromwell; and during the whole career of his success did Alice Lisle walk on resolute and firm in the path of duty she determined to pursue. For more than twelve years did she live in the retirement of her own household, devoting herself to the education of her children, and fulfilling the duties of her station with modest and exemplary faithfulness. She was wont at times to visit the paternal estates of her husband, in the Isle of Wight; and there by her gentle attentions she was enabled to soothe the last hours of the young and heart-broken Lady Elizabeth of England, when she pined away and died of grief in Carisbrook Castle. The Lady Lisle was sojourning in the Isle of Wight when Charles the Second returned to England. John Lisle had been living for some months with his family when the news of Monk's success was brought to him. He was not used to place much confidence in his wife, or to apprise her of his intentions, and he departed Alice knew not whither, with but few words of farewell to her.

The Lady Alice had so long known that it was fit for her to be prepared for some sudden change in all that affected her husband and herself, that she never rose from sleep without recalling to her mind the necessity of keeping up a constant sense of her real situation, and of preparing herself by calm thought, and fervent prayer, to meet whatever events might occur.

One beautiful autumnal morning, the Lady Alice Lisle was sitting among her children in a spacious hall, which opened upon a green lawn, sloping down to the sea, on the southern side of the Isle of Wight. Her two daughters were working at the same embroidery frame, and she was winding silken threads for their work. Her son, a fine manly boy was reading aloud from the French Chronicles of Froissart. The door opened slowly, and Alice looked up: her old and faithful servant Richard Lucas, who had departed with her husband, appeared. Alice spoke to him, and then observing that he hesitated to answer, she checked herself, and rising, led him in silence to a small parlour adjoining the hall. "Now tell me," she said, when she had herself closed the door—she stood before the old man with her trembling hand still on the latch, her head stretched forward, and her face pale as ashes. "My Lord has sent me"—"Sent you," interrupted Alice, with a low but joyful whisper, as the crimson colour rushed back to her face. "Sent you. Thank God he is not dead. Go on, Richard, I can bear any thing now." The Lord Lisle was not dead, but the proclamation had gone forth, demanding from all the regicide judges the surrender of their persons within fourteen days. Lisle had determined to fly, if possible, to the continent; and had sent his old servant to the Isle of Wight for some papers of importance. He was fearful of returning even for a few hours to take leave of his family. Richard brought no letter from his master, who deemed it incautious to write; but Alice wept as the old man described the strain of tender affection in which his Lord had spoken of his wife and children. He left to them the choice of remaining in England, or following him at a more convenient season to the continent. Alice listened to all the instructions which her husband had sent to her, and then dismissed the old servant to take some refreshment. Two hours had nearly passed away, and Richard Lucas began to be impatient for his departure. He was summoned to the presence of his mistress. He found her in the closet adjoining her sleeping chamber. Her attire was changed for a travelling dress of common materials, made after the plainest fashion. A small cabinet stood open, and he saw by the heap of thin and gauzy ashes

on the hearth that she had been burning many of her papers. "Do not wait to ask my reasons now, my good Richard," she said quietly, "but go instantly to the stable, and saddle my little chestnut jennet and your own horse. I shall go with you to my Lord wherever he may be. I need no attendant but yourself; and I shall beg you to return to my dear children, when the Lord Lisle and I leave England. I have no packet excepting that cloak-bag, which you may now bear away in your hand. My Lord's papers are concealed about my person. You will lead the horses on towards the smuggler's cove, there will I join you forthwith. Not a word," she continued, lifting up her finger, for she perceived that the old man would have remonstrated. "I am resolute to go. My orders are given to the nurse. I have arranged every thing, and have only to take leave of my children. What, Richard," she said, seeing that he still hesitated, "must I remind you that you have not been used to disobey my orders. I do not act rashly; I have long expected this. I have long determined what would be my decision in this emergency. I have never forgotten to ask in my daily prayers for the guidance of that wisdom which is from above.—Go, Richard, go—time will not permit me to say more at this present."—The old man took up the cloak-bag and obeyed his mistress.

The Lady Lisle had made known to her children that she was about to depart from them; and she now sought them with a heavy heart. To her eldest daughter she alone confided her intention of proceeding to the continent, and she told her how uncertain the period of her return might be. The young girl, who possessed much quiet firmness of character, accompanied her mother, with a heart almost breaking, but with a calm countenance, to the spot where Richard was waiting with the horses. The Lady Lisle departed—

When Alice and her old servant arrived at the sequestered village to which John Lisle had retired, she sat down in the mean chamber which he had hired, and waited there for her husband, who was absent just at that time. She sat at the open window, gazing out upon the lonely beach and the beautiful and boundless ocean beyond, over which the shadows of night were gathering fast. She soon beheld her husband approaching, and thought at first that she would withdraw from the casement; yet still did she linger there most unconsciously, for she perceived with grief how altered he was,—how wasted by the anxiety he had undergone. Lisle did not look up: he entered the cottage. Alice heard his footstep on the stairs, and trembled with the violence of her feelings. He entered the chamber, and his wife rose up to meet him.

With timid yet eager affection she threw her arms round his neck, and kissed him. For a few moments Lisle appeared rejoiced, he clasped his wife to his breast, and spoke with the tone of deep affection; but then his coldness of manner returned, and he said, "You are come to say farewell to me, before I leave England." "I am come," said Alice, with a smile that lit up her whole countenance, "to depart with you. I have arranged every thing as well as I could, on so short a notice, and only wait for your permission to send Richard Lucas back to our children. I will take his place about your person. I am prepared for the dangers and difficulties that may surround us, or rather determined to think nothing a difficulty if met in your company." Lisle looked very thoughtful for some minutes, and replied not; then seeming to rouse himself from distracted thoughts, he said suddenly, "Alice, this is childish nonsense, it cannot be. My plans cannot be altered now. You are very, very kind; you are too good to me," he added, smiting his brow, "I am a wretch to speak to you thus. Forgive me, my sweet faithful Alice; I am unworthy, quite unworthy of your devoted affection. I cannot tell you how I feel this proof of your love to me; to one who hath been of late years so cold, so restrained towards you. Go back to our lovely children; make them, with God's grace, (and I know you seek it in the right way) make them like yourself. Yes; I will hope," he said, perceiving how sad the expression of his wife's countenance became, "I will hope that we may all meet together at no distant period. I will either return to you, should the government permit, or I will make arrangements to receive you on the continent, when the winter is well over; at present I must not delay my departure. My beloved wife, I do indeed feel your affection; but I therefore cannot allow you to sacrifice yourself thus. Go, and may the blessing of God be with you for ever. My happiest moments will be those when I am praying on my knees for you." "All that you have said," replied the Lady Alice, with much gentleness in her sweet voice, "would make an excellent argument for you had you spoken to any person but myself. Listen to a few words which cannot be answered,—I am your wife—Now my dearest husband, I find no reason whatever which should oppose the right which I claim; nay, which I will not part with," she continued smiling archly. "Go with you, remain with you, I will, from this moment, even till God shall see fit to part us by death. Nay, do not look grave again, my love," she said playfully, "you have betrayed yourself. I see that my influence is not lost; and I tell you fairly,

I will use it. Dear husband, do let me go, for after all my bold speeches, you see I come to entreating like a child. Do let me go with you."

"Do not urge this matter further, my sweet wife," said he, "indeed you cannot go. How wearied you appear already, and you know not how soon I must depart; every moment that I linger bringeth danger nearer to me. I have heard since the morning that those who watch for me are not far distant. They have discovered, or at least, they do certainly suspect, that I have spoken for my passage in a vessel lying off Portsmouth. I cannot return thither. My only hope of safety is by departing instantly in a small fishing boat. The wind is fresh and favourable. I had now come to this cottage for the last time, to see if Richard Lucas were returned; had I not found him, I should have been at this time far from these shores. The little boat is lying behind that point of land; they are waiting for me there." As he spake, he pointed to the spot from where Alice had seen him approach. "I am ready to go this instant, and not wearied," replied the lady. "I looked anxious, and you thought I was fatigued in body—Well—my love, we must not delay, I will call Richard Lucas to take this cloak-bag of mine. You see I am not, for once, encumbered with many packages, as women usually are.—Is there any thing here that I can carry in my hand to the boat—No, I see nothing about this little chamber—I suppose that your things are already carried thither—Richard," she said, as the old man entered the chamber, "take this, and come with us.—Take care that you do not strike your head," she called out softly, as they descended the narrow staircase.—Alice drew near to her husband as they walked from the cottage. "You do not refuse me, dear husband?" said she. "I do not," replied John Lisle. He spoke in a low whisper, and his voice was tremulous with emotion, but Alice heard him.

It was to the banks of the magnificent lake Leman, in Switzerland, that John Lisle and his wife proceeded. Edmund Ludlow, the regicide, the friend of Lisle, had fled to Dieppe, and joining company with him there, they proceeded together to Geneva. They afterward fixed their residence at the lovely town of Vevay. The Lady Lisle was now only anxious for the presence of her children; but she deemed it best that they should remain in England, having heard that they were living under the protection of her own friends, many of whom were high in favour with the restored monarch.—Most of the regicides had suffered on the scaffold, and the printed account of their last prayers, and dying speeches, which stole abroad

in the year of our Lord 1661, had been read by Lisle. Three years had passed away, and yet he lived undisturbed, except by the probability of danger.—At the beginning of the year 1664, some suspicious circumstances were related to John Lisle by one of his foreign friends. Two men had appeared in the neighbourhood of Vevay, who had made particular inquiries as to his residence and daily habits. It was also reported that their inquiries had been fully answered by a certain Frenchman, who at times visited Vevay, Lausanne, and other places, to carry on his trade of engraving upon seals and cups. This man was then at Vevay; and Lisle, having received a promise from his friends, that they would cause the French graver to be examined, set off with his lady to Lausanne, where they hired a lodging, and determined to remain for a few weeks. Scarcely, however, had they been a day at Lausanne, when Lisle received information from Ludlow that the Frenchman (probably guessing that his conduct would be inquired into by the officers of justice) had also fled, and fled to Lausanne. Lisle immediately represented the matter to the government there. The man was taken before the Burgomaster, and, after a slight and unsatisfactory examination, banished from their jurisdiction. Lisle had soon fresh cause for alarm. Again he heard from Ludlow that two men, habited as grooms, had arrived at an inn in Vevay. These men had also been examined by an order of the Bailiff and Chatelain of the town. They pretended that they were the servants of a German Count, then sojourning at the baths in the Pais des Vallées, and that they were commanded to await his arrival at Vevay. The fellows continued at Vevay for a week, when *one*, coming from the baths of which they had spoken, declared that no German Count had been there. It was intimated to the landlord of the inn at Vevay, that he should not entertain the false rogues a day longer. Upon which, they had hastened away by the road to Lausanne. They came to Lausanne, and Lisle was apprized of their residing there by many of his friends. Again were the fellows questioned, but they now told a well-concerted story; and no sufficient grounds could be advanced to force their departure. “I can bear this no longer,” said John Lisle to his wife, as one of his friends quitted the apartment in which they were sitting. “I cannot bear to live in this fever of fearful anxiety. I have not been used thus to dread the presence of human beings. I go about now like a timid child in a dark room, and start if by chance a footstep sound behind me. I know that if the danger I shun were really present, I could turn

and face it without a winking of the eye. I should not tremble then. But look at me now; touch my hand, Alice. Am I not an altered man? It is foolish to tremble at the *fear*, when the *certainly* would not appal me.—You look grave, Alice—do not mistake me. I did not mean that death would not appal me. I have lately learnt to know myself; to examine the principles on which I have acted. I will confess that they were not such as I could now approve. I am not ready for death; I pray to God that He will let me live a little longer. Oh, my wife, I know that you pray for me; but let your warmest prayer for my soul be, that I may live a few more years in a better knowledge of myself, and of my Saviour's will." "Have I not every reason to pray for a continuance of days to you, my husband," replied Alice. "I, whom every day in your society makes happier. I, who am blessed almost beyond my hopes when I hear you speak thus; indeed it would be an affliction for me to lose you now. And yet I fear when I think upon your failing health. Your face is sunk and pale, and your hand—yes, it doth indeed tremble. A dry fever burns in its slightest touch. It cuts me to the heart to see you so ill. You need air, and regular exercise; and yet I must own that I do not like you to expose yourself to those fellows. I would have you at least wait a little longer. Do follow the advice of your friends. Go not again for some while to the church we have of late attended. Your friends say truly, that if an attempt were made upon your life so near the gates of the town, a way of escape would lie at once open to the villains."

"Alice," replied John Lisle, with a quiet solemnity of manner which she never forgot, "you know how my whole soul pants for a longer sojourn in this world of trial. Do not think I can trifle with hopes that every moment are dearer to me. But I am resolved from this hour that I will commit myself to God alone. He knoweth what is best for my soul. To that church I will go, as heretofore, to worship Him who alone can save me, for vain is the help, vain the foresight of man."

The morning which succeeded after the above-mentioned conversation, was unusually beautiful. The windows of the saloon which Lisle and his Lady occupied commanded the whole magnificent range of mountains extending along the Savoy side of the lake; and Alice rose up from the table on which their breakfast was spread, to gaze out upon the splendid scenery before her. The light breeze seemed, as it blew freely over her face, to bring with it a pure spirit of refreshment that penetrated through her whole frame. She felt her

heart lightened, and the faculties of her mind braced by it. "This surely is a morning," she said, and turned to her husband, "in which I can apply to my feelings that verse of Scripture—'Heaviness may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning.' Look out upon this world of beauty. Here is surely all the joy of morning,—freshness, and light and purity, spreading the whole earth with the radiance of heaven. It is ungrateful in man to feel mournful on such a morning." "You must not loiter here, my love," said Lisle, as he walked up to the window from whence his wife was gazing. "We must turn awhile from these objects, which are in truth, most gloriously beautiful, to offer to their great Creator the morning sacrifice of prayer and praise in His holy House."

"I too feel inspirited by the air of this bright morning," exclaimed Lisle, as he drew his wife's arm within his own: and so they proceeded to the church, adjoining the town-gate. Still in conversation, they entered the street leading immediately to the church. Alice suddenly started, for on lifting up her eyes she beheld a man come forth from a house on the opposite side of the road, and she saw that he gazed intently upon her husband. She determined to look steadily in the man's face as they passed him. To her surprise he saluted them. Alice had perceived nothing suspicious in his appearance, except that he wore a long cloak, and that his hat seemed to shade the upper part of his face. All this took place very quickly; yet Alice ceased at once from conversing with her husband. Some of their friends were only a few paces before them, and many persons were passing along the street. She did not like to appear alarmed, and she hesitated when her husband asked the cause of her sudden change of manner. Alice turned her head to look back.—At that instant, before she could speak, her husband sprung up with a violent bound from her side—the discharge of a carbine burst like thunder on her ear.—Her extended arms caught the body as it fell—and, unable to support its dead weight, she sunk with it, and under it, to the earth; the hot blood gushing over her bosom, and wetting her in a moment to the skin. The poor Lady had met with many heavy sorrows, and her life was, till she drew her last breath, a life of heart-breaking trials. Yet never was she visited with such pangs of agony as when she lay upon the earth weighed down by the corpse of her husband. It was not his death, or her own situation, that pierced her soul so sharply; it was the scene which swam before her eyes as she lay half insensible, and beheld a horseman, wrapped in a long cloak, with his face bent towards

the ground, ride from behind the church, with a led horse in his hand; in less than a minute, the assassin had mounted, and both the horsemen had disappeared; but for hours a dream-like vision haunted her brain. She saw that scene again before her, which appeared in Westminster-street, on the morning of the King's execution, and her husband riding with Colonel Hacker before the troop of horse, a long cloak hanging over his figure, and his face bowed towards the ground.

L. W.

SOME ACCOUNT OF THE GREAT LAW-SUIT BETWEEN
THE PARISHES OF ST. DENNIS AND ST. GEORGE
IN THE WATER.

PART I.

THE parish of St. Dennis is one of the most pleasant parts of the county in which it is situated. It is fertile, well wooded, well watered, and of an excellent air. For many generations the manor had been holden in tail-male by a worshipful family, who have always taken precedence of their neighbours at the races and the sessions.

In ancient times the affairs of this parish were administered by a Court-Baron, in which the freeholders were judges; and the rates were levied by select vestries of the inhabitant householders. But at length these good customs fell into disuse. The Lords of the Manor, indeed, still held courts for form's sake, but they or their stewards had the whole management of affairs. They demanded services, duties, and customs, to which they had no just title. Nay, they would often bring actions against their neighbours for their own private advantage, and then send in the bill to the parish. No objection was made, during many years, to these proceedings, so that the rates became heavier and heavier: nor was any person exempted from these demands, except the footmen and gamekeepers of the squire and the rector of the parish. They indeed were never checked in any excess. They would come to an honest labourer's cottage, eat his pancakes, tuck his fowls into their pockets, and cane the poor man himself. If he went up to the great house to complain, it was hard to get the speech of Sir Lewis; and, indeed, his only

chance of being righted was to coax the squire's pretty house-keeper, who could do what she pleased with her master. If he ventured to intrude upon the Lord of the Manor without this precaution, he gained nothing by his pains. Sir Lewis, indeed, would at first receive him with a civil face; for, to give him his due, he could be a fine gentleman when he pleased. "Good day, my friend;" he would say, "what situation have you in my family?" "Bless your honour!" says the poor fellow, "I am not one of your honour's servants; I rent a small piece of ground, your honour." "Then, you dog," quoth the squire, "what do mean by coming here? Has a gentleman nothing to do but to hear the complaints of clowns? Here! Philip, James, Dick, toss this fellow in a blanket; or duck him, and set him in the stocks to dry."

One of these precious Lords of the Manor enclosed a deer-park, and in order to stock it, he seized all the pretty pet fawns that his tenants had brought up, without paying them a farthing, or asking their leave. It was a sad day for the parish of St. Dennis. Indeed, I do not believe that all his oppressive exactions and long bills enraged the poor tenants so much as this cruel measure.

Yet for a long time, in spite of all these inconveniences, St. Dennis's was a very pleasant place. The people could not refrain from capering if they heard the sound of a fiddle. And, if they were inclined to be riotous, Sir Lewis had only to send for Punch, or the dancing dogs, and all was quiet again. But this could not last for ever; they began to think more and more of their condition; and, at last, a club of foul-mouthed, good-for-nothing rascals was held at the sign of the Devil, for the purpose of abusing the squire and the parson. The doctor, to own the truth, was old and indolent, extremely fat and greedy. He had not preached a tolerable sermon for a long time. The squire was still worse: so that, partly by truth and partly by falsehood, the club set the whole parish against their superiors. The boys scrawled caricatures of the clergyman upon the church-door, and shot at the landlord with pop-guns as he rode a hunting. It was even whispered about that the Lord of the Manor had no right to his estate, and that, if he were compelled to produce the original title-deeds, it would be found that he only held the estate in trust for the inhabitants of the parish.

In the mean time the squire was pressed more and more for money. The parish could pay no more. The rector refused to lend a farthing. The Jews were clamorous for their money; and the landlord had no other resource than to call together

the inhabitants of the parish, and to request their assistance. They now attacked him furiously about their grievances, and insisted that he should relinquish his oppressive powers. They insisted that his footmen should be kept in order, that the parson should pay his share of the rates, that the children of the parish should be allowed to fish in the trout-stream, and to gather blackberries in the hedges. They at last went so far as to demand that he should acknowledge that he held his estate only in trust for them. His distress compelled him to submit. They, in return, agreed to set him free from his pecuniary difficulties, and to suffer him to inhabit the manor-house; and only annoyed him from time to time by singing impudent ballads under his window.

The neighbouring gentlefolks did not look on these proceedings with much complacency. It is true that Sir Lewis and his ancestors had plagued them with law-suits, and affronted them at county-meetings. Still they preferred the insolence of a gentleman to that of the rabble, and felt some uneasiness lest the example should infect their own tenants.

A large party of them met at the house of Lord Cæsar Germain. Lord Cæsar was the proudest man in the county. His family was very ancient and illustrious, though not particularly opulent. He had invited most of his wealthy neighbours. There was Mrs. Kitty North, the relict of poor Squire Peter, respecting whom the coroner's jury had found a verdict of accidental death, but whose fate had nevertheless excited strange whispers in the neighbourhood. There was Squire Don, the owner of the great West Indian property, who was not so rich as he had formerly been, but still retained his pride, and kept up his customary pomp; so that he had plenty of plate but no breeches. There was Squire Von Blunderbussen, who had succeeded to the estates of his uncle, old Colonel Frederic Von Blunderbussen, of the hussars. The colonel was a very singular old fellow; he used to learn a page of Chambaud's grammar, and to translate *Télémaque* every morning, and he kept six French masters to teach him to *parleyvoo*. Nevertheless, he was a shrewd clever man, and improved his estate with so much care, sometimes by honest and sometimes by dishonest means, that he left a very pretty property to his nephew.

Lord Cæsar poured out a glass of Tokay for Mrs. Kitty. "Your health, my dear madam, I never saw you look more charming. Pray what think you of these doings at St. Dennis's?"

"Fine doings! indeed!" interrupted Von Blunderbussen, "I wish that we had my old uncle alive, he would have had some of them up to the halberts. He knew how to use a cat-o'-nine-tails. If things go on in this way, a gentleman will not be able to horsewhip an impudent farmer, or to say a civil word to a milk-maid."

"Indeed, it's very true, Sir;" said Mrs. Kitty, "their insolence is intolerable. Look at me, for instance:—a poor lone woman!—My dear Peter dead! I loved him:—so I did; and when he died, I was so hysterical you cannot think. And now I cannot lean on the arm of a decent footman, or take a walk with a tall grenadier behind me, just to protect me from audacious vagabonds, but they must have their nauseous suspicions;—odious creatures!"—

"This must be stopped," replied Lord Cæsar. "We ought to contribute to support my poor brother-in-law against these rascals. I will write to Squire Guelf on this subject by this night's post. His name is always at the head of our county subscriptions."

If the people of St. Dennis's had been angry before, they were well nigh mad when they heard of this conversation. The whole parish ran to the manor-house. Sir Lewis's Swiss porter shut the door against them; but they broke in and knocked him on the head for his impudence. They then seized the squire, hooted at him, pelted him, ducked him, and carried him to the watch-house. They turned the rector into the street, burnt his wig and band, and sold the church-plate by auction. They put up a painted Jezebel in the pulpit to preach. They scratched out the texts which were written round the church, and scribbled profane scraps of songs and plays in their place. They set the organ playing to pot-house tunes. Instead of being decently asked in church, they were married over a broomstick. But of all their whims, the use of the new patent steel-traps was the most remarkable.

This trap was constructed on a completely new principle. It consisted of a cleaver hung in a frame like a window; when any poor wretch got in, down it came with a tremendous din, and took off his head in a twinkling. They got the squire into one of these machines. In order to prevent any of his partisans from getting footing in the parish, they placed traps at every corner. It was impossible to walk through the highway at broad noon without tumbling into one or other of them. No man could go about his business in security. Yet so great was the hatred which the inhabitants entertained for

the old family, that a few decent honest people, who begged them to take down the steel-traps, and to put up humane man-traps in their room, were very roughly handled for their good nature.

In the mean time the neighbouring gentry undertook a suit against the parish on the behalf of Sir Lewis's heir, and applied to Squire Guelf for his assistance.

Every body knows that Squire Guelf is more closely tied up than any gentleman in the shire. He could, therefore, lend them no help; but he referred them to the Vestry of the Parish of St. George in the Water. These good people had long borne a grudge against their neighbours on the other side of the stream, and some mutual trespasses had lately occurred which increased their hostility.

There was an honest Irishman, a great favourite among them, who used to entertain them with raree-shows, and to exhibit a magic lantern to the children on winter evenings. He had gone quite mad upon this subject. Sometimes he would call out in the middle of the street—"Take care of that corner, neighbours: for the love of Heaven, keep clear of that post, there is a patent steel-trap concealed thereabouts." Sometimes he would be disturbed by frightful dreams; then he would get up at dead of night, open his window and cry "fire," till the parish was roused, and the engines sent for. The pulpit of the Parish of St. George seemed likely to fall; I believe that the only reason was that the parson had grown too fat and heavy; but nothing would persuade this honest man but that it was a scheme of the people at St. Dennis's, and that they had sawed through the pillars in order to break the rector's neck. Once he went about with a knife in his pocket, and told all the persons whom he met, that it had been sharpened by the knife-grinder of the next parish to cut their throats. These extravagancies had a great effect on the people, and the more so because they were espoused by Squire Guelf's steward, who was the most influential person in the parish. He was a very fair-spoken man, very attentive to the main chance, and the idol of the old women, because he never played at skittles or danced with the girls; and, indeed, never took any recreation but that of drinking on Saturday nights with his friend Harry, the Scotch pedlar. His supporters called him Sweet William; his enemies the Bottomless Pit.

The people of St. Dennis's, however, had their advocates. There was Frank, the richest farmer in the parish, whose great grandfather had been knocked on the head many years

before, in a squabble between the parish and a former landlord. There was Dick, the merry-andrew, rather light-fingered and riotous, but a clever droll fellow. Above all, there was Charley, the publican, a jolly, fat, honest lad, a great favourite with the women, who, if he had not been rather too fond of ale and chuck-farthing, would have been the best fellow in the neighbourhood.

"My boys," said Charley, "this is exceedingly well for Madam North;—not that I would speak uncivilly of her; she put up my picture in her best room, bless her for it! But, I say, this is very well for her, and for Lord Cæsar, and Squire Don, and Colonel Von;—but what affair is it of yours or mine? It is not to be wondered at, that gentlemen should wish to keep poor people out of their own. But it is strange, indeed, that they should expect the poor themselves to combine against their own interests. If the folks at St. Dennis's should attack us we have the law and our cudgels to protect us. But why, in the name of wonder, are we to attack them? When old Sir Charles, who was Lord of the Manor formerly, and the parson, who was presented by him to the living, tried to bully the Vestry, did not we knock their heads together, and go to meeting to hear Jeremiah Ringletub preach? And did the Squire Don, or the great Sir Lewis, that lived at that time, or the Germaines, say a word against us for it? Mind your own business, my lads: law is not to be had for nothing; and we, you may be sure, shall have to pay the whole bill."

Nevertheless the people of St. George's were resolved on law. They cried out most lustily, "'Squire Guelf for ever! Sweet William for ever! No steel traps!" 'Squire Guelf took all the rascally footmen who had worn old Sir Lewis's livery into his service. They were fed in his kitchen on the very best of every thing, though they had no settlement. Many people, and the paupers in particular, grumbled at these proceedings. The steward, however, devised a way to keep them quiet.

There had lived in this parish for many years an old gentleman, named Sir Habeas Corpus. He was said by some to be of Saxon, by some of Norman extraction. Some maintain that he was not born till after the time of Sir Charles, to whom we have before alluded. Others are of opinion that he was a legitimate son of old Lady Magna Charta, although he was long concealed and kept out of his birthright. Certain it is that he was a very benevolent person. Whenever any poor fellow was taken up on grounds which he thought insufficient, he used to attend on his behalf and bail him; and

thus he had become so popular that to take direct measures against him was out of the question.

The steward, accordingly, brought a dozen physicians to examine Sir Habeas. After consultation, they reported that he was in a very bad way, and ought not, on any account, to be allowed to stir out for several months. Fortified with this authority, the parish officers put him to bed, closed his windows, and barred his doors. They paid him every attention, and from time to time issued bulletins of his health. The steward never spoke of him without declaring that he was the best gentleman in the world; but excellent care was taken that he should never stir out of doors.

When this obstacle was removed, the 'Squire and the steward kept the parish in excellent order; flogged this man, sent that man to the stocks, and pushed forward the law-suit with a noble disregard of expense. They were, however, wanting either in skill or in fortune. And every thing went against them after their antagonists had begun to employ Solicitor Nap.

Who does not know the name of Solicitor Nap? At what ale-house is not his behaviour discussed? In what print-shop is not his picture seen? Yet how little truth has been said about him! Some people hold that he used to give laudanum by pints to his sick clerks for his amusement. Others, whose number has very much increased since he was killed by the gaol distemper, conceive that he was the very model of honour and good-nature. I shall try to tell the truth about him.

He was assuredly an excellent solicitor. In his way he never was surpassed. As soon as the parish began to employ him, their cause took a turn. In a very little time they were successful; and Nap became rich. He now set up for a gentleman; took possession of the old manor-house; got into the commission of the peace, and affected to be on a par with the best of the county. He governed the vestries as absolutely as the old family had done. Yet, to give him his due, he managed things with far more discretion than either Sir Lewis or the rioters who had pulled the Lords of the Manor down. He kept his servants in tolerable order. He removed the steel-traps from the highways and the corners of the streets. He still left a few indeed in the more exposed parts of his premises; and set up a board announcing that traps and spring guns were set in his grounds. He brought the poor parson back to the parish; and, though he did not enable him to keep a fine house and a coach as formerly, he settled

him in a snug little cottage, and allowed him a pleasant pad-nag. He whitewashed the church again; and put the stocks, which had been much wanted of late, into good repair.

With the neighbouring gentry, however, he was no favourite. He was crafty and litigious. He cared nothing for right, if he could raise a point of law against them. He pounded their cattle, broke their hedges, and seduced their tenants from them. He almost ruined Lord Cæsar with actions, in every one of which he was successful. Von Blunderbussen went to law with him for an alleged trespass, but was cast, and almost ruined by the costs of suit. He next took a fancy to the seat of Squire Don, who was, to say the truth, little better than an idiot. He asked the poor dupe to dinner, and then threatened to have him tossed in a blanket unless he would make over his estates to him. The poor Squire signed and sealed a deed by which the property was assigned to Joe, a brother of Nap's, in trust for and to the use of Nap himself. The tenants, however, stood out. They maintained that the estate was entailed, and refused to pay rents to the new landlord; and in this refusal they were stoutly supported by the people in St. George's.

About the same time Nap took it into his head to match with quality, and nothing would serve him but one of the Miss Germaines. Lord Cæsar swore like a trooper; but there was no help for it. Nap had twice put executions in his principal residence; and had refused to discharge the latter of the two, till he had extorted a bond from his Lordship, which compelled him to comply.

T. M.

THE END OF THE FIRST PART.

The Troubadour;

A POEM.

CANTO II.

Le Troubadour
Brulant d'amour.—*French Ballad.*

ALL milliners who start from bed
To gaze upon a coat of red,
Or listen to a drum,
Know very well the Paphian Queen
Was never yet at Paphos seen,
That Cupid's all a hum,
That minstrels forge confounded lies
About the Deities and skies,
That torches all go out sometimes,
That flowers all fade except in rhymes,
That maids are seldom shot with arrows,
And coaches never drawn by sparrows.

And yet, fair cousin, do not deem
That all is false which poets tell
Of Passion's first and dearest dream,
Of haunted spot, and silent spell,
Of long low musing, such as suits
The terrace on your own dark hill,
Of whispers which are sweet as lutes,
And silence which is sweeter still;
Believe, believe,—for May shall pass,
And summer sun and winter shower
Shall dim the freshness of the grass,
And mar the fragrance of the flower,—

Believe it all, whate'er you hear
Of plighted vow, and treasured token,
And hues which only once appear,
And words which only once are spoken,
And prayers whose natural voice is song,
And schemes that die in wild endeavour,
And tears so pleasant, you will long
To weep such pleasant tears for ever.
Believe it all, believe it all !
Oh ! Virtue's frown is all divine ;
And Folly hides his happy thrall
In sneers as cold and false as mine ;
And Reason prates of wrong and right,
And marvels hearts can break or bleed,
And flings on all that's warm and bright
The winter of his icy creed ;
But when the soul has ceased to glow,
And years and cares are coming fast,
There's nothing like young love !—no, no !
There's nothing like young love at last !

The Convent of St. Ursula
Has been in a marvellous fright to-day ;
The Nuns are all in a terrible pother
Scolding and screaming at one another ;
Two or three pale, and two or three red,
Two or three frightened to death in bed,
Two or three waging a wordy war
With the wide-eared Saints of the Calendar.
Beads and lies have both been told,
Tempers are hot, and dishes are cold ;
Celandine rends her last new veil,
Leonore babbles of horns and tail ;
Celandine proses of songs and slips,
Violette blushes and bites her lips :
Oh ! what is the matter, the matter to-day,
With the Convent of St. Ursula ?

But the Abbess has made the chiefest din,
 And cried the loudest cry ;
 She has pinned her cap with a crooked pin,
 And talked of Satan and of sin,
 And set her coif awry ;
 And she can never quiet be ;
 But ever since the Matins,
 In gallery and scullery,
 And kitchen and refectory,
 She tramps it in her pattens ;
 Oh ! what is the matter, the matter to-day
 With the Abbess of St. Ursula ?

Thrice in the silence of eventime
 A desperate foot has dared to climb
 Over the Convent gate ;
 Thrice a venturous voice and lute
 Have dared to wake their amorous suit,
 Among the convent flowers and fruit,
 Abominably late :
 And thrice, the Beldames know it well,
 From out the lattice of her cell,
 To listen to that murmured measure
 Of life, and love, and hope, and pleasure,
 With throbbing heart and eyelid wet,
 Hath leaned the novice Violette ;
 And oh ! you may tell from her mournful gaze,
 Her vision hath been of those dear days,
 When happily o'er the quiet lawn,
 Bright with the dew's most heavenly sprinkles,
 She scared the pheasant, and chased the fawn,
 Till a smile came o'er her father's wrinkles,
 Or stood beside that water fair,
 Where moonlight slept with a ray so tender,
 That every star which glistened there,
 Glistened, she thought, with a double splendour ;

And oh! she loved the ripples' play,
 As to her feet the truant rovers
Wandered, and went with a laugh away,
 Kissing but once, like wayward lovers.
And oh! she loved the nightwind's moan,
 And the dreary watch-dog's lonely yelling,
And the sentinel's unchanging tone,
 And the chapel chime so sadly knelling,
And the echoes from the Castle hall,
 Of circling song and noisy gladness,
And, in some silent interval,
 The nightingale's deep voice of sadness.
Alas! there comes a winter bleak
 On the lightest joy, and the loveliest flower;
And the smiles have faded on Violette's cheek,
 And the roses have withered in Violette's bower.
But now by the beautiful turf and tide
 Poor Violette's heart in silence lingers;
And the thrilling tears of memory glide
 Through the trembling veil and the quivering fingers.

Yet not for these, for these alone,
 That innocent heart beats high to-day;
And not for these the stifled moan
Is breathed in such thick passionate tone,
 That not the lips appear to pray,
But you may deem those murmurs start
Forth from the life-strings of the heart,
So wild and strange is that long sigh,
So full of bliss and agony!

She thinks of him, the lovely boy,
Sweet Vidal, with his face of joy,—
The careless mate of all the glee
That shone upon her infancy,—
The baby-lover, who had been
The sceptred King, where she was Queen,

On Childhood's dream-encircled strand,
 The undisputed Fairy-land !
 She thinks of him, she thinks of him,
 The Lord of every wicked whim,
 Who dared Sir Prinsamour to battle,
 And drove away De Clifford's cattle,
 And sang an Ave at the feast,
 And made wry faces at the Priest,
 And ducked the Duchess in the sea,
 And tore Sir Roland's pedigree.

She thinks of him,—the forehead fair,
 The ruddy lip, and glossy hair,—
 The mountains, where they roved together,
 In life's most bright and witching weather,—
 The wreck they watched upon the coast,—
 The ruin where they saw the ghost,—
 The fairy tale he loved to tell,—
 The serenade he sang so well ;
 And then she turns and sees again
 The naked wall, and grated pane,
 And frequent winks, and frequent frowns,
 And brodered books, and brodered gowns,
 And plaster saints, and plaster patrons,
 And three impracticable matrons.

She was a very pretty Nun,
 Sad, delicate, and five feet one.
 Her face was oval, and her eye
 Looked like the Heaven in Italy,
 Serenely blue, and softly bright,
 Made up of languish and of light !
 And her neck, except where the locks of brown,
 Like a sweet summer mist, fell droopingly down,
 Was as chill and as white as the snow, ere the earth
 Has sullied the hue of its heavenly birth ;
 And through the blue veins you might see
 The pure blood wander silently,

Like noiseless eddies, that far below
In the glistening depths of a calm lake flow :
Her cold hands on her bosom lay ;
And her ivory crucifix, cold as they,
Was clasped in a fearful and fond caress,
As if she shrank from its holiness,
And felt that her's was the only guilt,
For which no healing blood was spilt :
And tears were bursting all the while ;
Yet now and then a vacant smile
Over her lips would come and go,—
A very mockery of woe,—
A brief, wan, smile,—a piteous token
Of a warm love crush'd, and a young heart broken !

“ Marry come up !” said Celandine,
Whose nose was ruby red,
“ From venomous cates and wicked wine
A deadly sin is bred.
Darkness, and anti-phlogistic diet,
These will keep the pulses quiet ;
Silence and solitude, bread and water,—
So must we cure our erring daughter !”
I have dined at an Alderman's board,
I have drunk with a German Lord ;
But richer was Celandine's own paté
Than Sir William's soup on Christmas day,
And sweeter the flavour of Celandine's flask
Than the loveliest cup from a Rhenish cask !

“ Saints keep us !” said old Winifrede,
“ Saints keep and cure us all !
And let us hie to our book and bead,
Or sure the skies will fall !
Is she a Heathen, or is she a Hindoo,
To talk with a silly boy out of the window ?
Was ever such profaneness seen ?
Pert minx !—and only just sixteen !”

I have talked with a fop who has fought twelve duels,
 Six for an heiress, and six for her jewels ;
 I have prosed with a reckless bard, who rehearses
 Every day a thousand verses ;
 But, oh ! more marvellous twenty times
 Than the bully's lies, or the blockhead's rhymes,
 Were the scurrilous tales, which Scandal told
 Of Winifrede's loves in the days of old !

The Abbess lifted up her eye,
 And laid her rosary down,
 And sigh'd a melancholy sigh,
 And frown'd an angry frown .
 " There is a cell in the dark cold ground,
 Where sinful passions wither ;
 Vapoury dews lie damp around,
 And merriment of sight or sound
 Can work no passage thither :
 Other scene is there, I trow,
 Than suits a love-sick maiden's vow ;
 For a death-watch makes a weary tune,
 And a glimmering lamp is a joyless moon,
 And a couch of stone is a dismal rest,
 And an aching heart is a bitter guest !
 Maiden of the bosom light,
 There shall thy dwelling be to-night ;
 Mourn and meditate, fast and pray,
 And drive the evil one away.
 Axe and cord were fitter doom,
 Desolate grave and mouldering tomb ;
 But the merciful faith, that speaks the sentence,
 Joys in the dawn of a soul's repentance,
 And the eyes may shed sweet tears for them,
 Whom the hands chastise, and the lips condemn !"
 I have set my foot on the hallowed spot,
 Where the dungeon of trampled France is not ;
 I have heard men talk of Mr. Peel ;
 I have seen men walk on the Brixton wheel ;

And 'twere better to feed on frogs and fears,
Guarded by griefs and grenadiers,
And 'twere better to tread all day and night,
With a rogue on the left, and a rogue on the right,
Than lend our persons or our purses
To that old lady's tender mercies!

"Ay! work your will!" the young girl said;—
And as she spoke she raised her head,
And for a moment turned aside,
To check the tear she could not hide;—
"Ay! work your will!—I know you all,
Your holy aims and pious arts,
And how you love to fling a pall
On fading joys, and blighted hearts;
And if these quivering lips could tell
The story of our bliss and woe,
And how we loved,—Oh! loved, as well
As ever mortals loved below,——
And how in purity and truth
The flower of early joy was nurst,
Till sadness nipp'd its blushing youth,
And holy mummery call'd it curst,——
You would but watch my sobs and sighs,
With shaking head, and silent sneers,
And deck with smiles those soulless eyes,
When mine should swell with bitter tears!
But work your will! Oh! life and limb
May wither in that house of dread,
Where horrid shapes and shadows dim
Walk nightly round the slumberer's head;
The sight may sink, the tongue may fail,
The shuddering spirit long for day,
And fear may make these features pale,
And turn these boasted ringlets gray;

But not for this, oh ! not for this,
The heart will lose its dream of gladness ;
And the fond thought of that last kiss
Will live in torture,—yea ! in madness !
And look ! I will not fear or feel
The all your hate may dare or do ;
And, if I ever pray and kneel,
I will not kneel and pray to you !”

If you had seen that tender cheek,
Those eyes of melting blue,
You would not have thought in a thing so weak
Such a fiery spirit grew.
But the trees which summer's breezes shake,
Are shiver'd in winter's gale ;
And a meek girl's heart will bear to break,
When a proud man's truth would fail.

Never a word she uttered more ;
They have led her down the stair,
And left her on the dungeon floor,
To find repentance there ;
And nought have they set beside her bed,
Within that chamber dull,
But a lonely lamp, and a loaf of bread,
A rosary and skull.
The breast is bold that grows not cold,
With a short convulsive twinge,
As the slow door creeps to its sullen hold,
Upon its mouldering hinge.
That door was made by the cunning hand
Of an artist from a foreign land ;
Human skill and heavenly thunder
Shall not win its wards asunder.
The chain is fix'd, and the bolt is fast,
And the kind old Abbess lingers last,

To mutter a prayer on her bended knee,
And clasp to her girdle the iron key.

But then, oh then began to run
Horrible whispers from nun to nun.
“ Sister Amelia,”—“ Sister Anne,”—
“ Do tell us how it all began :”
“ The youth was a handsome youth, that’s certain ;
For Bertha peeped from behind the curtain :”—
“ As sure as I have human eyes,
It was the devil in disguise ;
His hair hanging down like threads of wire,—
And his mouth breathing smoke, like a hay-stack on fire,—
And the ground beneath his footstep rocking,”—
“ Lord ! Isabel, how very shocking !”—
“ Poor Violette ! she was *so* merry ;
I’m very sorry for her !—very !”—
“ Well ! it was worth a silver tester,
To see how she frown’d when the Abbess bless’d her ;”—
“ Was Father Anselm there to shrive ?
For I’m sure she’ll never come out alive !”—
“ Dear Elgitha, do’nt frighten us so !”—
“ It’s just a hundred years ago,
Since Father Peter was put in the cell
For forgetting to ring the vesper bell ;
Let us keep ourselves from mortal sin !
He went not out as he went in !”—
“ No ! and he lives there still, they say,
In his cloak of black, and his cowl of gray,
Weeping, and wailing, and walking about,
With an endless grief, and an endless gout,
And wiping his eyes with a kerchief of lawn,
And ringing his bell from dusk to dawn !”—
“ Let us pray to be saved from love and spectres !”—
“ From the haunted cell !”—“ and the abbess’s lectures !”

The garish sun has gone away,
And taken with him the toils of day;
Foul ambition's hollow schemes,
Busy labour's golden dreams,
Angry strife, and cold debate,
Plodding care, and plotting hate.
But in the nunnery sleep is fled
From many a vigilant hand and head;
A watch is set of friars tall,
Jerome and Joseph, and Peter and Paul;
And the chattering girls are all lock'd up;
And the wrinkled old abbess is gone to sup
On mushrooms and sweet muscadel,
In the fallen one's deserted cell.

And now 'tis love's most lovely hour,
And silence sits on earth and sky,
And moonlight flings on turf and tower
A spell of deeper witchery;
And in the stillness and the shade
All things and colours seem to fade;
And the garden queen, the blushing rose,
Has bow'd her head in a soft repose;
And weary zephyr is gone to rest
In the flow'ry grove he loves the best.
Nothing is heard but the long long snore,
Solemn and sad, of the watchmen four,
And the voice of the rivalet rippling by,
And the nightingale's evening melody,
And the drowsy wing of the sleepless bat,
And the mew of the gardener's tortoise-shell cat.

Dear cousin! a harp like yours has power
Over the soul in every hour;
And after breakfast, when Sir G.
Has been discussing news and tea,

And eulogised his coals and logs,
And told the breeding of his dogs,
And hurl'd anathemas of pith
Against the sect of Adam Smith,
And handed o'er to endless shame
The voters for the sale of game,
'Tis sweet to fly from him and vapours,
And those interminable papers,
And waste an idle hour or two
With dear Rossini, and with you.

But those sweet sounds are doubly sweet,
In the still nights of June,
When song and silence seem to meet,
Beneath the quiet moon ;
When not a single leaf is stirr'd,
By playful breeze or joyous bird,
And echo shrinks as if afraid
Of the faint murmur she has made.
Oh ! then the spirit of music roves,
With a delicate step through the myrtle groves,
And still wherever he flits, he flings
A thousand charms from his purple wings.
And where is that discourteous wight,
Who would not linger through the night,
Listening ever, lone and mute,
To the murmur of his mistress' lute,
And courting those bright phantasies,
Which haunt the dreams of waking eyes ?

He came that night, the Troubadour,
While the four fat friars slept secure,
And gazed on the lamp that sweetly glisten'd,
Where he thought his mistress listen'd ;
Low and clear the silver note
On the thrill'd air seem'd to float ;
Such might be an angel's moan,
Half a whisper, half a tone.

“ So glad a life was never, love,
As that which childhood leads,
Before it learns to sever, love,
The roses from the weeds ;
When to be very duteous, love,
Is all it has to do ;
And every flower is beauteous, love,
And every folly true.

“ And you can still remember, love,
The buds that decked our play,
Though destiny's December, love,
Has whirled those buds away :
And you can smile through tears, love,
And feel a joy in pain,
To think upon those years, love,
You may not see again.

“ When we mimick'd the Friar's howls, love,
Cared nothing for his creeds,
Made bonnets of his cowls, love,
And bracelets of his beads ;
And grey-beards looked not awful, love,
And grandames made no din,
And vows were not unlawful, love,
And kisses were no sin.

“ And do you never dream, love,
Of that enchanted well,
Where under the moon-beam, love,
The Faeries wove their spell ?
How oft we saw them greeting, love,
Beneath the blasted tree,
And heard their pale feet beating, love,
To their own minstrelsy !

“ And do you never think, love,
 Of the shallop, and the wave,
And the willow on the brink, love,
 Over the poacher's grave ?
Where always in the dark, love,
 We heard a heavy sigh,
And the dogs were wont to bark, love,
 Whenever they went by.

“ Then gaily shone the Heaven, love,
 On life's untroubled sea,
And Vidal's heart was given, love,
 In happiness to thee ;
The sea is all benighted, love,
 The Heaven has ceased to shine ;
The heart is seared and blighted, love,
 But still the heart is thine !”

He paused and looked ; he paused and sighed ;
None appear'd, and none replied :
All was still but the water's wail,
And the tremulous voice of the nightingale,
And the insects buzzing among the briars,
And the nasal note of the four fat friars.

“ Oh fly with me ! 'tis passion's hour ;
 The world is gone to sleep ;
And nothing wakes in brake or bower,
 But those who love and weep :
This is the golden time and weather,
When songs and sighs go out together,
And minstrels pledge the rosy wine
To lutes like this, and lips like thine !

“ Oh fly with me ! my Courser's flight
 Is like the rushing breeze ,
And the kind moon has said ‘ Good night !’
 And sunk behind the trees :

The lover's voice,—the loved one's ear,—
 There's nothing else to speak and hear ;
 And we will say, as on we glide,
 That nothing lives on earth beside !

“ Oh fly with me ! and we will wing .
 Our white skiff o'er the waves,
 And hear the Tritons revelling,
 Among their coral caves ;
 The envious Mermaid, when we pass,
 Shall cease her song, and drop her glass ;
 For it will break her very heart,
 To see how fair and dear thou art.

“ Oh fly with me ! and we will dwell]
 Far over the green seas,
 Where sadness rings no parting knell
 For moments such as these !
 Where Italy's unclouded skies
 Look brightly down on brighter eyes,
 Or where the wave-wed City smiles,
 Enthroned upon her hundred isles.

“ Oh fly with me ! by these sweet strings
 Swept o'er by Passion's fingers,—
 By all the rocks, and vales, and springs,—
 Where Memory lives and lingers,—
 By all the tongue can never tell,—
 By all the heart has told so well,—
 By all that has been, or may be,—
 And by Love's self,—Oh fly with me !”

He paused again ;—no sight or sound !—
 The still air rested all around ;
 He look'd to the tower, and he look'd to the tree
 Night was as still as Night could be ;
 Something he mutter'd of Prelate and Pope,
 And took from his mantle a silken rope ;

Love dares much, and Love climbs well !
He stands by the Abbess in Violette's cell.

He put on a mask, and he put out the light ;
The Abbess was dressed in a veil of white ;
Not a look he gave, not a word he said ;
The pages are ready, the blanket is spread ;
He has clasped his arm her waist about,
And lifted the screaming Abbess out :
" My horse is fleet, and my hand is true,
And my Squire has a bow of deadly yew ;
Away, and away, over mountain and moor !
Good luck to the love of the gay Troubadour !"

" What ! rode away with the Abbess behind ?
Lord ! sister ! is the Devil blind ?"
" Full fourscore winters !"—" Fast and pray !
For the powers of darkness fight to-day !"—
" I sha 'nt get over the shock for a week !"—
" Did any one hear our Mother shriek ?"—
" Do shut your mouth !"—" do shut the cell !"—
" What a villanous, odious, sulphury smelt !"—
" Has the Evil One taken the Mass-book too ?"
" Ah me ! what will poor little Violette do ?
She has had but one loaf since seven o'clock ;
And no one can open that horrible lock ;
And Satan will grin with a fiendish glee,
When he finds the Abbess has kept the key !"—
" How shall we manage to sleep to-night ?"—
" I wouldn't for worlds put out my light !"—
" I'm sure I shall die if I hear but a mole stir !"—
" I'll clap St. Ursula under my bolster !"—

But oh ! the pranks that Vidal played,
When he found what a bargain his blindness had made !
Wilful and wild,—half in fun, half on fire,
He stared at the Abbess, and storm'd at the Squire ;

Consign'd to perdition all silly romancers,
Ask'd twenty strange questions, and staid for no answers,
Raving, and roaring, and laughing by fits,
And driving the old woman out of her wits.

There was a jousting at Chichester ;
It had made in the country a mighty stir,
And all that was brave, and all that was fair,
And all that was neither, came trooping there ;
Scarfs and scars, and frays and frowns,
And flow'ry speeches, and flow'ry crowns.
A hundred knights set spear in rest
For the lady they deemed the loveliest,
And Vidal broke a lance that day
For the Abbess of St. Ursula.

There was a feast at Arundel ;
The town-clerk tolled a ponderous bell,
And nothing was there but row and rout,
And toil to get in, and toil to get out,
And Sheriffs fatter than their venison,
And Belles that never staid for benison
The red red wine was mantling there,
To the health of the fairest of the fair,
And Vidal drain'd the cup that day
To the Abbess of St. Ursula.

There was a wedding done at Bramber ;
The town was full of myrrh and amber ;
And the boors were roasting valorous beeves,
And the boys were gathering myrtle leaves,
And the bride was choosing her finest flounces,
And the bridegroom was scattering coin by ounces ;
And every stripling danced on the green
With the girl he had made his idol-queen,
And Vidal led the dance that day
With the Abbess of St. Ursula.

Three days had pass'd when the Abbess came back;
Her voice was out of tune,
And her new white veil was gone to wrack,
And so were her sandal shoon.
No word she said; they put her to bed,
With a pain in her heels, and a pain in her head,
And she talk'd in her delirious fever
Of a high-trotting horse, and a black deceiver;
Of music and merriment, love and lances,
Bridles and blasphemy, dishes and dances.

They went with speed to the dungeon-door;
The air was chill and damp;
And the pale girl lay on the marble floor,
Beside the dying lamp.
They kissed her lips, they called her name,
No kiss returned, no answer came;
Motionless, lifeless, there she lay,
Like a statue rent from its base away!
They said by famine she had died;
Yet the bread untasted lay beside;
And her cheek was as full, and fresh, and fair,
As it had been when warmth was there;
And her eyes were unclosed, and their glassy rays
Were fixed in a desolate, dreamy gaze,
As if before their orbs had gone
Some sight they could not close upon;
And her bright brown locks all gray were grown;
And her hands were clenched, and cold as stone;
And the veins upon her neck and brow——
But she was dead!—what boots it how?

In holy ground she was not laid;
For she had died in sin,
And good St. Ursula forbade
That such should enter in;

But in a calm and cold retreat
 They made her place of rest,
 And laid her in her winding-sheet,
 And left her there unblest ;
 And set a small stone at her head,
 Under a spreading tree ;
 " Orate"—that was all it said,—
 " Orate hic pro me !"

And Vidal came at night, alone,
 And tore his shining hair,
 And laid him down beside the stone,
 And wept till day-break there,

" Fare thee well, fare thee well,
 Most beautiful of earthly things,
 I will not bid thy spirit stay,
 Nor link to earth those glittering wings,
 That burst, like light away !

I know that thou art gone to dwell
 In the sunny home of the fresh day-beam,
 Before Decay's unpitying tread
 Hath crept upon the dearest dream
 That ever came and fled ;
 Fare thee well, fare thee well ;
 And go thy way, all pure and fair,
 Into the starry firmament ;
 And wander there with the Spirits of air,
 As bright and innocent !

" Fare thee well, fare thee well !
 Strange feet will be upon thy clay,
 And never stop to sigh or sorrow ;
 Yet many wept for thee to-day
 And one will weep to-morrow :
 Alas ! that melancholy knell
 Shall often wake my wondering ear,
 And thou shalt greet me, for a while,

Too beautiful to make me fear,
Too sad to let me smile !
Fare thee well, fare thee well !
I know that heaven for thee is won ;
And yet I feel I would resign
Whole ages of my life, for one,—
One little hour, of thine !

“ Fare thee well, fare thee well !
See, I have been to the sweetest bowers,
And cull'd from garden and from heath
The tenderest of all tender flow'rs,
And blended in my wreath
The violet and the blue harebell,
And one frail rose in its earliest bloom ;
Alas ! I meant it for thy hair,
And now I fling it on thy tomb,
To weep and wither there !
Fare ye well, fare ye well !
Sleep, sleep, my love, in fragrant shade,
Droop, droop to-night, thou blushing token ;
A fairer flower shall never fade,
Nor a fonder heart be broken !

P. C.

END OF CANTO II.

A LOOKING-GLASS FOR LONDON.

“Va dans cette ville, examine tout ; tu reviendra m'en rendre un compte fidelle.—VOLTAIRE.”

No. I.—THE OLD BAILEY.

I REMEMBER, when I was a boy about ten years old, I used to read the Newgate Calendar till I was afraid to go to bed at night, or rather I was desperately afraid when I did go to bed*. The copy that I had was adorned with those coarse engravings to which might be applied the well known *mot* concerning Macklin's face—they might be said to be done rather in the *cordage* than the *line* manner. One of these represented a party of thieves entering a man's room at night to rob, and, I believe to murder him ; and the unfortunate *robbee* was starting up in his bed, in a fright expressed by every individual hair being distinctly and separately rendered. I used to have this plate flitting before my eyes, as I lay cowering myself to sleep, and fancied that I might furnish a similar subject in some future number. Another case that I recollect to have made a great impression upon me, was one of a man who murdered his wife, by stabbing her in the throat with the pointed handle of a comb, and, not knowing how to dispose of the body, cut it into pieces, and burnt it—and by the smell of the *burnt bones* was ultimately discovered ! In the exploits of Richard Turpin and the escapes of Jack Shepherd I was most intimately versed ; and on my return to school my narration of the last, in the dusk of the evening, under the writing-master's great desk, gained me warm applause, and many *encores* from my marvellous-loving companions.

My head was so full of these things at the time, that I always purposed to go to witness in person the scenes which had caused me such strong interest in recital ; but, as may well be supposed, I had but slender opportunity at that age to put such schemes into execution ; and after a short while the *rage* gave way to other matters, and ceased to influence me alto-

* Perhaps the reader may desire to know who and what I am, that I thus address him in the first person. This interesting information may or may not hereafter be communicated to him, as circumstances may direct. For the present I intend to remain hidden behind the quicksilver of my “Looking-glass,” holding it up occasionally to some of “London's” strongest features.

gether. But I have always, however, retained an interest for the details of crime, which has often caused me to be reproached with a raw-head-and-bloody-bones taste, but, as I think, with great injustice. I have, in fact, never had a predilection for being "supped full of horrors," and I should perhaps have said that it was rather the analysis than the detail of crime which gave me pleasure, or rather interest. For the anatomy of the human heart, my curiosity has always been ardent and insatiable, and in these matters we have it *real and true*. We have here the facts which actually happen; the exciting passion—the crime committed—the infinitely-varying mental consequence are all laid before us; they have really occurred, they have really been felt. This is not invention, always artificial, and often incorrect; this is not passion made for shew, as an actor is dressed and rouged for the stage, with subtle distinctions and comparisons, and broken deductions from premises, extravagant, unnatural, and unreal, with all the rest of the distorted and fantastic machinery of novel-writing and poem-making. The history and the inspection of real crimes and real criminals, are realities which can lead to no false belief; we have only to open our eyes and gaze, our ears and listen, and we behold the aspect and hear the expressions of our nature, at those moments when her strongest, highest, and most awful qualities are called into full action and display.

Every body wishes to see these things in fiction; there is no one who refuses to go to a tragedy, or to read a tragic novel. They are fond of the *representation* of evil deeds and evil doers, but they reproach with barbarism those who look upon the acts and the men themselves. Now, for several reasons, I am not contented with the invented shadows, but seek rather the real substances. In the first place, the inventions are most frequently even beyond what Bayes describes as the limit to the art; they not only never have, but they never could have happened. Secondly, they are liable to this dilemma, either to be common-place, and therefore uninteresting, or if they be strong and peculiar, to give us the feeling that we are reading, not what the sensations of the human heart, and the phases of human passion, *were*,—but what the *author supposes* they might have been. Farther, the real cases embrace points of exaltation and refinement which no author *dare* give to us in fiction, for fear of being thought extravagant or affected, as there are combinations and splendours of colour which sometimes appear in the sky, that no artist would venture to copy upon canvass. Their rare occurrence unfits them for fiction, while it heightens their interest and curiosity in nature. Lastly, and above all, the sensation that a thing *is real* gives

it a weight of excitement and impressiveness, which the finest inventions in the finest language never can have. This is the case, even in the reading—doubly and trebly again *à fortiori* when we *see* them pass before our eyes.

There is, however, one direction which the taste I have been defending has taken, which is, I am convinced, very pernicious in every way, and of which I have been very sorry to see several instances of late. I allude to the treating of crimes and criminals in a tone of familiarity and jesting, using the slang language belonging to such persons and such doings, talking of prisons as if they were a very natural and agreeable abode, and of hanging as one of the best jokes possible. Accounts of murders the most atrocious in moral guilt, and the most appalling from physical cruelty, are interlarded with puns, and sprinkled with the flowers of Newgate rhetoric; and, as I have above alluded to, the dreadful punishment of these dreadful crimes is treated in all its details of more than temporal horrors with a levity which, thus applied, can scarcely be termed less than *shocking*.

I am not a person who can very well be accused of old-womanism of opinion, but certainly I am convinced that compositions in the style of the Beggar's Opera, including Lives of Highwaymen written by themselves, and all works of a similar tone and nature, are productive of much evil. I am not such a gaby as to believe that a loose fellow who, although with unsettled principles, has yet kept without the pale of positive crime, will, from witnessing the adventures of Macheath, leave the upper-gallery to take the purse of the first passenger he meets in the Piazzas; but I am fully persuaded that the representing such deeds and their doers in an interesting and attractive light, ultimately wholly destroys the *odiousness* which naturally attaches to them, and (perhaps imperceptibly and unconsciously) prepares the mind to yield to the temptations which may subsequently fall in its way. "Vice to be hated," &c., is an axiom to the truth of which every one must subscribe. But here her "hideous mien" is hidden from the first; she is bedecked with attributes utterly foreign from her real nature; and the victim has "embraced" her before he is aware of her deformity, or rather the *glamour* thus cast over him at the beginning prevents his ever becoming so.

The Memoirs, Confessions, &c., of condemned criminals, which are from time to time published by way of example, appear to me calculated to work a directly opposite effect. I have never seen one production of this nature written in a spirit of real repentance, and a true tone of warning. Here

and there a formal sentence of that kind is introduced, as if for decency's sake ; but the crimes are invariably recorded as if they were *achievements*, and are dressed in colours far more likely to attract than to repel. I was much shocked two or three years ago with a book of this kind, because it was written at the suggestion, and under the patronage, of the counsel who conducted the criminal's defence. I allude to the "Life of David Haggart," whose case excited (somewhat unaccountably, as it appears to me,) very considerable interest in Scotland, where it occurred. He was hanged for killing a turnkey in an escape from prison ; but the crime was marked by none of those attendant circumstances which usually create interest, and the previous career of the convict had been that of a common pickpocket. Some interval (I forget how occasioned) occurred between his trial and execution—and the advocates who had pleaded his cause recommended him to employ this time in writing a narrative of his life, to be published for the benefit of his parents. I forget at this moment the names of these gentlemen ; but they were advocates of eminence and respectability at the Scottish bar, and could not be actuated by any undue motives. But I must say I cannot conceive any thing so mistaken as their conduct on this occasion. In the first place, I do not see much delicacy in offering to the parents a paltry sum raised by the detailed exposure and circulation of all the crimes which their wretched son had committed. In addition to this, the book is peculiarly open to the objections I have made to all those of the same class. If these gentlemen differed from the view I have taken of the tendency of such publications in general, surely the sight of the first pages of this unhappy young man's composition should have immediately induced them to make him desist. For, gracious Heaven ! what a method for preparing a guilty mind for death to employ its last hours of existence in forming such a record as this ! I will defy any one to read a page of this work, without seeing contrition is the last feeling which pervaded its author's mind. "The conscious pride of art*" is glaringly displayed, by every line, to be the real sentiment with which it was composed ; and, for myself, I have no doubt that, if the man had been pardoned, he would immediately have reverted to his old pursuits.

It appears that this person was destined to be the cause of an infinite display of bad taste and perverse judgment ; for a

* See some fine lines concerning this powerful motive of action in *Rokeby*, Canto V. Section 22. They are too many for me to quote them all, and are too much in connexion with each other to be divided.

short time before his death those unspeakable gentlemen, the phrenologists, sent him down a list of questions, to confirm or to disprove the observations they had made upon his skull. These questions, with the answers to them, are given in an appendix; and though, when I reached it, I was in no very laughing mood, I must say I was excessively entertained. Nearly every question asked him whether he did not possess one of those qualities, which, though doubtful in their issues, every man is flattered to have attributed to him;—uncontrollable ardour,—impatience of subjection,—the love to rule, and the energy to acquire the power to do it. All these, and other Corsair-like qualities, Haggart was asked if he did not possess; to each of which he gave a strong affirmative. But there was one vice, on the possession of which men generally pride themselves, which the men of skulls said they thought Haggart did *not* possess. They imputed to him coldness with regard to women, which he instantly indignantly disclaimed, and then proceeded to give a detail of his amours, including some seductions of a very dark description. And this man was to be executed in a few days afterwards!*

Under the guidance of these tastes and feelings, thus qualified and explained, I have been several times lately to the Old Bailey.

I must confess that, at the first blush, neither the place, nor the manner in which things are conducted there, is very much in keeping with the feeling which leads you thither. But, after a little reflection, I think this jarring of greater real impressiveness, than if there were more of the solemnity, and supposed circumstance of a Court of Justice. On *my* mind “circumstances of contrast weigh as strongly as those of parallel,”—and I believe the observation is true generally. The *nonchalant* and matter-of-course manner in which life and death are treated at the Old Bailey do, I am convinced, tend to impress an observant by-stander more strongly than if every thing were in consonance with the ideas that he has naturally pre-conceived. The contrast is undoubtedly painful; but the sensations which you go thither to seek are certainly such as arise from feelings and associations of that nature.

* Since this was written, I have seen the transactions of the Phrenological Society; which have been very lately published. Haggart's case is there referred to,—as well as those of some other criminals. I believe Mr. Combe and his friends to be perfectly well-meaning people;—but their mode of proceeding with reference to condemned persons, and others who are so unhappy as to fall under their clutches, is really of a tendency which needs analysis and exposure. I must find an early opportunity of talking to them.

It is no paradox to say that we find pleasure in certain descriptions and degrees of pain.

It is written up on every side at the Old Bailey, that any doorkeeper who receives money for giving admittance, will be immediately discharged; but, nevertheless, you cannot get in without paying a shilling—or, if it be “Murder-Day,” two. I hope the inscriptions of quotations from Scripture, concerning bearing false witness, which are by the side of these, are more attended to. The Court is much smaller than one would imagine would suffice for the great criminal tribunal of this Leviathan city. I believe, indeed, that a larger one is contemplated. It is parcelled out into a great many divisions—being the boxes for jurors, witnesses, and prisoners—the space for the officers of the Court, and the council—the Bench, the galleries, &c. These are generally pretty well filled. The counsel’s table is surrounded by four or five barristers, with the attorneys for the particular case on trial, interspersed—strangers also are admitted here—and, as the most convenient place, it is where I generally sit. On the bench, which is immediately above this, are, during the earlier days of the Session, the two judges who are always in the Commission; but afterwards the business devolves on the Recorder and the Common Sergeant. The Lord Mayor and Aldermen are also included in the Commission, and of these, two, three, or more, are generally present, according to the interest of the trials; but they take no part in the business. The Lord Mayor is, I suppose, at the head of the Commission, for he sits in a place divided off in the centre of the bench, with the arms over it; and when he is not there, it remains unoccupied, the Judges sitting on one side. The Sheriffs are also generally in Court; they have each a sort of sentry-box, at either end of the Bench, but parted from it; their deputies sit a little below them, in a deep suit of black, bag and sword. Below the Bench is the counsel’s table; and next to this is the Bar, immediately behind which is placed the raised platform on which the witnesses stand. This is not, I think, well arranged; for it is so placed that the witness looks directly towards the Bench, but as directly from the prisoner. The Jury sit in three rows, formed by boxes like pews, on the left side, in nearly the centre of the length of the Court. The dock, in which the prisoner stands, is almost at the further extremity. It is formed by a sort of bar, with a glass raised over it, *en potence*, to throw a light on the countenance of the accused.—This is, I believe, to afford facility for his being recognised—not that the workings

of his features may be exposed—which would, in truth, be a kind of evidence whereby to try a man. Before him, and indeed throughout the Court, is spread a quantity of a peculiar herb, which I never saw elsewhere, intended to dissipate the foul and heated smell. Opposite to the jury, are boxes for witnesses, and jurors in waiting, but they are commonly occupied by spectators; and, on each side, are high galleries expressly intended for their use. Such is the *locale*; which, as far as the measurement of the eye may be trusted, does not, altogether, occupy more than an area of forty feet. The whole is dingy and greasy, as its frequenters are likely to make it, and it has not, as may be judged, any extraneous means of being solemn and imposing—on the contrary, it is as mean, confined, and common-place as may be.

It is my intention to speak of the Judges in noticing the Courts of Law; but criminal business is of so different a nature, that I shall say a few words of such of them as I have seen at the Old Bailey. I am always glad when it is Baron G——m's turn to sit, for nothing can be more amusing than to hear him try a cause. Whether it be from infirmity of hearing, or what other reason, I know not; but he never can catch what is said by the witnesses, and very seldom by the counsel; and his anxiety, and endeavours, and extreme and imperturbable politeness are indescribably entertaining, when the nature of the cause is trifling enough to allow it to be so. He has a habit of constantly exclaiming, "Stay, stay!"—to the witness, to enable him to take down his evidence;—and if the man say more than three words together, the worthy Judge is sure to tell him he is going too fast. Sometimes he gets a run-away witness, who will keep on telling his story, as an Irishman would say "out of the face,"—and then the embarrassment of the Baron is delectable.—"Stay, stay!—You are going too fast.—I cannot follow you!"—and at last, I have seen him throw down his pen, fling himself back in his seat, and exclaim again, in an indescribable tone of weefulness and despair—"Oh! Stay, stay, stay!"

It is of this Judge that the story is told of John Jones. I have mentioned that his *vielle-cour* politeness is remarkable. Once, on the circuit, in passing sentence of death collectively at the end of the Assize, he, by accident, passed over the name of one of the convicts. It was suggested to him that he had omitted the name of John Jones—"Have I?" said he, "I am sure, I very humbly beg John Jones's pardon.—John Jones, the sentence of the Court is—," and, with this obsequious apology for neglecting to hang the man, he proceeded to pass upon him sentence of death.

Of those belonging to the King's Bench, I have seen but two; H—d and B—y. Justice H—d goes through a case with far more energy, clearness, and acuteness, than would be expected from his appearance, and his almost constant silence in his own Court. I heard him once try a cause of great length and considerable intricacy, and nothing could be better than his summing up. It was plain, perspicuous, and forcible. Indeed it formed a contrast of much curiosity with the very aged appearance which he has in his wig and gown. Of Justice B—y I shall speak, when I come to describe that court, in which he shines with peculiar lustre. Justice P—k, also I have seen here two or three times. More circumstances than one make me regard this Judge with any thing but a favourable eye—but I must say, that as a criminal Judge, in cases where there is nothing to call up the virulence of his political feelings, he is exceedingly able, and in all ways to be admired. It is sufficiently bad, indeed, for a Judge on the Bench to eulogise his notorious predecessors of the reign of James the Second—and the observations, in which he frequently indulges about the press, appear to me quite enough to smack of the elderly gentlewoman. I was, therefore, the more surprised to hear him in this Court (which is the only one in which I have yet heard him) speak with great soundness, vigour, and decision. His manner was strong, and, perhaps, rapid—but certainly I cannot but acknowledge that, as I have seen him here, he has always shewn himself equally able, impartial, and just.

The Recorder has been long known in this Court as Common Serjeant. He is well fitted for his station. Naturally acute, long habit has given him intimate knowledge of the customs, turns, and windings of the people with whom he has to deal. It is sufficiently curious to hear him try a cause immediately after one of the Judges, who from their habits of business having lain in a different direction, are not nearly so searching and ready as the Recorder in matters of this nature. This is, however, more apparent where the Judge has to act the part of counsel also; for it very frequently happens, from the poverty of the prisoners, and probably the indifference of the prosecutor, that there is no counsel retained—by which means the examining the witnesses devolves upon the Judge who tries the cause. In this it is that the sharpness and peculiar experience of Mr. K—s are apparent. I think, indeed, that he is more fitted for the office he now holds than he would be for a higher and more general one. He has, as far as I can judge, under the circumstances, no sort of claim to eloquence. His manner of speaking is short, and sharp, and quick—and his expression in no degree above the

commonest level. His mind, too, appears to be little elevated or expanded—in some instances, he has shewn symptoms even of contraction and poorness; and once or twice, perhaps, severity, approaching to harshness if not to injustice.

You will, perhaps, think I ought to give some instance of the latter charge. Take, then, the following, which occurred very recently:—A young man was indicted for stealing a quilt, a sheet, and a blanket, from the bed of a woman with whom he had passed the night. The defence was, that in fact he had stolen only the blankets and the sheet, which he had done in consequence of the woman having carried off his money before he was awake. The Recorder summed up, extraordinarily characterizing the transaction as a robbery under very aggravated and disgraceful circumstances. The jury notwithstanding acquitted the prisoner—whom the Recorder immediately addressed, desiring him, “if he had a spark of honour, to return to the young woman the quilt he had *stolen* from her,” (which had not been found.) The prisoner’s counsel, Mr. A—I—s, interfered, saying he did not believe the lad had done any such thing,—and adding that after he had been acquitted it was not right that he should be addressed as a thief. A very sharp altercation ensued between them, somewhat, I think, to the scandal of the Bench. But, at all events, I repeat that it was severely harsh, if not unjust, for Mr. K—s to act thus towards an acquitted man. I must add, that these instances are not frequent,—but I believe this case does not quite stand alone*.

The present Common Serjeant is a person so celebrated on other and higher accounts, that I need scarcely say any thing of him as connected with his office. I shall, at a future time, strive to give some idea of him, both at the Bar, and in Parliament. It so happened, however, that it was on the bench at the Old Bailey I first saw him. I was then considerably disappointed—for I thought his manner of speaking cold, hard, and harsh, qualities with which his oratory in general is undoubtedly not to be reproached. D—n is certainly a *rara avis* in this court; for his office connects him with it much more immediately than the Judges. As a lawyer, it is very right and natural that he should have wished to be Common Serjeant—yet there is a discrepancy between him and those who usually take that line, which has an effect in a certain degree strange and unpleasant.

* I was not present at this scene—I take it as I find it reported in more than one newspaper. I should be happy if it proved incorrect,—but it is scarcely possible that it should be so,—for it has already been commented upon, and, (as far as I know,) no contradiction or explanation has been given.

I say, "those who take this line," for Old Bailey and City practice, form a distinct line in "the profession,"—a line also that is not esteemed the most respectable one; which idea the scandal attached to some late disgraceful squabbles among certain of the leading counsel in this court has not tended to remove. I scarcely know whence this opinion took its rise, unless it be that the parties usually implicated at this place naturally employ attorneys of a particular class and connection, with whom it is not too creditable to have much to do.—Certain it is, however, that the term "an Old Bailey Counsel" is generally used reproachfully—though it is very possible that the whole feeling may have no more just ground than that of so many absurd prejudices of a similar nature. There is always, however, a considerable degree of talent in this court—talent of a peculiar nature, perhaps—quickness, acuteness, and tact, rather than eloquence or deep knowledge—but still talent. At this moment there are three or four men here very able in this line. There are not above six or eight, I think, who are in the habit of coming hither—at least I always see the same faces, which do not amount to much more than that number. I believe the senior is Mr. B——d, who contended with D——n for the Common Serjeantship. He is a tall heavy man, with a lofty and dull delivery. He seems, however, to be sound and sensible, though, (which is strange for this court,) little-shrewd or rapid. After him come, I believe, three gentlemen, who were some years back designated the three A.s—in the squibs which the quarrels to which I have alluded gave rise. Mr. A—l—s and Mr. A——y are the two who are most usually pitted against each other, and they are nearly sure to quarrel whenever this is the case. The first time I saw them, the old woman who opened the gallery said, as she let me in, "Mr. A—l—s and Mr. A——y are in this case—I hope they won't fight to-day"—and lo! as I entered, they were in the act of struggling for a book, of which each desired to gain possession. They reminded me of the two doctors in Hogarth, in one of the plates of the Harlot's Progress. Mr. A—l—s is short and sleek; Mr. A——y tall and bony—and the legal costume gave so close a resemblance to the wigs of George II.'s reign, that I really almost thought the contest of Potion and Pill was revived before me. Both these rivals (who, for the credit of their profession, I wish would conduct their rivalry with more amenity) have very considerable talent of the order which I have said to be common to the practice here. Their skill in the examination of witnesses is very great; and though I have sometimes itched to be in the box to answer the very im-

pertinent questions which they have conceived it useful to put; yet I have been always obliged to confess to myself that they *were* useful, not perhaps for the general purpose of justice, but for the particular end which the advocate, as an advocate, had in view. I have witnessed very curious scenes arising from this—the different manner in which different tempers have borne this badgering—the attempts of some at repartee—the rage and the sulkiness of others, again; and above all, the surprise and uneasiness which they felt at being obliged, by the skill of the examiner, to say very different things from what they had any intention of saying—all this has frequently caused me very great interest and amusement. The manner of these two barristers is very opposite. That of Mr. A—y is more violent, that of Mr. A—l—s more sneering and sarcastic. The former would frighten a witness more, the other perplex and annoy him. As speakers, Mr. A—y is more rapid and declamatory—Mr. A—l—s more flowing and equable. From the nature of the court, however, there is very seldom any opportunity for a display of oratory. A statement of facts, or an objection on a point of law is, nearly always, all that is required. The third, a Mr. A—d—s, is something between the other two;—he is more loud than Mr. A—l—s, and more smooth than Mr. A—y. His speaking is fluent and well worded—but has occasionally a preciseness of enunciation, which is not, to me, agreeable. He examines his witnesses with great tact and skill, but I do not think they dread him so much as his elder rivals. Besides these, there is Mr. L—w, son of the late Chief Justice of the King's Bench, concerning whom there is, I think, nothing particular to be said. Mr. B—k, who with a great share of the readiness and talent of those I have been discussing, has less of their objectionable manner; and a young man, as yet but little known, of the name of P—st, whom I one day saw conduct a cause in a very able and striking way. Lastly, Mr. C—P—s sometimes honours this Court with his presence, although he has a considerable practice in the King's Bench, especially at Nisi Prius.

This gentleman has been much the subject of public conversation. He has been extolled by some as one of the most eloquent of men,—and ridiculed by others as if he had no talent at all—and even thus extolled and thus ridiculed by the same people at different times. For, immediately after the publication of his first speech, many persons had the imprudence (one of which they are rarely guilty) to commit themselves by expressing an opinion before a critique had appeared to teach them how they ought to think. I regard this speech

(delivered in the case of *Guthrie v. Sterne*) as very much Mr. P——s' best—and though certainly teeming with bad taste of every sort and kind,—jingle, tawdriness, and trash—yet giving evidence of very considerable talent, and affording just ground of hope of much future excellence in oratory. But to attain this, it was necessary to alter his tone and style—to change, indeed, above one half of the whole of the component parts of his mode of speaking. And this he did—but in the immediately opposite direction of what he should have done,—for he made what was before good as bad as his worst, and his new worst something wholly unheard of and inconceivable. Stung by the wholesome, but rather severely administered, advice of the *Edinburgh Review*,—he determined to shew his contempt of it by following it according to the rule of contrary—and increased every fault of his manner in the exact proportion of its evil. The consequence was the production of a succession of speeches each more outrageously vicious in style, and (perhaps partly in consequence) empty and contemptible as to matter than its fore-runner. Till having, as it would appear, exhausted the patience of his own countrymen, he came over to shew us how to speak in England. On his arrival here, he seems to have been aware of the different temperature of the audiences whom he was now to address,—for he moderated his manner very considerably, and made several very able and effective speeches. This seems to have been the course he has pursued since he came to this country—what, therefore, could possess him to depart from this very salutary caution when opposed to Brougham, last year, I cannot possibly conceive. The case in which he chose to revive the worst faults of the worst period of his career, was one which was peculiarly unfitted for any thing like romantic or sentimental ornament. It was an action for seduction, of which the circumstances were of a nature that should have made the plaintiff's counsel especially cautious—as they afforded an obvious handle for ridicule to his opponent. It is, therefore, truly matter of surprise that he should have indulged in the most flagrantly absurd and misplaced pathetics, when he was to be answered by a man whose powers of sarcasm are perhaps greater than any that ever were bestowed on a human being. He was consequently *ecrasé*, in a way which I feared would have been of very serious detriment to his professional interests; for as he is nearly always retained to address Juries, if once they were made to believe that it was the fashion to laugh at him, he would cease to have that influence over them, which the large damages they give to him would make it appear that he possesses. This memo-

nable set-down, however, has had no such effects—for he is as much employed as ever, and has lately got very large damages more than once.

I was very much disappointed in Mr. P——s' delivery. In the first place, he has the disadvantage of a very strong Irish accent, which, in any thing but familiar conversation, is to my ears exceedingly disagreeable—and to some of his high-flown passages even gives an effect very nearly ludicrous. In addition to this, he is not fluent. He does not hesitate, but he is very slow; and makes long pauses, which are not always placed where the construction of his sentence properly admits. This fault I have observed in some other speakers of reputation;—in my notions of delivery, it is a very serious one.

Mr. P——s has considerably amended the faults of his early style,—and I think, as he still advances more in life, will convince the world of the injustice of denying him the possession of talents, because he abused them. Faults such as Mr. P——s' are never those of dull men;—a clever man may have them in his growth, but a stupid one can never attain them. It is true, if they remain much beyond youth, it proves their possessor to be frothy and shallow,—but I think time is fast wearing them away in him of whom I have been speaking.

These are the chief counsel who frequent this court,—but it is not by seeing them here that much knowledge can be acquired of their powers as speakers—for with the exception of urging a legal objection, the practice of a criminal court admits very few opportunities of the kind. This arises from our extraordinary law, that a prisoner accused of felony is not allowed to have counsel to speak in his defence. They merely examine his witnesses for him, and cross-examine those for the prosecution—or take advantage of any point of law;—but the defence must be made by the prisoner himself. If a man have a suit to the amount of five pounds, he may engage all the talent and eloquence at the bar to plead for him;—but when his life is at stake, he must trust to his own powers, however feeble or uncultivated they may be. I have said that the counsel for the Crown, feeling the hardship of this, usually make it a point of conscience to confine themselves to a fair and plain statement of the facts of the case. But this depends solely on the discretion and humanity of the barristers individually;—and, if any one of them chose to indulge in the most invidious and artful insinuations—in the most inflammatory and exciting declamation—there is nothing that I know of to stop him. Besides, even granting that the opening counsel be always regulated by just feelings in his

speech; still the disadvantage of the prisoner is great. The accusation is stated in lucid order and skilful arrangement;—the story is told in that connected and dove-tailed manner, which the education and experience of a lawyer so particularly confer. The prisoner, on the other hand, has to answer this without any professional assistance. From the very nature of the large majority of criminal cases—those of theft—the accused party is nearly always in the lower, and thence more uneducated, classes of society. I do not say this from any aristocratical idea of the inferior morality of the poor;—but their offences are necessarily those which come under the cognizance of the laws. Their temptations are of an order wholly different from ours;—and till we resist our own, we have no right to call ourselves *morally* superior to those whose aberrations lead to graver consequence. A rich man,—or a man who without being rich, is in the condition of a gentleman,—has no temptation to *steal*, or to commit any of those violences which arise from similar causes;—his vices are of a different nature. Hence it is nearly always a person the most unfitted for such tasks, who is called upon to sift, compare, and contrast evidence,—and, in all other points, to oppose the exerted talents of the most able and educated men;—men too, whose whole lives have been devoted to the study of such matters. It is sometimes said that the Judge is the Prisoner's counsel;—but this is far from being true; and it would be extremely wrong if it were so. What does it amount to?—that the Judge acts as advocate to one of the parties. I am at a loss to understand how this is reconcilable with the rigid uprightness which ought ever to characterize the Judgment-seat.

From what principle this most extraordinary practice arose, I am utterly unable to conceive. It was carried, however, much farther in former times, when a person accused of felony was not permitted to call any witnesses on his behalf!—This has long been abolished,—and truly the present regulation might have been swept away with it, and not left to disgrace the nineteenth century. I use the word *disgrace* in its strongest sense;—for, unlike many absurd and unjust statutes which remain dormant, this law is in daily practice;—and, unlike many evil practices, which continue from year to year without much notice or any comment,—nearly every Session of Parliament a motion is made on this very subject—and resisted on the score of *innovation*!—I will not trust myself with any remarks on this part of the question.

But I have filled my paper; and still I could tell my readers, if they wished it, a great deal more of what is to be seen at

"the Old Bailey." I could speak of the infinite shades and varieties of error, and misery, and crime. I could describe the levity of one class—the reckless and hardened insensibility of another—and the thrilling and terrible despair of a third. I could tell of the *shocking pathos* which is caused by the mingling of Woman in scenes where nothing but coarse passion and foul crime is seen—and where Woman, therefore, it were to be hoped, should never find a place. I could tell of the shame of friends, and the relenting even of foes;—of the wronged imploring mercy for the wronger, and (often, alas!) imploring it in vain. I could represent the dreadful anxiety of accused guilt, and its still more dreadful despair under conviction. I could speak of that terrible sentence which makes even the utterer shudder—which shuts out this world for ever from the criminal's agonized view, and places before it that other for which his destiny is so instant—for which his unfitness is so extreme. But these things merit and demand both individualization and detail—and, at this moment, I have time and space for neither. Perhaps I may turn my mirror this way again.

ON THE SIXTH, OR BÆOTIAN ORDER OF ARCHITECTURE.

Palaces here, even those which remain unfinished, display a taste chastened by the study of *ancient art*. Their beauty originates in the *design*, and is never superinduced by *ornament*. Their elevations enchant you, not by the length and altitude, nor by the materials and sculpture, but by the *consummate elicity of their proportions*, by the harmonious distribution of void and solid, by THAT HAPPY SOMETHING BETWEEN FLAT AND PROMINENT, which charms both in front and profile; by that *mæstria* which calls in columns not to *incumber* but *support*, and reproduces ANCIENT BEAUTY IN COMBINATIONS UNKNOWN TO THE ANCIENTS THEMSELVES.—FORSYTH.

WE are not aware that Pancirollus, in his celebrated "History of memorable things lost," has treated of the misfortune which the world has laboured under, during two thousand years, in the annihilation of the Sixth or Bæotian order of architecture. The destruction of Thebes by Alexander was one of those profanations which too often mark the course of the conqueror; and though he offered some small tribute to intellect, in preserving the house in which Pindar was born, it might have been more truly advantageous to the world had he

spared some of the magnificent monuments of that great city. There has occasionally prevailed an opinion amongst the learned that Thebes was distinguished for ancient buildings, whose remains would have offered specimens of architectural style perfectly distinct from those which are classed under the general title of "The five orders." It has been proved by almost incontestible evidence, in the works of the learned *Vander Von Bluggen*, in his chapter on Capitals, (*vide Editio Amstel.* 15 vol. fol.) that there was a sixth order of architecture existing at Thebes, which, κατ' ἐξοχὴν, was called THE BÆOTIAN. The scarcity of this treatise of Vander Von Bluggen, which is only to be found in the rare folio edition, may probably afford a reason why neither Palladio, Scammozzi, Vignola, Perrault, &c., should have been so perfectly ignorant of this remarkable fact; but it is not so easy to account for the silence of Vitruvius on this subject. We fear that we must refer his silence to that jealousy, sometimes personal, sometimes patriotic, which has been a distinguishing characteristic of artists in all ages and countries; nor is it, upon the common principles of human nature, to be felt as a matter of surprise that Vitruvius should have been willing to leave to Rome as much originality as could, without fear of detection, be assigned to her in the institution of the Composite order. We cannot for a moment admit that the details of the Bæotian order, by Vander Von Bluggen, are founded on an ingenious hypothesis alone. He has shewn most distinctly, upon historical authorities and inferences, which appeared to us perfectly satisfactory, that the ancient fable of Cadmus has always been misunderstood: that, like many of the most beautiful passages of heathen mythology, it is an allegory which has reference to the actual circumstances of the ancient world; that the attack of Cadmus upon the dragon, and his triumph over it, by the assistance of Minerva, distinctly records the first victory of science over ignorance; that the sowing of the dragon's teeth in the plain was the scattering of the seeds of knowledge amongst the vulgar; that the springing up of armed men, and their contest with each other, is an appropriate illustration of the evils of knowledge, when undirected by reason; and that the destruction of all except five, who assisted him in building Thebes, typifies the successful application of knowledge to the arts, after the agitation had subsided which marked its first improvident dissemination. The analogy which Vander Von Bluggen has established between this fable and the scriptural account of the destruction of the tower of Babel is particularly curious. In the literal application of the allegory to the state of art and science in early Greece, his constant reference to the number six, as

as typified in Cadmus and his five associates, is very singular. He proves that in the time of Cadmus the Muses were six in number; previous to that time they had been only four: he enlarges upon the perfection of the properties of the six-sided figure, called the hexagon. After three other illustrations of the superstitious veneration attached to the number six, he concludes his sextile series by demonstrations that there were *six orders* of architecture in Thebes; that five of these, typified by the five associates of Cadmus, have come down to modern times, with many transformations both in figure and name; but that the sixth, which he designates as *the Cadmean or Boætian*, had been entirely lost for nineteen centuries, until he, the learned Vander Von Bluggen, had, by one of those fortunate accidents which seldom occur in the life of a scholar, obtained an ancient MS. which furnished many details of parts of the order. The narrative states that he had further had the good fortune, after a most painful and expensive research, to discover on the scite of ancient Thebes four fragments of an acroter, and a very minute specimen of a column, which, with a Dutch idea of ordinary things, he compares to a mop-stick, (*basin-stock*.) which enabled him distinctly to trace all the proportions and other great characteristics of this superlative order.

It is evident from the history of architecture that there has always been a great struggle, since the decay of the Roman empire, to burst the limits which the five orders had imposed upon invention. The prevailing styles of the middle ages, in every country, offer constant proofs of this fact. Nor has the same desire been less ardent in times approaching to our own, and even in our own country and our own age.

The French Academy offered a munificent prize to the inventor of a sixth order; and the numberless competitors for this prize produced, in their highest flights, nothing beyond the substitution of the Gallic cock for the Grecian volute; to the mysteries of proportion, as we shall see exemplified in the Boætian order, they were utterly blind. At the latter end of the last century, a laborious provincial architect of this country, dazzled by the splendour of regal employment, felt his inventive genius so encouraged that he published an elaborate work on *his* discovery of the sixth, or as he designates it, "The Georgian order;" but alas! his pretensions were of so slight a texture that a *bon mot* of His late Majesty consigned the Georgian order to all but the oblivion of a joke, even after it had been embodied in the portico of a Nabob. It would be tedious to record the phlegmatic speculations of the German, or the frigid attempts of the Russian, architects.

Upon this subject all have gone wrong, because all have believed that this great problem was to be solved by invention, and not by research; they should have sought for the lost Pleiad, instead of endeavouring to re-create her. Guided by the strong light of reason and analogy, the learned Vander Von Bluggen, in the fifteenth century, discovered that a sixth order had existed, in discovering the Bæotian. The still higher glory has been reserved for a greater genius of our times and country, to drag forth from the dust of obscurity the germs of this remarkable portion of the art, and to give it

“a local habitation.”

not a *name*,* in the metropolis of the empire.

We are quite aware that the whole world of British art is perfectly unacquainted with the great name of Vander Von Bluggen. Through our national prejudices, there is something even startling in the name itself; however it may appear associated with the erudite, it seems to have a very slight connexion with the tasteful. The non-euphony of this name may originally have furnished to the professor of architecture an adequate motive not to suddenly introduce it to the notice of the public; and to prudently wait until the merits of the Bæotian order should have been so apparent to the world, that the channel by which it was perpetuated from antiquity should be dispassionately looked upon, without any of the odium which is attached to the unfamiliar combinations of vowels and consonants. This hypothesis may in some degree explain why the Bæotian order has always been considered as an *invention* of the professor, and not a *revival*. At any rate it is certain that the professor has not himself announced the sources of his information; and though we may expect from his candour that he will at least leave to the world a *posthumous* edition of the treatise of Von Bluggen, with his own valuable illustrations, we must consider it both prudent and patriotic that he has led his country to a due appreciation of the merits of the order, by his own *successful* practice, in preference to the publication of a dry theory.

Having thus detailed, as briefly as possible, the mode in which this extraordinary relic of antiquity has been preserved to the modern world, it will be our duty, with the same strict regard to historical truth, and with the smallest degree of technical phraseology, which the subject will permit, to point

* The name was of course contemporaneous, or nearly so, with the order; but we believe that it was first promulgated in this country by Sir James Macintosh, whose extensive researches and correspondence may, perhaps, have led him to a knowledge of Vander Von Bluggen's rare work.

out the characteristics of this order, as displayed in the works of its great modern professor and several of his successful imitators. We would, however, observe, that it is by no means our intention to enter into an analysis of the productions of that *servum pecus* who follow the career of a great genius, when he begins to make a certain noise in the world, like a troop of yelping village curs run in the wake of the more notorious mastiff who has a kettle to his tail. The learned Vander Von Bluggen, in his 16th chapter, has some very apposite remarks on the tendencies of the Bæotian order to produce such feeble imitators; and though the passage itself is peculiarly valuable to the student of the art, the majority of readers may be better pleased to see its spirit expressed in the following lines from Pope :

“ Fill half the land with imitating fools
 Who random drawings from your sheets shall take—
 And of one beauty many blunders make ;
 Load some vain church with old theatric state,
 Turn arcs of triumph to a garden gate.
 Reverse your ornaments, and hang them all
 On some patch'd dog-hole ek'd with ends of wall,
 Then clap four slices of pilaster on't
 That lac'd with bits of rustic makes a front.”

The true Bæotian order has nothing in common with such absurd mistakes. It requires a complete devotion of the soul for its perfect comprehension ; its faith must be kept entire ; it must stand alone.

The desire of all people to find the origin of every species of architecture in natural objects, is in itself the best evidence of the truth of these analogies. The volute of the Ionic capital is held by some to represent the “ natural curling down of a piece of bark from the top of a beam ;” by others, to have been suggested by “ that part of the hair which hangs down in curls on each side of a woman's face.” The origin of the Corinthian capital is naturally more complicated ; but the idea is still beautifully varied and simple. “ A basket had been set upon the ground and covered with a square tile ; there grew near it a plant of acanthus or bears-breech ; the leaves shot up and covered the outer surface of the basket, and as the stalks rose up among them they soon reached the tile which overhung the edges of the basket at the top ; his stopping their course upward they curled and twisted themselves into a kind of volutes.” The *origin* of the Bæotian is not less distinctly marked by nature ; nor is the peculiar story attached to its discovery by Von Bluggen less curious. Indeed in this passage the style of our author kindles into the fanciful and poetical, in a very unusual degree for a Fries-

lander. He relates that on the first settlement of Cadmus in the neighbourhood of the future Thebes, the Nymphs, who took a peculiar interest in his fortunes, had on one occasion an hydraulic festival (which he says in a note, must have been very similar to the august ceremony of opening the Dykes); during the progress of the rejoicings, a portion of the waters of Helicon were diverted from their course, and running into a small natural basin on the surface of the earth, in time produced round its edges some elegant specimens of a remarkable plant, till then unknown in the natural history of Greece, but which the inhabitants, with beautiful propriety called *children of the earth*. Cadmus, who was then intent upon the employment of an order which should rival and exceed all those of his associates, was powerfully impressed with the propriety of imitating the proportions of the slight stem and the useful termination of this plant*, in the columns of a peculiarly light and airy order, which should combine the greatest possible advantages of shade and ventilation. To this happy incident we owe the invention of the Bæotian order.

As in the series of the orders previously known to us they were—

“fine by degrees”,

so in this one,—the climax of the series,—it was

“beautifully less”

in a most remarkable manner. It may be estimated by comparing it with the Corinthian, the rule for the lightest example of which is $10\frac{1}{2}$ diameters high;—the most robust of the pure Bæotian columns had not less than 25 diameters.

Von Bluggen states that the most perfect specimen of this order, existing in the time of Alexander, was in the temple of Hermaphroditus at Thebes, but which edifice was involved in the common ruin of the city. In this country, the best public example is exhibited in the columns of the central portico of the pile of building in Regent-street, a part of which is distinguished as the Emporium of Messrs. Robins and Co. Auctioneers and Land Agents.

We have thus complied with the mode which prevails of considering the column as one of the two great distinguishing characteristics of an order; but as instances of the pure Bæotian order are yet rare in this country (through we hope

* Our readers will find this plant accurately described in the Linnean arrangement; *Class*, Cryptogamia; *Ordo*, Fungi; *Sect.* Pileati; *Species*, Phallus, *Pileus subtus lævis*. *Anglicè*, TOADSTOOL.

to be the humble instruments of its more extensive application); we shall proceed to investigate some of the peculiar advantages and singularly beautiful effects of its *style*. Fortunately for us and for our readers splendid examples of it are within the range of their

“daily walks and ancient neighbourhood.”

In entering upon this part of our subject, we feel bound to confess, that so recent is our initiation into its arcana, that we have much less of the decision of the connoisseur, than the diffidence of the student. Indeed, so apparently opposed are some of its doctrines to the generally admitted notions of taste and propriety, that we should never have yielded our assent to their truth, upon less authority than the precepts and practice of the present Professor of architecture. To that alone have we bowed, as he has to that of Von Bluggen; and until the genealogy of our readers' credence be as perfect as our own, we shall claim no other admission from them, than an acquiescence in the fact of our undoubted veracity.

The first dogma we heard, *ex cathedra*, made an whole host of prejudices reel; and we were infidels enough to withhold our conviction, till the evidence of another sense dispersed all doubt. It was this:—

I. *That the UTILITY of every building (not merely ornamental) may be sacrificed in any degree to further the architect's views of making it a work of Fine Art.*

As the assertors of any great and original principle are more easily admitted to the confidence of the world, when they exhibit an example of that heroic self-devotion to a glorious cause, which appears like an experiment in their own persons, so the Bæotian Professor prudently thought fit to present one of the most startling illustrations of this doctrine in HIS OWN PRIVATE DWELLING. Situated in the heart of London, it might have appeared to ordinary minds (as it did to ours) essential to admit as much light and air into the interior as possible. But the Professor had to distinguish his house, and to give an instance of the Bæotian style, amidst the mass of unpretending buildings by which he was surrounded. He accomplished this, and gave an example of the rule in the boldest manner. He built a stone wall, from basement to roof; within three feet of his windows, leaving perforations which indicated the existence, but denied the enjoyment, of one of the most gratifying scenes in the town. The public

could not understand the reason of this; and the District Surveyor, with a mistaken pity to the inhabitants, attempted to wrest the law to the removal of the wall. But the Professor, reposing with confidence on the authority of Vander Von Bluggen, has preserved his wall, and has recently decorated it with some of the *spolia opima* of Westminster.

The Professor was required to construct a large apartment where the public and the men of business frequenting the Bank of England might interchange their communications, with the least possible interruption to their object. The Professor, aware of the fact that in the transaction of this business, probably several hundreds might be speaking loud at the same time, consistently adopted a *form* for the apartment which *trebled* the clamour. He produced the ROTUNDA; and by this sacrifice of the convenient to the beautiful, effected a triumph for pure Art, in defiance of the lungs of stock-brokers, and the Babel-stunned ears of the public.

There has been an opinion even to the present time, among all writers upon jurisprudence, that the administration of justice should be as public as possible. A conviction of the truth of this proposition appeared to have influenced the Government of this country, to remove the old Law Courts in Westminster Hall, which were contracted and inconvenient. It was ordered that the Bæotian Professor should erect a new series of ample and splendid buildings; and this order had in view the antiquated axiom,

“ 'Tis use alone that sanctifies expense,
And splendour borrows all her rays from sense.”

The Professor, with the wand of a magician, has called up THE PRESENT LAW COURTS; not for the accommodation of the listening public,—not for the convenience of suitors,—not for the ready access of witnesses,—not for the unobstructed pursuits of students,—not for the uncrowded ease of barristers,—not for the state and dignity of the bench,—but for a glorious and convincing illustration of this dogma of the Bæotian style. The greatest law officer of a country containing twenty millions of people, is destined to pronounce upon their vast and complicated interests in an area of 22 feet by 24. As might be expected from so daring an assertion of the supremacy of art, the Professor has had to encounter the prejudices of men in power and out of power; but he will triumph over them all, and make the Bæotian science rear its mysterious masses unharmed; yea, and its walls shall not be removed, even though Kings and Parliaments should frown.

We proceed to the second dogma.

- II. *That the preservation of Buildings which may be associated with the history and personages of past ages, is of inferior importance to their removal, for the purpose of substituting the purer examples of Bæotian Art.*

It is unnecessary for us to offer many illustrations of this dogma. The enthusiasm of Vander Von Bluggen made him imperative upon this point, and the Professor has followed him with the ardour of a true zealot. A favourable opportunity recently occurred of shewing his devotion to his great master's precepts. There is, in the House of Lords, a plain uninteresting room, which has the sole merit of retaining upon its walls some relics of the superstition of a barbarous age. What, in the eye of reason and taste, could these dilapidated daubs weigh against the vivid emotions of pleasure to be produced by the richness, the complexity, the variety, and the intricacy of the Professor's best style of ornament? This Painted Chamber had also been thought, by men of politics but not of taste, to have some claim to veneration as the scene of the conference of the Lords and Commons for three hundred years. The Professor decided otherwise; and in this resolve he was undeterred by the atrocious punishment of a predecessor in office, for his timid attempts in the destroying line*. But before the Professor could realise his magnificent plans, a barbarous principle of interference was established; and the rights of Bæotian art could only be asserted by his covering the dingy walls with a coat of clean paper, and hiding for ever the deformity of the sprawling saints by a vesture of decent whitewash†. We are enabled to state in addition,

* W—in Benson (surveyor of the buildings to his Majesty King George I.) gave in a report to the Lords, that their house and the painted chamber adjoining were in immediate danger of falling, whereupon the Lords met in a committee to appoint some other place to sit in, while the house should be taken down. But it being proposed to cause some other builders to inspect it, they found it in very good condition. The Lords, upon this, were going upon an address to the King against Benson, for such a misrepresentation, but the Earl of Sunderland, then secretary, gave them an assurance that his Majesty would remove him, *which was done accordingly*.—NOTES TO DUNCIAD, Warton's ed., Book III.

† We admit that this chamber, if it had remained in the state in which it was in the fourteenth century, might have been worth preserving. In the *Itinerarium Fratris Simeonis et Hugonis Illuminatoris*, 1322, it is thus described: "illud famosissimum palatium regis, in quo est illa vulgata camera, in cujus parietibus sunt omnes historiae bellicae totius Bibliæ ineffabi-

that in obedience to this rule, the tasteless tower which Sir Thomas Gresham erected in the Royal Exchange has been removed, to give place to an ingenious building designed, after the Bæotian manner, by a promising disciple.

III. *That the Professors of Bæotian Art be absolved from all obedience to the established authorities in Architecture, and be perfectly free to follow the Cadmean practice alone, as detailed by Vantler Von Bluggen.*

The recognition of this canon, (and who can doubt of its propriety ?) furnishes the true, indeed the only answer to those ignorant objectors who have presumed to bind down the great Professor on the Procrustean Bed of the Five Orders. A short time previous to the present successful establishment of the Bæotian principles, the following observations of an eminent critic might have been judiciously applied : " I would not subvert the authority of example ; nor be too severe on the ancient superstitions of the Art. Their very antiquity, if it is does not satisfy our reason, has a charm over the fancy ; and they fill up a space, which our reverence for what is old would make it difficult for a reformer to fill up more pleasingly." The day for such observations is past ; the spell is broken. A mighty master has arisen, who, uniting the authority of discovery to the graces of invention, has at once given to his style the charm of antiquity, and the seductiveness of novelty. " The genius of this great practical antiquary " has re-united the broken link of nineteen centuries ; and he is now receiving from his cotemporaries, both of the Academy and of the Senate, that homage which Bæotia must once have offered to the inspirations of a Cadmus.

It might have been expected that, as each of The Five Orders is reducible to certain principles in the distribution of its parts, and as these have been thought of sufficient consequence to be collected and classified by numerous able men, for the direction of the student and the information of the connoisseur, some digest of the more important canons of Bæotian taste might have been given, to solve the apparent paradoxes with which it seems to abound. The principal cause of this silence has been already hinted at ; but the Professor has at length yielded to the universal demand of the world for

liter depictæ, atque in Gallico completissime et perfectissime conscriptæ." But what now remains that could warrant the epithets, " ineffabiter " and " perfectissime ! " Are the Bæotian improvements to be deranged, to preserve three bits of red drapery and a mangled nose !

information upon the subject. We have the satisfaction to state that he has permitted a learned and judicious illustrator of antiquity to have access to his copy of Von Bluggen (the only one extant in the empire), that he may prepare a cento of illustrations during the life-time of the Professor, which he intends for a magnificent legacy to the world of art on his departure from this mortal scene, or from the academic chair, which soever shall first happen; but that both and either of these events may be far, very far distant we sincerely and confidently hope, notwithstanding the *bonus* which is promised to the world on their occurrence. We cannot sufficiently command our imaginations not to look forward to the splendid results which will be the consequence of this publication. The same great work will be performed for the literature of architecture, that the legislature promises to perform for the literature of law. As the confused and jarring statutes of 500 years will be reduced to the compass of a small pocket volume—so the

“*Rudis indigestaque moles*”.

of architectural ordinances, will at once be resolved into the Bæotian dogmas, and be comprized in a book perhaps not larger than Hoyle's Whist, or The Young Man's Best Companion,—a book which shall become the Manual of the student, and the Vade-Mecum of the connoisseur,—a book which shall constitute the ever-fruitful *deliciæ* of the aspiring disciple, but shall be “bitter in the belly” of the professional book-worm,—the life of Art and the death of Josiah Taylor:—He, the great Palladian bibliopole, may bequeath to the confectioners all “the rubbish of an ancient pile” saved from his conflagration;—Priestley and Weale may consider themselves fortunate if they barter all their stock for the copy-right, even of the first edition, of Vander Von Bluggen.

IV. *That there is no relation whatever between the parts and the whole of the Bæotian order, and style, nor between the parts themselves: And that all notions of relative proportion are chimerical and absurd.*

So different from this 4th dogma of the Bæotian Architecture have been the opinions of the most eminent professors on the subject of proportion, that, in all the subordinate orders, a constant relation has been preserved between all the members in their multifarious combinations. To take a single instance: Whenever columns are accompanied by pilasters in the same design, the diameter of the one uniformly corresponds to that

of the other, a practice which is considered an axiom in the art: not so in the Bæotian. In this, the shackles of ancient prejudice have been burst through—the column may be the diameter of a lady's finger, and its pilaster have the breadth of a porter's shoulders; the column may be indicated by the Professor's pencil, and the side of the pilaster rival that of his portfolio.—*Vide Porticus Emporii Robinsis.*

Again. It has been believed that as little license could be allowed in the variations of the proportion of a Capital to its shaft, as in that of the head to the human trunk. The slightest departure beyond the received limit was instinctively condemned as tasteless, inharmonious, and offensive. Bæotian art spurns this prejudice; and expands its Capital from the compactness of the ovolo, to the distention of the umbrella, a circumstance at once characteristic and convenient. Again; The firmest supports of the arch have been supposed to be those which are usually denominated its piers, and which are placed immediately beneath the springing of the curve. The great triumph of Bæotian science is to knock away these natural supports, and to leave the arch miraculously suspended by the back, like a stuffed crocodile on the ceiling of a museum. To shew the safety of the practice, the Professor has adopted this in his own domicile; and over the lawyers' heads in the passage to the New Courts, he has suspended an infinite series of these "fabricks,"—"baseless" as their arguments, and interminable as their harangues.

It would be tedious to multiply examples of this interesting dogma; they occur in every square yard of the Professor's masonry, and they will embellish every page of Vander Von Bluggen's book.

V. That the beauty and merit of every architectural design are in exact proportion to the quantity and singularity of the ornament distributed over it, and not to the adventitious qualities of convenience, propriety, proportion, and adaptation to its future uses.

The respectable critic to whom we have already alluded, who existed before the meridian of the modern Bæotian science, had contracted an ancient prejudice against the proper use of ornament. He says, "the darling fault of architecture is excess of ornament; an excess more licentious in sacred buildings than in profane, and in sacred buildings most licentious in the most sacred part. Every where you see ornament making great edifices look little, by subdividing their general surfaces into such a multitude of members, as prevents the eye from re-combining them. Sometimes, in-

deed, those decorations may favour neighbouring defects ; as the jewels of an ugly dowager kindly divert us from her face." The merest student of the Bæotian art will immediately discover the false reasoning, and the incorrect application, of these remarks ;—and refer with exultation to the long lines of altars, acroteria, and vases, which are arranged, like the Street of the Tombs at Pompeii, on the summit of the Bank. For a specimen of the most elaborate application of ornament to an interior, on this principle ;—for a specimen which rejects all the vulgar associations of simplicity with Power, such as were formerly considered proper attributes of every thing belonging to the British Monarchy, we would refer to the King's entrance to the House of Lords. It far surpasses the staircase and the saloon of Drury-Lane Theatre ;—it is the true model of such a gallery as Aspasia would have built for the approach of her lovers to the mysterious beauties of her tiring-room. To sum up its merits, in the eloquent words of one of the Professor's disciples, which we had the happiness of hearing expressed in the very presence of the objects of his love :—" The imagination of man cannot go further in decoration—he has here outdone himself—his untiring fancy takes higher flights as he advances in age—it is wrought all over with the most delicate forms,—it is a work of which consummate Art has furnished both the stuff and the embroidery !" Matchless excellence ! What may a man not accomplish by a study through life of Vander Von Bluggen.

We have thus detailed, as briefly as may be, the peculiarities of the five dogmas of Bæotian architecture,—dogmas which in no little time will subvert and utterly annihilate the five orders throughout Europe. We could dwell with pleasure, did our limits in any degree permit, upon the endless varieties of beautiful forms and combinations, which these dogmas have created ; but we must content ourselves on the present occasion with a very rapid glance at some of the accidental advantages, which might be produced by the universal adoption of the Bæotian style.

In the first place we would notice the immense field which it opens to invention. There is no acquirement within the range of human knowledge which a learned Professor may not apply to the ornamental purposes of his Art. Is he a geologist ? He dismisses the petty markings of the mason, and uses an interminable joint, which copies successfully the grand appearances of nature in the stratification of rocks. Is he a botanist ? He may imitate his great prototype, Cadmus, in the adaptation of the toadstool to the purposes of a column ; and combine the forms of every variety of plant, from the dan-

delion of England, to the aloe of America. Is he a conchologist? He may fill his pediments with the products of the sea or of the sand, from the cockle to the conch. Is he an astronomer? His science will lead him to surmount his roofs with unglazed apertures, that he may *coolly* trace the courses of the mid-night stars. Is he an undertaker? He will know the proper construction of *Mausolea*, feel the just altitude of sarcophagi, and supersede the use of iron coffins. Is he a voyager? He will know the value of a prosperous gale, and return with the "Temple of the Winds" in his portfolio. Is he an optician? He will understand all the varieties of opaque and stained glass, and so to apply their colours in a Court of justice (for instance) as to shed the yellow hue of guilt on the face of a criminal, and the rosy tint of modesty on the front of a barrister. In fact, "all sciences a true Bæotian knows," (at least enough for *his* purpose); and he would shame the precepts of his master if he were idle in the display of that knowledge. "His business must be to contract the true *Gout de travers*; and to acquire a most happy, uncommon, and unaccountable way of thinking."

We have thus developed, however imperfectly, the great principles of the Bæotian architecture; and we have only now to call upon the nation to afford it that encouragement that may raise this country to a superiority far above the lands of Ictinus and Palladio. A great deal of patronage has indeed been showered upon the great Professor and his disciples; but that patronage is very inadequate to the establishment of the Cadmean science in its full glory. Why should it be employed in new buildings alone? Why is it not destined to supersede, or at least to change the face of, those hideous Gothic piles of England, the monuments of a barbarous age? There is now a fit occasion for its encouragement at Windsor; and upon the Commission appointed to superintend the repairs of that ugly mass of rudeness will lie the deep responsibility of availing themselves of the Bæotian lights of the present times. This is the age of national riches; and let not the occasion be neglected of sweeping away from our soil the monuments of a purblind knowledge and a measured taste. Yes!

"Under S——e shall rise a new Whitehall,
While Jones' and Boyle's united labours fall."

It is a maxim in morals, as well as in art, that

"Envy will merit as its shade pursue."

This has been peculiarly the fortune of the great Bæotian Professor. Assailed on all sides by ignorance and timidity,

he has still boldly kept on his career of glory, unmoved by the *brutum fulmen* of this parliament-man's oratory, or the perilous pop-gun of this press-gang man's ridicule. However, great as may be his philosophy, he is not exempted from all the emotions of inferior beings; and he sometimes feels the "venom of the shaft," when he would not shrink from "the vigour of the bow." In a moment when a tender melancholy was mingled with the conscious pride with which he looked upon his great progeny of architectural creations, he produced the following sportive imitation of Gray's celebrated "Ode to Eton College:"

ODE

ON A DISTANT PROSPECT OF DULWICH COLLEGE.

"Æson (*He, Soane,*) miratur, et olim
Ante quater denos hunc se reminiscitur annos."

OVID.

YE vases five, ye *antic* towers,
That crown the turnpike glade,
Where Art, in dingy light adores
Her BOURGEOIS' ochrey shade;
And ye that from the bosky brow
Of Sydenham-hill th' expanse below
Of long suburban rides survey,
Whose dusty paths, whose lanes among,
Wander the cockney crowds along
Their Sunday-saunt'ring way.

Ah sightless roof! Ah chimney-block!
Ah mausoleum grand!
Where late I lavish'd all my stock
With bold and practis'd hand;
I see the fame that round ye flies,
I hear the plaudits as they rise,

As, Art's dull precepts scorning,
My critic-hating soul they soothe,
And speak of "visions of my youth,"
Dreams of "my early morning*."

Say, Master ALLEN †, hast thou seen
The connoisseuring race,
Breathless, amaz'd, on Dulwich-green,
My lines of beauty trace?
Who foremost now delights to stop
To look at "God's Gift ‡" picture shop;
Is 't NASH, or SMIRKE, or GWILT?
Do not the knowing loungers cry
"My eye!" at my sarcophagi,
And guess by whom 'twas built?

Dare some, on critic business bent,
Their murmuring labours ply,
To work ill humour and constraint
On one so great as I?
Will wondering students e'er disdain
The limits of my boundless reign,
And Taste, beyond the BANK, descry?
Let them look here, before, behind;
And, if the whelps are not parblind,
They'll laud me to the sky.

Be theirs the beauties of my style,
Myst'ries by none posses'd;—
The roofs unsham'd by slate or tile,
The brick with Portland dress'd,
The *stepless* door, the *scored* wall,
Pillars *sans* base or capital,

* See Catalogue of Academy, 1820.

† The name of the Superior of the College, *in perpetuo*.

‡ The designation of the College by its founder.

Ode on Dulwich College.

And curious antiques ;
 The chimney-groups that fright the sweep,
 And *acroteria* fifty deep,
 And all my mighty freaks.

Let them, regardless of my doom,
 Pursue the glorious race,
 Nor fear the writhing, spouting scum,
 Or in, or out of place.
 For see, how all around me wait
 The crows who watch an Artist's fate—
 The Printers' devils' baneful gang—
 Ah see, where still in ambush stand
 The dreadful miscellaneo-band,
 Grinning at every pang.

May these the *lawyer's* talons tear,
 The vultures of the mind,
 Twenty indictments ev'ry year,
 And fines that lurk behind !!
 Let them in Newgate pine their youth !!
 Let rivals, with a rankling tooth,
 Eat thousands from their sale away !!!
 May B———N make their readers snore !!!
 And I, and NASH, and hundreds more
 Curse them, aye, ev'ry day !!!!

See e'en where saving BANKES doth rise,
 Catching the Speaker's eye,
 To make THE COURTS a sacrifice,
 A common infamy ;——
 The stings of wit will CROKER try ?
 Shall hard SIR CHARLES's alter'd eye,
 Mock the great plans he lately prais'd ?
 Will MACINTOSH the work revile ?
 And pert GREY BENNETT move a smile
 In scorn of what I've rais'd ?

See, where in Palace-yard below
 The lawyer-troops look big ;—
 The powder'd ministers of woe
 Sneering in gown and wig.—
 This mocks my **PASSAGE**, that my **DOME**,
 And all cry out for **WANT OF ROOM**,—
 The very juries rage ;
 And beardless students, cramm'd and jamm'd,
 Swear that my **COURTS** may each be damn'd
 For a most hideous cage,

To each his sufferings—all great men,
 Neath Envy still must groan ;
ELMES for the beauties of his pen,
 I, for my works of stone ;—
 Yet let us boldly laugh at Fame ;
 We'll still *buy* puffs, though somewhat tame,
 The **HOUSE** some day **MUST rise**,
 The **BOARD OF WORKS** yet pays its fees—
 No more—where ignorance is ease,
 “ 'Tis Folly to be wise.”

We will add nothing to the force of this production, but a
 votive prayer :

Lo! thy great empire Cadmus is restored ;—
 Rules fly before thy all-creating word ;—
 Mighty *Restorer*, stretch thy teeming hand,
 And make a vast Bœotia of the Land *.

O.M—R.H.

* We have parodied the conclusion of the Dunciad, having vainly attempted
 to translate four lines of some (to us) unknown language, with which Van-
 der Von Bluggen terminates an eulogy upon his discoveries :—

Citypa Vhlaa ih ir chi Mrpb om A ta Bah,
 Mncire oyonl tnyhva woa ti tahas bihml-
 iae Esalbey: le a Jes Nseahn—
 —sn Jh CAF hbww MMVKDWWO!

WHAT YOU WILL

No. IV.

FRAGMENT.

I.

Beside my nightly fire
 I sit and muse alone :
 Alone—for he is gone,
 With whom awhile I held
 Such converse light and cold
 As uncongenial minds
 And unresponding hearts could entertain.
 The dew of sleep was heavy on his brow,
 He went—perchance to dream
 Of her, his love, his hope,
 His solitary joy,
 The light of his still heart :
 Of her, to whom alone,
 As by a spell laid open,
 His deep-fraught soul discloses
 The stores of love and beauty, that lie hid
 Within its shy recess.
 He is gone—and all is still,
 Save tread of passing foot,
 Or the light flickering of the dying fire,
 Or that strange sound, which in the hour of rest
 Falls on the musing ear.

II.

O Silence ! image of eternity !
 Thou minister divine,
 Sent to this lower sphere
 To teach our grovelling souls
 The awful joy of thought !
 Thou that art strength and freedom, loosing us
 From the benumbing clog of petty care,
 And error, that enchains the work-day soul
 In fetters strong as death :
 O potent Silence ! thou that wrappest us
 As with a mystic curtain, shutting out
 The obtrusive shews of sense,
 And opening to our sight the world within :
 O Silence ! let me sink
 In thy divine embrace ;

Press mine enamour'd spirit to thy breast,
That I may melt into thee, and inhale
Through all my nature thy mysterious balm,
And rise upon thy wings
From out the lowness of this earthly self,
To that ideal land
Where changeless beauty reigns.

III.

The spell is on my soul:
I feel thy power around me like a sea,
A waveless and illimitable sea,
That lifts me from myself,
And bears me onward, onward, far away,
With swiftmess passing thought,
To that ethereal land.
They rise in dim array,
The beings of that inner world arise,
The forms of cherish'd things,
Not as on earth beheld
But robed in that aerial loveliness
Which memory steals from heaven.

IV.

The vision opens—I behold
A ship, slow moving on its tranquil way
Across the nightly main,
The lights of eve are fading in the west,
And from the east looks forth
The yellow-blushing moon,
Tinging the pale grey clouds and far-seen wave
With her own glowing hue.
Upon the deck two youthful forms appear,
One, in whose virgin breast
A woman's heart hath just begun to beat;
Her cheek is passing fair, and in her eye
A still and pensive grace,
Attempering youth's fresh light,

V.

The vision fades in air:
Another scene appears,
A fair and stately room,
On whose high roof and pictured walls the sun
Looks in with soften'd light.
Amidst that gentle gloom
A lady sits, with melancholy eyes,
And locks of faded gold,

What you Will.

Shading a wan and sorrow-wasted brow.
 Wo for that maiden! a heart-withering law
 Hath laid its iron hand
 Upon her youthful spirit; she hath learnt
 The self-tormentor's love, and hath resign'd
 The natural joys of youth,
 And social bliss, and the dear solaces
 Of woman's love to woman,—so to please
 A God of boundless mercy, so to wean
 Her heart from earthly things.
 And there she sits, her eyes fix'd vacantly
 Upon that open page; her thoughts the while
 Holding strange warfare with mysterious fears,
 The spectres of the soul,
 That haunt its dark eclipse.
 But see, she smiles! a hand unseen
 Hath touch'd the springs of tender memory;
 Her early years return—she is again
 A simple happy child;
 The once-loved rural home
 Is there, its closely-woven shade of trees,
 Its walks and garden-bowers; and they are there,
 Her young companions—they with whom she shared
 Her prayers, her tasks, her sports; within whose arms
 She slept so peacefully—
 All, all returns—the woodland roam, the book
 That pleas'd her childish thought,
 The festal dance, the song, the merry eve
 Spent by the winter fire; or, sweeter yet,
 Like the soft mist around some rising star;
 An exhalation from the soul within,
 Where lofty thoughts and deep affections live
 Sleepless, but silent still.
 A youth is with her, on whose brow
 Hope, and the manliness of calm resolve,
 And self-respect, sit blended; his fond eye
 Is fix'd on that dear sister, and his hand
 Is lock'd in her's; and now they commune hold,
 Few words, but full of thought,
 Of that far foreign land, and of the friends
 Who wait them there, and the beloved land
 They left behind: and by their side are seen
 Two children fair, one full of infant mirth,
 Tempting with many a wile
 His grave-eyed brother's mood,
 Still sporting round him, as the lamb
 Sports round its mother in the sunny mead.
 The solitary kiss

Oft in some sally of affection press'd
 Upon her youthful lips
 By her, whose livelong sorrows she had cheer'd
 As with a daughter's love.

VI.

Again the vision changes—I behold
 A little, lowly town,
 Among green hills embower'd—
 * * * * *

E. H.

LINES ON MEETING MISS ELIZA RIVERS IN A
 COACH.

Nympha, decus fluviorum, animo gratissima nostra.—VIRG.

My heart it was sad, and my brain it was dry,
 When I met that dear maid in the Cambridgeshire Fly;
 And a soul-sinking chill of despondence came o'er me,
 As I gaz'd on the long weary desert before me.

But her life-breathing smile and her young joyous eye
 Came to me, like hope newly-lighted from high;
 I drank in her accents—and sorrow and care
 Dispers'd, like the mists in the bright summer air.

We talk'd and we travell'd—six hours by the chime,
 We travell'd and talk'd but we knew not the time;
 For our thoughts were in tune with the gay sunny weather,
 And the wheels and the argument jogg'd on together.

We talk'd and we travell'd—our talk to rehearse
 (The damsel's at least) it would puzzle my verse;
 For the heart and the soul would be wanting, that shed
 A light, like spring sunshine, on all that she said!

Farewell, merry maiden! but often, I ween,
 In the short leisure moments of life's busy scene,
 When the thoughts are at doze between sleeping and waking,
 And the heart plays with fantasies of its own making;

To my world-weary spirit the thought of those hours
 Shall rise, like the fragrance of far-distant flowers;
 And I'll think of the smile, and the voice, and the eye,
 Of her whom I met in the Cambridgeshire Fly.

E. H.

STANZAS.

Blow soft, ye Winds;
Waft, Waves of Ocean, your beloved charge!

MADOC.

ACROSS the sea, across the sea,
Thou go'st, beloved Emily,
E'en in thy dance of youthful blood,
Thy opening flower of womanhood:
And with thee go affection's tears,
And trembling hopes, and stifled fears,
And recollections, which shall be
A living food of love to thee;
And nightly prayers for those so dear
Who think of thee and love thee here.

Thy lot is thrown—thy lot is thrown,
And thou must go to lands unknown;
From youthful friendships thou must part,
From many a warm domestic heart,
To dwell where foreign voices sound,
And all are foreign looks around;
Where none has felt, where none can share,
Thy secret joy, thy secret care;
And all around, tho' fair it be,
Speaks of estrangement still to thee.

But youth has magic potency still
To turn to gladness every ill;
And hope shall be to thee a light
That, clouded oft, yet know not night;
And brother's love shall still be nigh
To watch thee with unsleeping eye;
And He whose mercies are above
The tenderness of human love,
Shall steer thee safe thro' doubt and woe,
And send thee joy when none can know.

Then fare thee well, our Emily,
And prosperous may thy sojourn be!
Farewell—until the time shall come
That brings the dear-loved exile home;
When Love the happy tears shall dry,
Which fill that sweet and serious eye;
When all those now forsaken here
Shall seem, by absence, doubly dear,
And thy full spirit sink to rest
Upon thy home's beloved breast!

E. H.

ENIGMAS.

SIR Hilary charged at Agincourt,
Sooth! 't was an awful day!
And though, in that old age of sport,
The rufflers of the camp and court
Had little time to pray,
'T is said Sir Hilary muttered there
Two syllables by way of prayer.

My first to all the brave and proud
Who see to-morrow's sun;
My next, with her cold and quiet cloud,
To those who find their dewy shroud,
Before to-day's be done!
And both together to all blue eyes
That weep when a warrior nobly dies!

MY first, in torrents bleak and black,
Was rushing from the sky,
When, with my second at his back,
Young Cupid wandered by;
"Now take me in, the moon hath past,
I pray ye take me in!
The lightnings flash, the hail falls fast,
All Hades rides the thunder-blast;
I'm dripping to the skin!"

"I know thee well, thy songs and sighs;
A wicked god thou art,
And yet most welcome to the eyes,
Most witching to the heart!"
The Wanderer prayed another prayer,
And shook his drooping wing;
The Lover bade him enter there,
And wrung my first from out his hair,
And dried my second's string.

And therefore—(so the urchin swore,
By Styx, the fearful river,
And by the shafts his quiver bore,
And by his shining quiver,)
That Lover, aye, shall see my whole
In Life's tempestuous Heaven;
And, when the lightnings cease to roll,
Shall fix on me his dreaming soul
In the deep calm of even!

TO ROSINE, BY A FIFTH POET*.

I KNOW thee not, sweet Lady, but I know
 (At least they know who say so) that thou art
 Lovely of form, and innocent of heart,
 A creature of meek thoughts, and tears that flow
 From quiet love, and happy smiles, that throw
 A moonlight round them. And thou art the bride
 Of one by faith and goodness sanctified,
 High-hearted, gentle, wise, and firm in woe.
 Ah! wherefore such transcendent gifts bestow'd
 On one, so rich already? Why not given
 To one, whose soul more needed such sweet stay;
 Some hapless wight, like me, at random driven,
 Lonely and sad, along life's rugged road,
 Without a breeze of love to cheer me on the way?

E. H.

THE SILK HANDKERCHIEF.

"It is the cause, it is the cause, my soul!"

My heart leapt in me, as with swimming eye
 I gazed upon that glossy kerchief white,
 And the fair neck it shaded—'t was a sight
 To steep a poet in in fine phantasy
 Of some Elysian world, or wake soft sigh
 In the chill breast of woe—lorn Anchorite.
 Sweet maid! should it hereafter be my plight
 To wander in some desert dull and dry,
 Far from the haunts of men—alone to rove,
 With my sad thoughts for partners, neither book,
 Nor music, nor green field, nor woman's love,
 To cheer my hopeless solitude—I'll look
 To memory for my solace and delight,
 And think of that fair neck, and glossy kerchief white!

E. H.

THE STOLEN KISS.

WRITTEN IN A LADY'S ALBUM BY THE LATE ABRAHAM GENTIAN, Esq.

Smooth'd be that brow—and chas'd the frown
 Yet gathering to thy tardy will—
 Nor think to awe my raptures down,
 For anger makes thee lovelier still.

* Written by way of companion to one by Gerard Montgomery, beginning with
 "Lady, I know three poets who know thee," &c. See No. III.

In vain thou wouldst compel the ire
But lightly felt, but faintly shown ;
Thine eyes betray beneath their fire
The pardon thou would'st blush to own.

Then, still that proudly swelling breast,
Soften that lovely, mantling cheek ;
'Twas but a Kiss, that well express'd
The tenderness I could not *speak*.

STANZAS.

It is not alone that time is stealing
Our beauty and strength as our lives decay,
It is that the pure and passionate feeling
Of youth, with our youth must pass away ;

It is that the spoiler hath power to stifle
Each emotion we feel in our earlier day ;
It is, that his rude hand is able to rifle
The thoughts that exalt and ennoble our clay ;

It is that the best of our youthful affections
Are fleet as the forms they are doting upon ;
These, these are the stern and appalling reflections
That embitter our tears as our years roll on.

SONG.

Lord Roland rose, and went to mass,
And doffed his mourning weed ;
And bade them bring a looking-glass,
And saddle fast a steed ;
" I'll deck with gems my bonnet's loop,
And wear a feather fine ;
And when lorn lovers sit and droop,
Why, I will sit and dine ;
Sing merrily, sing merrily
And fill the cup of wine.

What you Will.

" Though Elgitha be thus untrue,
 Adele is beauteous yet ;
 And he that's baffled by the blue
 May bow before the jet ;
 So welcome, welcome, hall or heath !
 So welcome, shower or shine !
 And wither there thou willow wreath,
 Thou never shalt be mine ;--
 Sing merrily, sing merrily !
 And fill the cup of wine.

" Proud Elgitha, a health to thee,
 A health in brimming gold,
 And store of lovers after me,
 As honest, and less cold ;
 My hand is on my bugle horn,
 My boat is on the brine ;
 If ever gallant died of scorn,
 I shall not die of thine ;--
 Sing merrily, sing merrily !
 And fill the cup of wine."

V. J.

END OF VOL. II.

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